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THE

WORKS

OF

EDMUND WALLER, Esq;

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY W. G. JONES,

FOR W. AND W. SMITH AND T. EWING, IN DAME-STREET.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

THE

LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY.

LET others boaſt the nine Aonian maids,
Inſpiring ſtreams, and ſweet reſounding ſhades;
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearſe,
And bade the Laurels learn the lofty verſe.
In vain! Nor Phœbus, nor the boaſted Nine,
Inflame the raptur'd ſoul with rays divine:
None but the Fair infuſe the ſacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

When WALLER, kindling with cœleſtial rage,
View'd the bright HARLEY of that wond'ring age,
His pleaſing pain he taught the lute to breath;
The Graces ſung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth poſſeſt,
The praiſe of ſcience faintly warm'd his breaſt:
But, fir'd to fame by SIDNEY's roſy ſmile,
Swift o'er the laureat realm he urg'd his toil.

His Muſe, by nature form'd to pleaſe the Fair,
Or ſing of Heroes with majeſtic air,
To melting ſtrains attun'd her voice, and ſtrove
To waken all the tender Pow'rs of love:
More ſweetly ſoft her awful beauty ſhone,
'Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.

As Angels love, congenial ſouls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light,
The florid, and ſublime, the grave, and gay,
From WALLER's beams imbibe a purer ray:
Illumin'd thence in equal Lays to bound
Their copious ſenſe, and harmonize the ſound;
With varied Notes the curious ear to pleaſe,
And turn a nervous thought with artful eaſe.
Maker, and model, of melodious verſe!
Accept theſe votive honors at thy herſe.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praiſe,
Infuſe thy Genius, and my fancy raiſe!
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the ſong his Shade inſpires.

In WALLER's fame, O faireſt HARLEY! view
What verdant palms ſhall owe their birth to You.
To you what deathleſs charms are thence decreed,
In Sachariſſa's fate vouchſafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of with'ring Time.
Her beauties flouriſh in Ambroſial prime:

Still

Still kindling rapture, ſee! ſhe moves in ſtate;
Gods, Nymphs, and Heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praiſe of love's delight
In pureſt minds may ſtain the virgin-white:
How bright, and chaſte, the Poet and his Theme
So Cynthia ſhines on Arethuſa's ſtream.
A ſainted Virtue to the ſpheres may ſing
Thoſe ſtrains, that raviſh'd here the Martyr-King.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd eaſe
Politely form'd, to profit and to pleaſe,
To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame;
And, what he could not praiſe, forgot to name:
Thus Eden's roſe without a thorn diſplay'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant bluſh decay'd.

Such foul-attracting airs were ſung of old,
When bliſsful years in golden circles roll'd:
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and ſtrife,
While love was all the penſive care of life,
The ſwains in green retreats, with flourets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their paſſion to reſound:
Fancy purſu'd the paths where beauty led,
To pleaſe the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the Zephyrs ſigh'd;
From death redeem'd by verſe, the vaniſh'd Fair
Breath'd in a flow'r, or ſparkled in a ſtar.

Bright as the ſtars, and fragrant as the flow'rs
Where Spring reſides in ſoft Elyſian bow'rs;
While theſe the bow'rs adorn, and they the ſphere,
Will Sachariſſa's charms in ſong appear.
Yet, in the preſent age, her radiant name
Muſt take a dimmer interval of fame;
When You to full meridian luſtre riſe,
With Morton's ſhape, and Gloriana's eyes;
With Carliſle's wit, her geſture, and her mien;
And, like ſeraphic Rich, with zeal ſerene:
In ſweet aſſemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners, more refin'd!
That Angel-frame, with chaſte attraction gay,
Mild as the dove ey'd Morn awakes the May,
Of nobleſt youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wiſh, their wonder, and deſpair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow!
The ſiſter-arts with ſudden rapture glow:
Her Titian tints the Painter-nymph reſumes;
The canvas warm with roſeate beauty blooms:
Inſpir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil.
The marble breathes, and ſoftens with your ſmile:
Proud to receive the form, by fate deſign'd
The faireſt model of the fairer kind.
But hear, O hear the Muſe's heav'nly voice!
The waving woods, and echoing vales rejoice:
Attend, ye gales! to Margareta's praiſe;
And all ye liſt'ning Loves record the Lays!

So,

So, Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing Orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign;
The firſt, the brighteſt, of the ſtarry train.

What fav'rite Youth aſſign the Fates to riſe,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's garter'd ſhield ſuſtains
Trophies, atchieved on Gallia's viny plains:
Or, ſmiling Peace a mingled wreath diſplays,
The Patriot's olive, and the Poet's bays:
Adorn, ye Fates! the fav'rite Youth aſſign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form, and mind:
In merit make him great, as great in blood;
Great without pride, and amiably good:
His breaſt the guardian Ark of heav'n-born law,
To ſtrike a faithleſs age with conſcious awe.
In choice of friends by manly reaſon ſway'd;
Not fear'd, but honor'd; and with love obey'd.
In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,
Wiſe, brave, and ſtudious to ſupport the State,
With candor firm; without ambition, bold;
No deed diſcolor'd with the guilt of gold.
That heav'n may judge the choiceſt bleſſings due;
And give the various Good compriz'd in You.

E. FENTON.

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OF

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

Edmond Waller, Eſq;

AS no kind of Hiſtory is ſo uſeful as the Lives of great and excellent Men, ſo are the Lives of ſuch as have been eminent for their Parts and Learning, read with a peculiar Pleaſure and Delight. In the firſt we meet with Heroick Examples, which few can imitate, and Schemes of Government which private Perſons are no ways concern'd in; whereas the latter in the general Entertainment to every intelligent Reader, who by this means grows acquainted in ſome Meaſure with the Perſon, whoſe Writings had before made him the Object of his Admiration. This ever was, and ever will be acceptable to the Publick; and by the Life of POMPIUS ATTICUS, we find the ROMANS had as great a Value for the Memoirs of Men of Gallantry and Wit, as for thoſe of their great Captains and Politicians; in whoſe Actions, if there is

more Importance, there is leſs Pleaſure. But beſides, that Mr. WALLER's Life was moſtly that of a Court, in which he made the firſt Figure for Politeneſs and Wit; he alſo had a Share in the Buſineſs of his Times, and his Name is tranſmitted to us by the moſt conſiderable Hiſtorians, as well as the moſt celebrated Poets. Before we ſay any Thing of his Writings, we muſt give ſome Account of the Man, his Birth, Deſcent, Education, and Appearance in the World.

Mr. EDMOND WALLER, Author of theſe Poems, was the Son of ROBERT WALLER, Eſq; of AGMONDESHAM in BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, by his Wife the Daughter of ——— HAMPDEN of HAMPDEN, in that County, one of the moſt ancient Families in ENGLAND, and Siſter to Colonel JOHN HAMPDEN, as Dr. BIRCH aſſured us, who having been a leading Member in the Parliament in 1641, died in its Service. Mr. WALLER was born on the 3d of MARCH 1605, at COLESHILL, which gives HERTFORDSHIRE the Honour of his Birth; for though COLESHILL be in the Pariſh of AGMONDENSHAM, 'tis in the County of HERTFORD. His Father had the Reputation of a Wiſe Man, and his Oeconomy was one of the diſtinguiſhing Marks of his Prudence: For though the Family of WALLER in BUCKINGHAMSHIRE was but a younger Branch of the WALLERS of KENT, yet this Gentleman at his Death left his Son, our Mr. WALLER, an Eſtate of 3500 l. a Year; a Fortune at that Time fit for a Nobleman: And indeed, the *Antiquity* of this Family, and the Services they have

have rendered their Country, deſervedly place it amongſt the moſt Honourable in ENGLAND. Mr. ROBERT WALLER, Father of EDMOND, was bred a Lawyer, and practiſed at the Bar ſome time, but then left it, to live the Life of a Country Gentleman, which he often repented, looking upon it as too idle. He had a great Eſteem for the Common Law, the Study of which he preferr'd to the Civil. He was a Man of Parts and Virtue, and wrote Advice to his Son, Mr. EDMOND WALLER; which Manuſcript is in the Hands of Mrs. WALLER, Widow of Dr. STEPHEN WALLER, our Poet's Son. Thoſe who have ſeen it ſpeak very well of it. This Mr. WALLER, as has been obſerv'd, improv'd the Eſtate ſo much that 'twas look'd upon to be one of the beſt in the County, and there was a kind of Emulation between the Families of HAMPDEN and WALLER on that Score. RICH. WALLER, of SPENDHURST in the County of KENT, Eſq; was Sheriff of that County the 16th of HENRY VI. of whom we read this remarkable Account in the VILLARE CANTIUM. He ſerv'd in the Wars of FRANCE, under HENRY V. and ſignaliz'd himſelf ſo far that he took CHARLES Duke of ORLEANS, General of the FRENCH Army, Priſoner at the Battle of AGENCOURT. He brought him to ENGLAND, and according to the Cuſtom of thoſe Times, had the Cuſtody of that Prince, whom he kept in honourable Reſtraint at GROMEBRIDGE, his Seat, near SPENDHURST; as appears by a Manuſcript in the Herald's Office. The Duke was his Priſoner there twenty Years;

and in the Time of this Receſs he rebuilt his Manſion-Houſe at GROMEBRIDGE on the old Foundation. He was a great Benefactor to the Church of SPENDHURST, where his Arms remain in Stone-work over the Porch; and in them we find an Addition to the former Bearing of the Family, aſſigned by King HENRY to him and his Deſcendants, viz. A Creſt with the Arms of FRANCE hanging by a Label on an Oak, with this Motto, "Hæc fructus "Virtutis," in remembrance of the glorious Services of RICHARD WALLER, at AGENCOURT. From him Sir WILLIAM WALLER, who was Sheriff of KENT the 22d of HENRY VII. lineally deſcended; and Tradition ſays, the Family had then 7000l. a Year. But it was very much reduced in the Time of Sir WILLIAM WALLER, famous in the Wars between the King and Parliament for his good and bad Fortune; which Sir WILLIAM lineally deſcended from the former, of whom probably is that noble Monument in SPENDHURST Church of Sir WALTER WALLER and his Lady, who in the Roll of Sheriffs may by Miſtake be written Sir WILLIAM. We cou'd not learn at what Time the WALLERS of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE removed thither out of KENT, and ſettled at AGMONDESHAM; but it ſeems not to have been long before Mr. WALLER's Father's Time, becauſe a Family of ſuch a Fortune could not have eſcap'd furniſhing the County with a Sheriff, and we find none of this Name in the Rolls. The Houſe of AGMONDESHAM being old and decaying, Mr. WALLER, *of whom we* write, lived moſtly at BECONSFIELD, where

where his Mother dwelt in her Widowhood, and often entertain'd OLIVER CROMWELL there, during his Uſurpation, he being related to her. But notwithſtanding her Relation to the Uſurper, and Colonel HAMPDEN, ſhe was a Royaliſt in her Principles; and when OLIVER viſited her at BECONSFIELD, ſhe would frankly tell him how his Pretenſions would end. The Uſurper us'd merrily to throw a Napkin at her in return, and ſaid he wou'd not enter into further Diſputes with his Aunt; for ſo he us'd to call her, though not quite ſo nearly related. However, finding at laſt that Mrs. WALLER was more in earneſt than he was in jeſt, and that ſhe correſponded with Perſons of her own Principles, in favour of the King, ſhe was for ſome time made a Priſoner to her Daughter in her own Houſe.

Mr. WALLER's Father dying when he was very young, the Care of his Education fell to his Mother, who ſent him to EATON School, where having arriv'd at a good Proficiency in Grammar Learning, he was remov'd to King's College in CAMBRIDGE; and it is very manifeſt, that at both EATON and CAMBRIDGE, he muſt have been aſſiduous in his Studies, ſince he acquir'd ſo fine a Taſte of the Ancients in ſo ſhort a Time, for at ſixteen or ſeventeen Years of Age he was choſen into the laſt Parliament of King JAMES I. and ſerv'd as Burgeſs for AGMONDESHAM. 'Twas about the ſame time, in the ſeventeenth Year of his Age, that Prince CHARLES had like to have been caſt away

in the Road of St. ANDERE coming from SPAIN. On which he wrote that admirable Poem,

" Now had his Highneſs bid Farewel to SPAIN,
" And reach'd the Sphere of his own Pow'r, the
" Main."

at an Age, when, generally ſpeaking, Perſons of the moſt forward, begin juſt to diſcover themſelves, and at a Time when the ENGLISH Poetry had hardly any Harmony or Grace in it. But he roſe at once, like a Wonder, and ſhook off the Barbariſm and Rudeneſs, under which it had long labour'd.

" Great MARO cou'd no greater Tempeſt feign,
" When the loud Winds, uſurping on the Main,
" For angry JUNO, labour'd to deſtroy
" The hated Reliques of confounded TROY.
" His bold ÆNEAS, &c."

If this was not written at that very Time (which is probable) it could not be long after it, as is plain by ſeveral Hints in the Poem. That Parliament being ſome time after diſſolv'd, on the Day of its Diſſolution he, out of Curioſity or Reſpect, went to ſee the King at Dinner, with whom were Dr. ANDREWS, Biſhop of WINCHESTER, and Dr. NEAL, Biſhop of DURHAM, ſtanding behind his Majeſty's Chair; and there happen'd ſomething very extraordinary in the Converſation thoſe Prelates had with the King, on which Mr. WALLER did often reflect. His Majeſty aſk'd the Biſhops,

" My

" My Lords, cannot I take my Subjects Money " when I want it, without all this Formality in " Parliament?" The Biſhop of DURHAM readily anſwer'd, " God forbid, Sir, but you ſhou'd, you " are the Breath of our Noſtrils:" Whereupon the King turned, and ſaid to the Biſhop of WINCHESTER, " Well, my Lord, what ſay you? Sir, " replied the Biſhop, " I have no Skill to judge of " Parliamentary Caſes:" The King anſwer'd, " No " Put-offs, my Lord, anſwer me preſently: Then " Sir" ſaid he, " I think it's lawful for you to take " my Brother NEAL's Money, for he offers it." Mr. WALLER ſaid the Company was pleaſed with this Anſwer, and the Wit of it ſeemed to affect the King: For a certain Lord coming in ſoon after his Majeſty cry'd out, " Oh my Lord, they ſay you " lig with my Lady:" No, Sir, ſays his Lordſhip in Confuſion, " but I like her Company becauſe ſhe " has ſo much Wit. Why then," ſays the King, " do you not lig with my Lord of WINCHESTER " there." The Truth of this Converſation is not to be doubted, it having been often told Dr. BIRCH by Mr. WALLER himſelf, one of whoſe Daughters he had marryed, and the Doctor communicated it to us, with ſeveral other Paſſages concerning our Author.

King JAMES did not long ſurvive this Parliament, and his Son and Succeſſor King CHARLES the Firſt beginning his Reign with a Match with FRANCE, and a War ſoon after with SPAIN, the Fleet that was fitted out and ſent thither under the

Command of my Lord WIMBLEDON, was probably the Occaſion of the Copy of Verſes which begins this Collection, " To the King on his Navy, " in the Year 1626," which was the Time of that Expedition; and the ENGLISH Navy is hardly mentioned in Hiſtory from the Year in which Mr. WALLER was born, till this the One and Twentieth of his Age: For which Reaſon we may very well imagine the Noiſe of this Naval Enterprize inſpir'd his Muſe to ſing to his Majeſty,

" Where'er thy Navy ſpreads her Canvas Wings,
" Homage to thee, and Peace to all ſhe brings."

Two Years after this, and when Mr. WALLER was Three and Twenty Years old, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM was aſſaſſinated by FELTON at PORTSMOUTH. King CHARLES was then at SOUTHWICK, a Seat of RICHARD NORTON, Eſq; in HAMPSHIRE, and received the News of this Aſſaſſination when he was at Chappel; and this gave Occaſion to another Copy of Verſes " On " his Majeſty's receiving the News of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's Death, in the Year 1628.

" So earneſt with thy God, can no new Care,
" No Senſe of Danger, &c."

Our Author was now known at Court, and careſs'd by all the People of Quality, who had a Reliſh of Learning and Wit: He was alſo one of that Famous Club with the Lord FALKLAND, Sir FRANCIS

FRANCIS WAINMAN, Mr. CHILLINGWORTH, Mr. GODOLPHIN, and others. At one of their Meetings they heard a Noiſe in the Street, and were told a Son of BEN JOHNSON's was arreſted: They ſent for him, and he prov'd Mr. MORLEY, afterwards Biſhop of WINCHESTER: Mr. WALLER lik'd him ſo well that he pay'd the Debt, which was no leſs than 100 l. on condition he would live with him at BECONSFIELD, which he did eight or ten Hears together; and from him Mr. WALLER us'd to own he learn'd a Taſte of the antient Poets, and got what he had of their Genius. But 'tis evident, by his Poems written before this Incident of Mr. MORLEY's Arreſt, that he had early acquir'd that exquiſite Gout; however he improv'd and enlarg'd it afterwards by Mr. MORLEY's Converſation and Aſſiſtance, to whom this Adventure prov'd very advantageous; for Mr. WALLER introduced him into that learned and polite Society, as my Lord FALKLAND did Mr. HYDE Earl of CLARENDON, at the ſame Time, and that Friendſhip continued between them till both were greater Men.

We have not been able to learn certainly at what Time Mr. WALLER married; but a very good Friend of his told us, he believ'd his firſt Wife ANN, Daughter and Heir of EDWARD BANKS, Eſq; was dead, before he became enamour'd of my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY, and that he was then a Widower, and about the Four or Five and Twen-

tieth

tieth Year of his Age, when he began to have a Paſſion for SACHARISSA, which Paſſion has made her Beauty immortal. 'Tis known to every one, that SACHARISSA was a Nom de Guerre he gave that Lady, Daughter to the Lord LEICESTER, and afterwards Wife to the Earl of SUNDERLAND. The firſt Poem he addreſſes to her in this Collection, begins,

" Such was PHILOCLEA, ſuch MUCIDORUS
" Flame,
" The matchleſs SYDNEY, that immortal Frame
" Of perfect Beauty, &c."

The firſt Line of which Poem is perhaps the leaſt numerous of any in the whole Collection, but the reſt make more than amends for it: On her is alſo that Poem entitled, " Of the Lady who can " ſleep when ſhe pleaſes;" and that " Of the " Miſ-report of her being painted;" and that " Of " her paſſing through a Crowd of People:" But that which deſigns her and himſelf, and the Succeſs of his Love beſt, is, the Fable of PHOEBUS and DAPHNE:

" THYRSIS, a youth of the inſpired Train,
" Fair SACHARISSA lov'd, but lov'd in vain,
" Like PHOEBUS, &c."

This is one of the moſt Gallant and beſt turn'd Copies of Verſes in the ENGLISH Tongue; and that which

which he applies to himſelf with a modeſt and juſt Boldneſs, can never be enough admir'd.

" All but the Nymph, that ſhould redreſs his
" Wrong,
" Attend his Paſſion, and approve his Song:
" Like PHOEBUS thus, acquiring unſought Praiſe,
" He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with
" Bays."

Nothing can be more agreeable than the Parallel between AMORET and SACHARISSA, in the Stanza's addreſs'd to the former. Who that AMORET was, is not known; but 'tis doubtleſs as much a feign'd Name for a true One, as SACHARISSA for my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY, which he form'd, as he uſed to ſay pleaſantly, from SACHARUM, Sugar. Though in theſe Stanza's SACHARISSA carries him away from AMORET, yet by ſome Verſes in the Pages that come after, we may ſuppoſe SACHARISSA's Cruelty made him prefer AMORET's good Nature. It appears by the Verſes to PHILLIS and others, Mr. WALLER's Love for SACHARISSA did not make him forget what was due to the Beauty of other Ladies, and that they were not all of them ſo unjuſt to him, as ſhe whom he of all moſt admir'd. His good Fortune elſewhere might perhaps render him the more eaſy under her Treatment; and we find he was not of a Diſpoſition to make any other uſe of the Willow, when ſhe Married, than to hang his Harp upon it: For we have a *Manuſcript Letter* which he ſent to the Lady DOROTHY's

ROTHY's Sister, when SACHARISSA Married the Lord SPENCER, afterwards Earl of SUNDERLAND, which will, without doubt, be an Entertainment to the Publick, the Writer and the Occasion being both very extraordinary.

To my Lady LUCY SYDNEY, upon the Marriage of my Lady DOROTHY, her Sister, to my Lord SPENCER.

Madam,

" IN this Common Joy at PENSHURST I know " none to whom Complaints may come less un- " seasonable than to your Ladyship, the Loss of a " Bedfellow being almost equal to that of a Mis- " tress; and therefore you ought, at least to par- " don, if you consent not to the Imprecations of " the Deserted, which just Heaven no doubt will " hear.

" May my Lady DOROTHY, if we may yet call " her so, suffer as much, and have the like Passion " for this young Lord, whom she has preferr'd to " the rest of Mankind, as others have had for her; " and may this Love, before the Year go about, " make her taste of the first Curse impos'd on Wo- " mankind, the Pains of becoming a Mother. " May her First-born be none of her own Sex, nor " so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord " as much as herself.

" May she that always affected Silence and Re- " *tiredness*, have the House fill'd with the Noise

" and

" and Number of her Children, and hereafter of
" her Grand-Children, and then may ſhe arrive at
" that great Curſe ſo much declin'd by fair Ladies,
" Old Age: May ſhe live to be very old, and yet
" ſeem young, be told ſo by her Glaſs, and have
" no Aches to inform her of the Truth: And when
" ſhe ſhall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not
" mourn for her, but go Hand in Hand with her
" to that Place, where we are told there is nei-
" ther marrying nor giving in Marriage, that being
" there divorced, we may all have an equal In-
" tereſt in her again. My Revenge being immor-
" tal, I wiſh all this may alſo befall their Poſterity
" to the World's End, and afterwards.

" To you, Madam, I wiſh all good things, and
" that this Loſs may in good Time be happily ſup-
" plyed with a more conſtant Bed-fellow of the
" other Sex.

" Madam, I humbly kiſs your Hands, and beg
" Pardon for this Trouble, from

" Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant,

" E. WALLER."

By this we may ſee Mr. WALLER's Deſpair was of a ſoft kind, and that AMORET, or PHYLLIS, or ſome other of the Fair, ſoon reconcil'd him to his Fate. He liv'd to converſe with the Lady SUNDERLAND when ſhe was very old: But his Imprecation relating to her Glaſs did not ſucceed, for my

Lady

Lady knew ſhe had the Diſeaſe nothing but Death can cure; and in a Converſation with Mr. WALLER, and ſome other Ladies and Gentlemen at the late Lady WHARTON's at WOBURN near BECONSFIELD, ſhe then aſk'd him in Raillery, "When, Mr. WALLER, will you write ſuch fine "Verſes upon me again? Oh, Madam," ſaid he, "when your Ladyſhip is as young again." From this Beauty is deſcended the preſent Earl of SUNDERLAND, whoſe great Qualities, whoſe Integrity and Love of his Country have made his Name dear to every true ENGLISH Man. Mr. WALLER had SACHARISSA's Picture at his Seat at HALL BARN, which he built about a quarter of a Mile from BECONSFIELD, his Mother living in that Town. That Seat has been ſince Re-built, by Dr. STEPHEN WALLER his Son, and is now a very handſome Edifice.

Beſides all the great Wits of his own Sex, Mr. WALLER convers'd with all thoſe of the Fair; the chief of whom was the Counteſs of CARLISLE, a Lady very famous in her Time, and one who was thought to be as deeply concerned in the Councils of the Court, and afterwards of the Parliament, as any in ENGLAND. When VOITURE was at LONDON, he held her in ſuch Admiration, that he could not forbear writing of her to his Friend Mr. GOURDEN, when he was got no farther than DOVER, in his return to FRANCE. We may very well imagine, a Man of Mr. WALLER's Genius wou'd not let ſuch a one as VOITURE, whoſe was *ſo near akin* to his own, be in ENGLAND, without making

making ſome Acquaintance with him; and, if our Conjecture is right, we ſhall find him in an Intimacy with the greateſt Wits of FRANCE too, VOITURE, LA FONTAINE, ST. EVREMONT, &c.

We have no grounds to believe that Mr. WALLER's Ladies were like the LAURA of PETRARCH, Imaginary only; or that he writ like a gallant Man, and not a Lover. For he was in his younger Years of a Poetical Complexion every way, and did not write of Love only by the Theory.

His Wife ANNE dying in Childbed, left him one Daughter, who marry'd Mr. DORMER of OXFORDSHIRE, and is now his Widow; he had a Son by her, but he dy'd in his Infancy. His Second Wife was MARY, of the Family of the BRESSE, or BREAUX's, as is ſeen by the Inſcription on his Tomb, by whom he had a numerous Iſſue.

There's no doubt, but had Mr. WALLER liv'd in an Age when Parliaments were frequent, he wou'd have diſtinguiſh'd himſelf as much by his Politicks, as by his Poetry; but his Relation to the HAMPDEN Family inducing him to eſpouſe the Party which was againſt Ship-money, and other Practices in thoſe Times, he never was acceptable to the Reigning Favourites, further than his Muſe made him; and this Life of Inaction is perhaps the Occaſion of his giving up ſo much of his Time to Poetry as he did.

However, he was return'd a Burgeſs for AGMONDESHAM in the Parliament which met in APRIL, 1640. A preceding Interval of twelve

Years

his Standard there; yet he ſtay'd with the Parliament, and continued ſo to do, 'till that Plot was diſcovered, which coſt him and his Family ſo dear, that they cou'd never recover it. This Event being the moſt Remarkable and Important of any in Mr. WALLER's Life, we ſhall take care to render it clearly and faithfully, as we find it related by the Lord CLARENDON, and in ſome Manuſcripts that have fallen into our Hands: And it will, by this Account, be ſeen, that Mr. WALLER always kept his Meaſures with the Court, and ſo manag'd himſelf, that the Royaliſts inclin'd to believe he was in their Intereſts; which he might be ſo far, as to diſapprove of the hot Councils of thoſe, who for private Ends, oppos'd the Publick Peace; and there were but too many in the Parliament, whom we may reaſonably ſuſpect to be acted by ſuch baſe Views, ſo contrary to the true Welfare of their Country.

The Conſpiracy we are about to treat of, is beſt known by the Name of Mr. WALLER's Plot, and moſt Hiſtories give but a dark Account of it. The Lord CLARENDON has endeavour'd to clear it, and was the better able to do it, for that he muſt have been very intimate with Mr. WALLER afterwards; and beſides his Lordſhip ſays, "It was "thought by many, and averr'd by others, who I "believe did not think ſo, that I knew as much of "it as any Man." He continues: "Mr. WAL-"LER was look'd upon by all Men as a Perſon of "very entire Affections to the King's Service, and "*the Eſtabliſh'd* Government of Church and State,

"and

" and, by having no manner of Relation to the " Court, had the more Credit and Intereſt to pro- " mote the Rights of it." My Lord, in what follows, differs from the Manuſcript, which, being written by one of his neareſt Relations, and who dwelt in his Family, carries ſuch credit with it, as no other Account can prejudice; and that ſays, as is before mention'd, " When the War came on, " he did not leave the Houſe, but followed the " Opinion of the Lord DORSET, and the Neuters; " and yet he forgot not to ſend the King a Thou- " ſand Broad Pieces to NOTTINGHAM." Whereas his Lordſhip writes, " When the Ruptures " grew ſo hot between the King and the Two " Houſes, that very many of the Members with- " drew from thoſe Councils: He among the reſt, " with equal diſlike, abſented himſelf. But at the " time the Standard was ſet up, having Intimacy " and Friendſhip with ſome Perſons, now of Near- " neſs about the King, with the King's Approba- " tion he return'd to LONDON." By which 'tis plain, he did leave the Houſe. Whether he did, or did not, he ſpoke on all Occaſions, when he was there, with great Sharpneſs and Freedom; inſomuch that when the abſent Members pretended, " they did not come to the Houſe, becauſe they " were not ſuffer'd to declare their Opinion freely;" 'twas objected, that was a groundleſs Pretence, " when all Men knew what Liberty Mr. WALLER " took, and ſpoke every Day with Impunity a- " gainſt the Senſe and Proceedings of the Houſe." This won *him a* great Reputation with all who

wiſh'd the King well, and ſuch Lords and Commons as really deſired to prevent the Ruin of the Kingdom, entered into a great Familiarity with him, as a Man reſolute in their Ends, and beſt able to promote them. All Men ſpoke their Minds freely to him, and thought themſelves ſecure in his Fortune and Natural Warineſs.

Mr. WALLER had a Siſter marry'd to one Mr. TOMKINS, Clerk of the Queen's Council, a Gentleman of a very good Character, and great Intereſt and Reputation in the City, among thoſe who were for the old Conſtitution, and diſaffected to the Parliament; from whom he learnt the Diſpoſition of the Citizens upon all Accidents, which he freely communicated to his Brother WALLER, as the latter imparted to him what Obſervations he made from thoſe he convers'd with. Mr. WALLER told him how many Lords and Commons were for a Peace; Mr. TOMKINS made the ſame Relation with reſpect to the moſt ſubſtantial Men of LONDON: Which Mr. WALLER reported to the well-affected Members of both Houſes, and Mr. TOMKINS to the well-affected Citizens; from whence they came to a Concluſion, that if they heartily united in the mutual Aſſiſtance of one another, they ſhould be able to prevent thoſe Tumults which ſeem'd to countenance the Diſtractions, and the Houſes wou'd be induc'd to Terms of Moderation.

My Lord CONWAY at that Time coming from IRELAND, incens'd againſt the SCOTS, and diſcon*tented with* the Parliament here, finding Mr. WAL*LER in good Eſteem* with the Earl of NORTHUM-

BERLAND,

BERLAND, and of great Friendſhip with the Earl PORTLAND, enter'd into the ſame Familiarity; and being a Soldier, in the Diſcourſes they had, inſinuated, that 'twas convenient to enquire into the Numbers of the Well-affected in the City, that they might know what they had to truſt to: Which Mr. WALLER telling Mr. TOMKINS, the latter imparted it to his Confidents there; and 'twas agreed, "That ſome truſty Perſons in every Pariſh "and Ward about LONDON ſhould make a Liſt of "all the Inhabitants, and by gueſſing of their ſe-"veral Affections, compute the Strength of the "Party which oppos'd an Accommodation, and "that which was for it." My Lord CLARENDON declares, he's perſuaded the main Deſign of this Project was to form a ſort of Aſſociation to oppoſe the levying Taxes to carry on the War, and to petition for a Peace; and that as to letting the King's Army into LONDON, or raiſing an Army there, or ſurpriſing the Parliament, or uſing any Violence in or on the City, he could never ſee Cauſe to believe it. But it unluckily happen'd, that while this Combination was on foot, Sir NICHOLAS CRISP procur'd a Commiſſion of Array to be ſent from OXFORD to LONDON, which was carry'd by the Lady AUBIGNY, and deliver'd to a Gentleman employ'd by Sir NICHOLAS to take it of her; and this being diſcover'd at the ſame time that Mr. WALLER's Plot was, the two Conſpiracies were made into one; tho' the Noble Hiſtorian, who is our chief Guide in this Relation, is ſatisfy'd they were two diſtinct Deſigns, and gives ſuch Reaſons

for his Opinion as are very convincing. Thus all that Mr. WALLER was guilty of was a cloſe Correſpondence with the Men of Moderation, who were for accommodating Matters between his Majeſty and the two Houſes on ſafe and honourable Conditions, in order to which they had conſulted together of ſome Meaſures to forward it. The Cunning Men in Parliament, who were charm'd with the Sweets of Power, could not bear any Projects that attack'd the Sovereignty they had uſurp'd, and having a Common-wealth in view, would hear of no Peace, but on Terms which had reduc'd the Sovereign to a worſe Condition than that of a Subject. The Leaders of this Party had always God and the Good old Cauſe in their Mouths, and the Multitude giving into the Deceit, 'tis no Wonder that to conſpire againſt them was deem'd no leſs than Treaſon againſt Liberty and Religion, the Danger of which in a Military Adminiſtration is too obvious to need a Comment.

The Diſcovery of Mr. WALLER's Plot is variouſly reported. In the Manuſcript which we take to be of undoubted Authority, for the Reaſons before-mention'd, 'tis thus related. " Afterwards he " conferr'd with ſome Loyal Citizens and others, " about recovering the City into the King's In- " tereſt, in which he was betray'd by his Siſter " PRICE, and her Preſbyterian Chaplain Mr. " GOOD, who ſtole ſome of his Papers; and if he " had not ſtrangely dream'd, the Night before he " *was* ſeiz'd, that his Siſter betray'd him, and " thereupon

" thereupon burnt the reſt of his Papers by the " Fire left in his Chimney, he had certainly loſt " his Life for it." The Lord CLARENDON reports it otherwiſe, That a Servant of Mr. TOMKINS, who had curſorily overheard Mr. WALLER and his Maſter diſcourſe of the Argument we are now upon, plac'd himſelf behind a Hanging, and heard them ſay enough to put him upon informing, in hopes of a Reward. Accordingly he went to Mr. PYM, one of the Heads of the Parliament Party, and told him all he knew; to which my Lord adds, or probably imagin'd. The Circumſtances of the Publiſhing it were ſuch as fill'd all Men with Apprehenſions: 'Twas on WEDNESDAY the 31ſt of MAY, 1763, their ſolemn Faſt-Day, when being all at their Sermon in St. MARGARET's Church in WESTMINSTER, a Letter was brought to Mr. PYM, who with ſome of the moſt Active Members roſe from their Seats, and after a little Whiſpering together went out of the Church. Orders were immediately ſent to ſearch their Priſoners, who were MALIGNANTS; and as ſoon as the Houſes met, they were told " Letters were in- " tercepted going to the Court at OXFORD, that " expreſs'd ſome notable Conſpiracy in hand, to " deliver up the Parliament and the City into the " Hands of the Cavaliers, and that the Time for " the Execution of it drew very nigh." Upon which a Committee was appointed to examine all Perſons they thought fit, and to apprehend ſome nominated at that Time. Purſuant to which Mr.

WALLER and Mr. TOMKINS were apprehended the ſame Night, and others the next Day.

We ſhall not enter into the Particulars of the Proſecution of this Conſpiracy, but only report in general the great Stir the Parliament made about it. They firſt blended Sir NICHOLAS CRISP's and Mr. WALLER's Projects together, and made the whole to contain four or five terrible Articles; "As ſeizing the King's Children, ſeveral Members "of Parliament, the Lord-Mayor, the Out-works, "Forts, and Tower of LONDON; the Magazines, "Gates, &c. To let in the King's Army; to "reſiſt all Payments, by Arms; to ſuſpend the "whole Government of the City; and, in ſhort, "to maſter the Parliament." A very different Project from my Lord CLARENDON's, which terminates only in a little cloſe Converſation how to bring about a Peace. But by his Deſcription of Mr. WALLER's Behaviour, one would think he was conſcious of ſomewhat more than what his Lordſhip lays to his Charge: For after our Author was ſeiz'd, my Lord tells us, "He was ſo con-"founded with Fear and Apprehenſion, that he "confeſs'd whatever he had ſaid, heard, thought "or ſeen; all that he knew of himſelf, and all "that he ſuſpected of others, without concealing "any Perſon of what Degree or Quality ſoever, "or any Diſcourſe that he had ever upon any "Occaſion entertain'd with them: What ſuch and "ſuch Ladies of great Honour, to whom, upon "the Credit of his great Wit and very good Re-"*putation*, he had been admitted, had ſpoke to

"him

" him in their Chambers of the Proceedings in the " Houſe; and how they had encourag'd him to " oppoſe them; what Correſpondence and Inter- " courſe they had with ſome Miniſters of State at " OXFORD, &c. He alſo accus'd the Earl of " PORTLAND and the Lord CONWAY of being " concern'd in the Agitations in the City, and the " Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND of wiſhing them " Succeſs." The Houſes were or ſeem'd to be ſo alarm'd at the Diſcovery of this Plot, that ſix Days after they took a Sacred Vow and Covenant, which was alſo taken by the City and Army, denouncing War againſt the King more directly than they had done before. We ſhall not detain the Reader with the Tryals and Executions of Mr. TOMKINS and Mr. CHALONER, but proceed to Mr. WALLER's Conduct and Sufferings. The Earl of PORTLAND and the Lord CONWAY were impriſon'd on his Accuſation, and often confronted with him before the Committee, where they as peremptorily denying, as he charging them, and there being no other Witneſs but he againſt them, they were kept a while in Reſtraint, and then bail'd. My Lord NORTHUMBERLAND, though charg'd by him to be a Well-wiſher to the Conſpiracy, yet on account of his great Reputation, was proceeded againſt very tenderly. This Lord is the ſame to whom our Author addreſſes two Poems in this Book, which are miſplaced, being written long before ſeveral that precede them. To return to Mr. WALLER's Tryal: He was all this while in Cuſtody of the Officers *who belong'd* to the Council of War, by

whom

whom TOMKINS and CHALONER were condemned. The ſame Hiſtorian informs us, that " after " he had with incredible Diſſimulation acted ſuch " a Remorſe of Conſcience, that his Tryal was " put off out of Chriſtian Compaſſion, 'till he " might recover his Underſtanding, (and that was " not 'till the Heat and Fury of the Proſecutors " was reaſonably abated with the Sacrifices they " had made) and by drawing Viſitants to himſelf " of the moſt Powerful Miniſters of all Factions, " had, by his Liberality and Penitence, his re- " ceiving vulgar and vile Sayings from them with " Humility and Reverence, as clearer Convictions " and Informations than in his Life he had ever " had; and diſtributing great Sums to them for " their Prayers, and Ghoſtly Counſel; ſo ſatisfy'd " them, that they ſatisfy'd others; was brought, " at his Suit, to the Houſe of Commons Bar." For, as a Member of that Houſe, he had appeal'd to them from the Council of War. When he appear'd there, his Behaviour was not ſo ROMAN as his Muſe, if my Lord CLARENDON's Information be Authentick: " Being, ſays he, a Man very " Powerful in Language; and who, by what he " ſpoke, and in the manner of ſpeaking it, ex- " ceedingly captivated the Good-will and Benevo- " lence of his Hearers, which is the higheſt Part " of an Orator, with ſuch Flattery as was moſt " exactly calculated to that Meridian, with ſuch " Submiſſion as their Pride took delight in, and " ſuch dejection of Mind and Spirit as was like to

" cozen

" cozen the major Part:" He laid before them, " Their own Danger and Concernment, if they " ſhould ſuffer one of their own Body, how Un- " worthy and Monſtrous ſoever, to be try'd by the " Soldiers, who might thereby grow to that Power " hereafter, that they wou'd both try thoſe they " wou'd not be willing ſhou'd be try'd, and for " things which they would account no Crimes; the " Inconvenience and inſupportable Miſchief where- " of, all wiſe Commonwealths-Men had foreſeen " and prevented, by exempting their own Members " from all Judgment but their own." By theſe and the like Arguments he prevail'd not to be try'd by a Council of War, but was taken out of the Cuſtody of their Officers, and ſent to the Tower; where, according to Dr. BIRCH's Information, " He had Time to get his Friends to him, " and with large Bribes he made ſome leading " Members ſpeak for him; inſomuch that when " his Caſe came to be adjudg'd, his Life was " ſpar'd; but he was fin'd Ten Thouſand Pound, " Sequeſter'd and Baniſh'd." The Noble Lord, whoſe Hiſtory has been ſo ſerviceable to us, in this differs again a little from the Doctor: For immediately after what he ſays of Mr. WALLER's Speech, he adds; " So that in Truth he does as " much owe the keeping his Head to that Oration, " as CATALINE did the loſs of his to thoſe of " TULLY; and by having done ill very well, he, " by degrees, drew that Reſpect to his Parts, " which always carries ſome Compaſſion to the

" Perſon,

" Perſon, that he got leave to compound for his " Tranſgreſſion, and them to accept of Ten Thou- " ſand Pounds (which their Affairs wanted) for " his Liberty: Whereupon he had leave to recol- " lect himſelf into another Country (for his Liberty " was to be in Baniſhment) how miſerable he had " made himſelf, in obtaining that Leave to live " out of his own; and there cannot be a greater " Evidence of the Ineſtimable Value of his Parts, " than that he liv'd, after this, in the good Affec- " tion and Eſteem of many, the Pity of moſt, and " the Reproach and Scorn of few or none." This Judgment of him from a Man who all along turns the Byaſs againſt him, will ſtrengthen the Idea we have conceiv'd of his great Senſe and Eloquence; and all thoſe Arts, which the Hiſtorian repreſents with ſo much Diſadvantage, he made uſe of to gain the Aſſembly before whom he ſpoke, are ſo far from being Unwarrantable, when a Man pleads for his Life, that they exalt the Merit of the Orator, who ſo Powerfully triumphed over the Paſſions of his Enemies, as tho' he was moſt Guilty to be the leaſt Puniſh'd. We ſhall finiſh this Account of Mr. WALLER's Plot with obſerving, that tho' 'twas diſcover'd, it was an Advantage to the King, by producing that ſevere Vow and Covenant, which few ſwallow'd but by Compulſion, and many to avoid it fled to OXFORD, whither alſo the Earl of PORTLAND and the Lord CONWAY went as ſoon as they had an Opportunity.

It is eaſy to be imagined, that ſuch a Proſecu- *tion and Fine* muſt conſiderably leſſen Mr. WAL-

LER's

LER's Eſtate, which had receiv'd ſome Addition by his Marriages; but now he was forc'd to ſell a Thouſand Pound a Year to pay his Fine, and clear himſelf of the Danger he was in.

We cannot determine whether his Poems were firſt Printed before his Baniſhment or after; but 'tis moſt likely that it was after, becauſe that the Plot was diſcover'd in 1643, and the firſt Edition of his Poems was in 1645, under the Title of "Poems, &c. Written by EDMOND WALLER "of BECONSFIELD, Eſq; lately a Member of the "Honourable Houſe of Commons:" To which is added, in the Title Page, "All the Lyrick Poems "in this Book were ſet by Mr. HENRY LAWES, "Gent. of the King's Chapel, and one of his "Majeſty's private Muſick. This Book has a Dedication before it, but without a Name to it, which for the Reader's Entertainment is here preſerv'd.

To my LADY.

Madam,

"YOUR Commands for the gathering theſe "Sticks into a Faggot had ſooner been o-"bey'd, but intending to preſent you with my "whole Vintage, I ſtay'd till the lateſt Grapes "were ripe; for here your Ladyſhip has not only "all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this "kind: Not but that I may defend the Attempt I "have made upon Poetry, by the Examples (not

"to

" to trouble you with Hiſtory) of many Wiſe and
" Worthy Perſons of our own Times; as Sir PHI-
" LIP SIDNEY, Sir FRANCIS BACON, Cardinal
" PERRON, the ableſt of his Countrymen; and
" the former Pope, who they ſay, inſtead of the
" Triple Crown, wore ſometimes the Poets Ivy,
" as an Ornament, perhaps, of leſſer Weight and
" Trouble: But, Madam, theſe Nightingales ſung
" only in the Spring, it was the Diverſion of their
" Youth; as Ladies learn to Sing and Play when
" they are Children, what they forget when they
" are Women: The Reſemblance holds further,
" for as you quit the Lute the ſooner, becauſe the
" Poſture is ſuſpected to draw the Body awry; ſo
" this is not always practiſed without ſome Vil-
" lany to the Mind, wreſting it from preſent Oc-
" caſions, and accuſtoming us to a Style ſomewhat
" remov'd from common Uſe. But that you may
" not think his Caſe deplorable, who had made
" Verſes; we are told, that TULLY (the greateſt
" Wit among the ROMANS) was once ſick of this
" Diſeaſe, and yet recover'd ſo well, that of almoſt
" as bad a Poet as your Servant, he became the
" moſt perfect Orator in the World. So that not
" ſo much to have made Verſes, as not to give over
" in Time, leaves a Man without Excuſe: The
" former preſenting us with an Opportunity at
" leaſt of doing wiſely, that is, to conceal thoſe
" we have made, which I ſhall yet do, if my
" humble Requeſt may be of as much force with
" *your* Ladyſhip, as your Commands have been

" with

" with me: Madam, I only whiſper theſe in your
" Ears, if you publiſh them, they are your own;
" and therefore as you apprehend the Reproach of
" a Wit and a Poet, caſt them into the Fire; or
" if they come where green Boughs are in the
" Chimney, with the help of your fair Friends,
" (for thus bound, it will be too hard a Taſk for
" your Hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein
" you will honour me with the Fate of ORPHEUS;
" for ſo his Poems, whereof we only hear the
" Form, (not his Limbs, as the Story will have it)
" I ſuppoſe we are ſcatter'd by the THRACIAN
" Dames. Here, Madam, I might take an Op-
" portunity to celebrate your Virtues, and to in-
" ſtruct you how happy you are, in that you know
" not who you are: How much you excel the
" moſt Excellent of your own, and how much you
" amaze the leaſt inclin'd to Wonder of our Sex.
" But as they will be apt to take your Ladyſhip
" for a ROMAN Name, ſo wou'd they believe that
" I endeavour'd the Character of a perfect Nymph,
" worſhip'd an Image of my own making, and
" dedicated this to the Lady of the Brain, not of
" the Heart, of

" Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant,

" E. W."

We find Poetry is no more in a Man's Power than Love, and that he who thinks he's paſt it, may carry the Paſſion with him to his Grave, as Mr. WALLER *did*.

Our

Our Author being, as we have mention'd, condemn'd to Baniſhment, paſt over to FRANCE, taking his Lady's Jewels with him to ſupport him. He liv'd here very hoſpitably at PARIS; and, except my Lord St. ALBANS, who was the Queen of ENGLAND's Prime Miniſter when ſhe kept here Court there, there was no ENGLISH Table but Mr. WALLER's: Which was ſo coſtly to him, that he us'd to ſay he was at laſt come to the Rump Jewel.

He reſided moſt part of the time he was in FRANCE, at ROAN; where MARGARET, his eldeſt Daughter by his Second Wife, was born. He was particularly fond of this Daughter, and ſhe us'd to ſerve him as his AMANUENSIS. While he was in FRANCE, a ſurreptitious Edition of his Poems was publiſh'd, which occaſion'd his permitting a genuine one.

We have been inform'd, but with no Certainty, that he was a Proprietor of the SUMMER-ISLANDS in AMERICA; but whether he was ſo or not, we cannot learn he ever went thither from FRANCE, as ſome have imagin'd from the Copy of Verſes, "To Sir WILLIAM d'AVENANT upon his two "firſt Books of GONDIBERT, written in FRANCE."

"Thus the wiſe Nightingale, that leaves her
"home,
"Her Native Wood, &c."

Theſe alſo ſuppoſe he wrote the Battle of the *SUMMER-ISLANDS* after his Return, by the particular

ticular Deſcription he gives of its Product and Situation; but we are apt to believe he never was there, and that if he was, he wrote it before; and indeed there are ſome Lines which ſhew 'twas written when SACHARISSA was his Wiſh and his Muſe; why elſe ſhould he cry

" Oh how I long, my careleſs Limbs to lay
" Under the Plantane's Shade, and all the Day
" With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,
" Invoke the Muſes, and improve my Vein!
" No Paſſion there in my free Breaſt ſhould move,
" None but the ſweet and beſt of Paſſions, Love:
" There will I ſing, if gentle Love be by,
" That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings ſo high,
" With the ſweet Sound of SACHARISSA's Name,
" I'll make the liſt'ning Savages grow tame."

If he ever was in AMERICA, 'tis probable he return'd to FRANCE again; at which time it was that being reduc'd to the Rump Jewel, Colonel SCROOP, who had marry'd his Siſter, interceded with OLIVER to let him return to ENGLAND, and his Eſtate, which was granted. His Generoſity and Courtly Way of living, his Sufferings and Baniſhment, had now reduc'd his Patrimony to leſs than half of what it was when his Father dy'd. But he had ſtill enough to ſupport him like his Quality, and being ſo much of a Poet, as well in his Conduct as his Genius, we are inform'd his Eſtate continued ſtill rather to diminiſh than increaſe. He reſided moſtly at HALL BARN near

Beaconsfield, he was on all Occaſions called Mr. Waller of Beaconsfield; the greateſt Honour that poor but pleaſant Town in Buckinghamshire has to boaſt of. On his Return to England he wrote his Panegyrick on Oliver, as an Acknowledgment, in the Year 1654, and an admirable Poem it is; for without Offence it may be ſaid, that excepting the bad Title by which Cromwell held his Greatneſs, his perſonal Qualifications render'd him a fit Subject for ſo fine a Muſe; and the Poet, on that Occaſion, was allow'd to draw a Veil over his Tyranny and Uſurpation. The Uſurper lov'd, or affected to love, Men of Wit; and he had Incenſe offer'd him by more Pens than one, as Mr. Sprat, Mr. Dryden, and others, who had not Mr. Waller's Excuſe. He delighted, or pretended to delight, in the Converſation of ſuch Men; how then could Mr. Waller eſcape him, eſpecially being his Kinſman. He frequently waited on the Uſurper, and, as he often declar'd, obſerv'd him to be very well read in the Greek and Roman Story; for his rude Cant and Spiritual Simplicity were downright Affectation: Than which nothing can be more evident from Mr. Waller's Obſervation, and his Confeſſion to him. Our Author often took Notice, that in the midſt of their Diſcourſe a Servant has come in to tell him ſuch and ſuch attended; upon which Cromwell would riſe, and ſtop them, talking at the Door, where he could overhear him ſay, "The Lord will reveal, the Lord will help," and ſeveral ſuch Expreſſions; which when he return'd

turn'd to Mr. WALLER he excus'd, ſaying, " Cou-
" ſin WALLER, I muſt talk to theſe Men after
" their own Way;" and would then go on where they left off. This created in Mr. WALLER an Opinion, that he ſecretly deſpis'd thoſe whom he ſeem'd to court.

'Tis plain enough, by our Author's Poems, that he fell in with his Kinſman the Protector's Intereſt, at his Return from Baniſhment, and was of that Party who wou'd have had CROMWELL aſſume the Title of King, which OLIVER was fond enough of; and 'tis ſaid, he intended to put the great Wealth he took from the SPANIARDS to the Uſe Mr. WALLER mention in his Poems " Of a War
" with SPAIN, and Fight at Sea, in the Year
" 1656," which ends thus;

" His Conqu'ring Head has no more room for Bays:
" Then let it be, as the glad Nation prays,
" Let the rich Ore forthwith be melted down,
" And the State fix'd, by making him a Crown."

The Uſurper's Parliament were for it, but he found the Army and the Republicans wou'd not like it; and ſo, with a forc'd Negative, ended this grateful Conteſt. We have not learn'd, that OLIVER ever took him further into his Confidence or Favour, or that he contributed any thing to his Fortune. Yet the Remembrance of his calling him from Exile, and perhaps his Reſpect for his Perſon, laſted when he could neither hurt him nor ſerve him.

When he was gone to receive his Reward, then did Mr. WALLER write that Poem, " On the Death " of the Protector, in the Year 1658."

" We muſt reſign, Heav'n his great Soul does claim,
" In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame."

In which Paper of Verſes there's as much Elevation as in any in the Collection; a true Sign that the Subject touch'd him. Not but that Mr. WALLER could and did turn his Muſe to the other Hand; for 'tis an ill Poet that knows not how to trim; and when OLIVER has on other Occaſions lain in his Way, he has not had ſo good a Word for him. In his Epitaph on Mr. CHARLES CAVENDISH, he has other Sentiments of his Kinſman.

" CROMWELL, with Odds of Numbers and of
" Fate,
" Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State;
" Which the ſad Iſſue of the War declar'd,
" And made his Taſk, to ruin both, leſs hard."

When King CHARLES the Second was reſtored, Mr. WALLER early congratulated him, by that Poem, " To the King, upon his Majeſty's happy " Return in the Year 1660;" in which the Senſe of the Publick Guilt occaſions a Spirit of Humility, if the Phraſe may be us'd, to reign through it; there are, however, ſome Starts and Turns worthy his Subject and Genius. His Majeſty always us'd him with great Humanity, and he was look'd on as one of the Reigning Wits of his Court, where Wit had

had taken her Seat on the Throne; for the King had his ſhare of it among the brighteſt of his Subjects, and the Foreigners of Quality, whom his Acceſſion to the Crown frequently invited over. About this Time Monſieur ST. EVREMOND, famous for the Excellence of his Talent, and the Politeneſs of his Converſation, being forc'd to leave FRANCE, came to the Court of ENGLAND, and the Affinity there was between Mr. WALLER's Genius and his, made him enter into a cloſe Friendſhip with him, which laſted to our Author's Death: Their Ages, their Humours, their Taſte, their Talents had a very great Semblance with each other. When Monſieur ST. EVREMOND went from ENGLAND to HOLLAND, where he ſtay'd four or five Years, he gave Mr. WALLER his Papers to keep for him, a good Part of which was loſt in the Confuſion of the Plague Time at LONDON, 1665. Monſieur ST. EVREMOND's returning and ſettling in ENGLAND might very well be in part occaſion'd by the Inducement he receiv'd from his Converſe with Mr. WALLER and Mr. COWLEY, of whom he had a great Opinion, and a particular Eſteem for the former.

King CHARLES, in his Diverſions at the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's, and other Places, always made Mr. WALLER a Party, excuſing his drinking with the Company; upon which Mr. SAVILLE us'd to ſay, "No Man in ENGLAND ſhould keep him "Company without drinking, but NED WALLER."

It is ſaid he had a Hand in the REHEARSAL, with *Mr. CLIFFORD*, Mr. COWLEY, and ſome other

other Wits, and that it was at firſt written like a Comment on ſeveral Plays; but the Duke thinking the Method was too grave, and the Raillery not piquant enough, took his Hints from thence, and turn'd the Comment into a Comedy. We have been told this by Perſons very converſant in his Grace's Family, and it carries Probability with it, eſpecially if Mr. COWLEY liv'd long enough to be Witneſs of ſome of the Noiſe and Nonſenſe which was brought on the State, and is there exploded.

Tho' Mr. WALLER had ſuffer'd for the Crown, and was ſo welcome always to the King, he gave him nothing but a Grant of the Provoſtſhip of EATON; which Grant was truly nothing, for another diſputed it with him, and he was adviſed not to defend it. Indeed when, about 1683, his Couſin JOHN HAMPDEN, Eſq; Grandſon of Colonel HAMPDEN before mention'd, was proſecuted for High Treaſon, he had the Favour of obtaining his Pardon, and protecting his Son from the need of one. His Temper was ſuch, that he could not puſh his Intereſt, as other Selfiſh Men would have done, and being born to a great Eſtate, and having a plentiful one ſtill left, he might not be willing to take the mean Steps, and make the baſe Compliances neceſſary to raiſe or enlarge a Fortune. He was beſides of an Age not fit for the Fatigue of Politicks; and tho' he ſate in ſeveral Parliaments after the Reſtoration, he is ſeldom or never mention'd in thoſe Affairs; neither did his old Borough of AGMONDESHAM uſe to ſend him, but he was choſen

choſen for a CORNISH Borough by the Intereſt of ſome of his Friends. He wou'd never be in the Commiſſion of the Peace or Lieutenancy. Notwithſtanding the Promiſe he made the Lady, in the Letter before the firſt Edition of his Poems, he wrote on, and made his Poetry one of his greateſt Amuſements, whoſe Life it ſelf was hardly any thing more than an Amuſement. He wrote ſeveral Poems beſides theſe, but either loſt them, or never gave them the laſt Hand. He ſet a great Value on CORNEILLE's Plays, and joyn'd with the Lord BUCKHURST in the Tranſlation of his POMPEY. CORNEILLE had the Pleaſure of knowing he was honour'd ſo far by Mr. WALLER, as to have his Works tranſlated by him. For Monſieur ST. EVREMOND having prais'd CORNEILLE in his Diſſertation on the ALEXANDER of RACINE, CORNEILLE return'd him Thanks, in a Letter he wrote to him for that purpoſe; and Monſieur ST. EVREMOND ſays in his Anſwer, "Mr. WALLER, one of the "fineſt Wits of the Age, is always watching for "your News Pieces, and never fails Tranſlating "an Act or Two into ENGLISH Verſe for his par-"ticular Satisfaction. You are the only Writer of "our Nation, whoſe Sentiments have the Advan-"tage to touch his. He owns we Write and "Speak well in FRENCH; but you, he ſays, are "the only FRENCHMAN who knows how to Think. "Monſieur VOSSIUS, the greateſt Admirer of "GREECE, who can't bear the leaſt Compariſon "between the LATINS and GREEKS, prefers you "to SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES. After two "ſuch

ſometime after being known to reſolve to marry his Daughter and Favourite to Dr. Birch, the King was prevail'd with to endeavour to hinder it, as the Doctor inform'd us himſelf, and for that end order'd a French Gentleman of Quality to tell him, "that the King wonder'd he could have any "Thoughts of marrying his Daughter to a Falling "Church." He made anſwer, "Sir, the King "does me very great Honour to take any Notice "of my Domeſtick Affairs; but I have liv'd long "enough to obſerve, that this Falling Church has "got a Trick of riſing again." It is not to be doubted but that he was in the Secret of the Revolution; for he would often ſay, "the King would "be left like a Whale upon the Strand." But he charg'd ſome about him not to meddle, 'till they ſaw the Prince of Orange actually landed, and his Son and Heir, Edmond Waller, Eſq; then went in to the Prince.

'Twas now that he began to turn his Muſe towards Heaven, for which Flight his Soul had been preparing.

He wrote the ſix Canto's "of Divine Love," after he was Fourſcore: Two Canto's "of Divine "Poeſie, occaſioned upon Sight of the 53d Chap-"ter of Isaiah turn'd into Verſe by Mrs. Whar-"ton," the preſent Earl of Wharton's firſt Lady. Mr. Waller living in great Intimacy and Friendſhip with that Family, his Neighbours at Winchendon, he wrote "on the Paraphraſe on "the Lord's Prayer," written alſo by Mrs. Wharton, *a Lady* whoſe Wit and Virtue render'd her

the

the Admiration of both Sexes; and 'twas this excellent Paraphraſe that induc'd him to write ſome "Reflections on the ſeveral Petitions in the ſame "Prayer. He intended to crown all his Labours with the Poem "Of the laſt Verſes in the Book," which can never be too much admir'd. So natural are the Images, ſo lively the Repreſentation of Old Age, ſo feelingly the Author ſpeaks of its Infirmities, and all is ſo Poetical. Never did Old Bard ſing with a ſweeter and more charming Voice.

"The Seas are quiet when the Winds give o'er,
"So calm are we when Paſſions are no more."

Again,

"Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
"That ſtand upon the Threſhold of the New."

Upon this is a very good Copy of Verſes in Mr. DRYDEN's Third Miſcellany; the four laſt Lines of which are,

"Still here remain, ſtill on the Threſhold ſtand,
"Still at this Diſtance view the promis'd Land;
"Tho' thou mayſt ſeem, ſo heav'nly is thy Senſe,
"Not going thither, but new come from thence."

The next Poem to this, in the ſame Miſcellany, by Mr. TALBOT, on Mr. WALLER's "Divine "Love," ſpeaks alſo the Praiſe of the Divine Writer. However this was not his laſt Poem, for at Fourſcore and Two, in 1687, he wrote two Canto's "*Of the Fear* of God," which never yet appear'd

in Print. He gave them to Mr. Thomas Elwood of Coleshill, whoſe Love of Letters and Humanity made his Converſation much deſired by Mr. Waller, at that melancholy pleaſant Village, where we could not paſs thro' the Woods without envying thoſe Shades which Mr. Waller had ſo often made happy with his Songs. He purchas'd a ſmall Eſtate there in his old Age, with a little Houſe, to which he frequently retir'd, but did not ſtay long. He was always inclinable to be paſſionate, the Fire of his Muſe ſhews he had a ſhare of it in his Temper, and when he was old it was moſt predominant, but he was ſoon allay'd by the Interpoſition of his Friends. Mr. Ellwood read that Poem of the "Fear of God" to him, the laſt time he ſaw him at his Houſe at Beaconsfield; but Sickneſs and Death follow'd ſo cloſe, that Mr. Waller had not Time to reviſe and poliſh it, as otherwiſe he might perhaps have done in ſome Places.

His Conſtitution being as vigorous as his Muſe, 'twas not to be broken but by a Diſeaſe which triumphs over Youth as often as Age, the Dropſie. In the Summer of 1688 his Legs began to ſwell, and being at Beconsfield he took Dr. Birch with him to Sir Charles Scarborough, firſt Phyſician to King James, then in Attendance at Windsor: When he found him, he ſaid, "He "came to him as an old Friend, as well as Phy-"ſician, to aſk him what that ſwelling meant.

Sir

Sir CHARLES ſaid plainly, "Why, Sir, your Blood "will run no longer." Upon which Mr. WALLER repeated ſome admirable Verſes out of VIRGIL, ſuitable to the Occaſion, about the Condition of Human Life, and receiv'd his Sentence very compoſedly.

His laſt Poems ſhew us, that his laſt Years were ſpent in Divine Studies, and that he had fortified himſelf againſt this Hour by Spiritual Meditations, and making his Peace with Heaven. And this Chriſtian Compoſure of Mind has ſomething much more ſolid and ſublime in it than the vain Conſtancy of PETRONIUS ARBITER, whom he once imitated, as far as his Religion would permit, and within the Bounds of Decency: Who, when NERO ſought after his Life, dy'd as gallantly as he liv'd, with his Muſick and Dancers about him; and indulging himſelf with what he moſt took Pleaſure in when he was the Emperor's Favourite: But he did not know there was any thing elſe to be done, but to die. Our Chriſtian PETRONIUS with the ſame Eaſe heard, that he was to live no longer; but it was becauſe, by an entire Contrition, he had prepar'd himſelf a way to a Life the ROMANS never heard of. Upon the ſad increaſe of Mr. WALLER's Diſeaſe, he order'd his Son-in-law, Dr. BIRCH, to deſire all his Children to join with him, and to give him the Holy Sacrament: He at the ſame time profeſs'd his Chriſtian Faith, with great Earneſtneſs telling them, he remember'd the Duke of BUCKINGHAM once talk'd profanely before King CHARLES, and that he told him, "My Lord, I

"am

" am a great deal older than your Grace, and " believe I have heard more Argument for Atheiſm " than ever your Grace did, but I have liv'd long " enough to ſee there is nothing in them, and ſo I " hope your Grace will." He remov'd ſome time before his Death from Beconsfield to London, where he dy'd. He being once carry'd to Coleshill to dine, ſaid, " He ſhould be glad " to die like the Stag, where he was rouz'd :" But he departed this Life in Autumn 1688, having often ſaid he ſhould die at that Time of the Year.

Mr. Waller left ſeveral Children behind him, but not above Twelve or Thirteen Hundred Pounds a Year of the Eſtate, which he bequeath'd to his Second Son, Edmond Waller, Eſq; before mention'd: His Eldeſt, Benjamin, being ſo far from inheriting his Father's Wit, that he had not a common Portion; ſo he was ſent to Jersey, a Colony in the West-Indies, where he's ſtill living in Obſcurity and Oblivion. His Third Son was Mr. William Waller, a Merchant of London; and his Fourth, Dr. Stephen Waller, a famous Civilian, who was one of the Commiſſioners appointed for the Union of the Two Kingdoms. A Fifth Son there was, but we can't give any account of him. The Inſcription on the Monument informs us, that there were Five Sons and Eight Daughters by the Second Wife; as Margaret, the Eldeſt, who is dead; Mary, the Wife of Dr. Birch, dead alſo; as is another marry'd to ------ Hervey of Suffolk, Eſq; another marry'd ------ Tipping *of Oxfordshire*, Eſq; Eliza, ſtill living unmarry'd,

marry'd, Executrix with her Brother EDMOND WALLER, Eſq; DOROTHY, a Dwarf, who was ſent into the North of ENGLAND; another, whoſe Name we have not learnt; and OCTAVIA, ſo call'd for being the Eighth. Mr. EDMOND WALLER his Heir us'd to be choſen for AGMONDESHAM, and in the Parliament never eſpous'd the Court or Country Party, but as he thought for their mutual Intereſt, whence he was generally look'd upon as the Head of the Flying Squadron. He accepted of the Commiſſions which his Father refus'd, and was eſteem'd in his Country as a very honeſt Gentleman, and a Man of good Senſe. Nor was he without a Taſte in Poetry, and a Vein which wou'd have ſhin'd more, had it not been ſet ſo near his Father's, whoſe Brightneſs outſhone all others. We have ſeen ſeveral Copies of Verſes written by him, moſt indeed upon Religious Subjects, and particularly one on Divine Worſhip, alluding to ſome Verſes in HORACE, where he hangs up his Votive Offerings after a Poem.

" ——When Love divine our Breaſt enflames,
" It calms the Mind, and all our Paſſions tames:
" Down ſink the Hills, and Mountains melt away,
" The Vallies riſe, and Night is turn'd to Day.
" The Waters to their bidden Seats remove,
" And with the Olive Leaf returns the Dove;
" The Ark then reſts, and Man's again reſtor'd,
" And NOAH builds an Altar to the Lord."

In the latter part of his Life he embrac'd the Sect of the QUAKERS, which Dr. BIRCH ſeem'd to deny

deny to us, urging, that his laying out ſo much Money on a Tomb for his Father, argu'd he cou'd not be "a QUAKER, for that thoſe Men are pro-"feſs'd Deſpiſers of all ſuch Rights:" But that he liv'd ſo ſome time before his Death, and dy'd ſo, is known to all in thoſe Parts, and is prov'd by his Will; for dying A. D. 1699, Eleven Years after his Father at the BATH, he order'd by his Teſtament that a certain Sum ſhould be laid out on his Funeral, and if there was an Overplus, it ſhou'd be diſtributed among his Poor Friends the QUAKERS in that Place, where his Body was interr'd, which he directed to be with the QUAKERS, and it was done ſo accordingly in their Burying-Ground five or ſix Miles from BATH, the Mayor and Aldermen of that City attending it thither. The Mother of this Gentleman oblig'd him to promiſe he would lay out Three Hundred Pounds in a Monument for his Father, and 'twas in Performance of that Promiſe the fine Tomb was erected over Mr. WALLER's Grave, twelve Years after he was bury'd, by his Son's Executors, Mrs. ELIZA WALLER, JOHN FANSHAW, Eſq; and HENRY GOULD, Eſq; This Monument is in the Church-yard where the WALLERS were bury'd, in little better than a common Grave, but now the Vault's enlarg'd, and the Tomb has all the Advantages and Decorations that cou'd be deſir'd to honour the Remains of ſo great a Man. But before we ſay any thing further of this Monument, we muſt give ſome Account of that more Glorious One rais'd by himſelf, his *Works*.

Immediately

Immediately after the Deceaſe of our Author came out a ſmall Collection of Poems upon him, PANEGYRICKS and ELEGIES, written by Monſieur ST. EVREMOND, Sir THOMAS HIGGINS, the Honourable GEORGE GRENVILLE, Eſq; Sir ROBERT COTTON, Mr. RYMER, and others: And his Death, tho' in a very good old Age, was as much lamented, as if he had been taken off in the Flower of his Youth. He had ſo many rare Qualities, that cou'd not but charm all who knew him; his Converſation being as Polite as his Muſe: His Wit flow'd without Gall, and even his Raillery was delicate and juſt.

Nor was his Reputation confin'd to ENGLAND only; he was known to all the Polite World, whatever Language they ſpoke; and the politeſt of that Nation, which pretends to have the greateſt Hand in poliſhing all others, did him as much Juſtice as his own Countrymen. Mr. DE LA FONTAINE, whoſe TALES and FABLES are held in ſuch Admiration in all Places where the FRENCH Tongue is known, (and where is it that it is not?) ſpeaks with the greateſt Deference in the World of Mr. WALLER's Merit: Writing to Monſieur DE BONREPAUX then in ENGLAND, and afterwards the FRENCH Envoy to one of the Northern Crowns, he ſays, "J'ay "tant entendu dire de bien de Monſieur WALLER, "que Son approbation me comble de Joie:" "I "have heard ſo much ſaid in the Praiſe of Mr. "WALLER, that I'm overjoy'd with his Approba- "tion." And ſpeaking of what that Gentleman had written to him of WINDSOR, he ſays, "Il y

" a pluſieurs choſes Conſiderables, entre autres " vos deux ANACREONS Monſieur de ST. EVRE- " MOND & Monſieur WALLER, en qui L'Imagih- " tion & L'Amour ne finiſſent point: " There are " ſeveral Things conſiderable, among others, your " two ANACREONS, Monſieur DE ST. EVRE- " MOND, and Mr. WALLER, of whoſe Imagiha- " tion and Love there's no end." Monſieur ST. EVREMOND had a particular Eſteem and Friend- ſhip for him: Writing to the ſame Mr. DE LA FONTAINE, ſoon after his Death, he ſays, " Mon- " ſieur WALLER, dont nous regrettons la Perte, " a pouſſe la vigueur de l'Eſprit juſqu' a l'Age de " quatre-vingt-deux ans." " Mr. WALLER, whoſe " Loſs we mourn, enjoy'd the full Vigour of his " Wit at Fourſcore and Two Years of Age.

The Characters of LA FONTAINE and ST. EVREMOND are ſuch, that nothing can advance Mr. WALLER's Reputation more than the Eſteem of two ſuch Men, two of the greateſt Wits of the Age; and the Praiſe which comes from Foreigners, of a Nation too apt to have too good an Opinion of themſelves, and too bad a one of us, muſt have more weight with it, than the Applauſe of his own Countrymen, which was univerſal, and will be immortal. 'Twas the Politeneſs of his Manners, as well as the Excellence of his Genius, which en- dear'd him to theſe foreign Wits. All the World knows, Mr. ST. EVREMOND was polite almoſt to a Fault, for ev'ry Virtue has its oppoſite Vice, and *this* has Affectation; and yet writing to my Lord *ST. ALBANS*, he ſays, " Mr. WALLER vous garde

" une

" une Converſation delicieuſe, je ne ſuis pas ſi vain " de vous parleur de Mienne." " Mr. WALLER " keeps a delicious Converſation for you, I am not " ſo vain as to mention mine.' This is ſufficient to ſhew the Opinion Strangers had of his Manners, a Taſte of which will be met with in his Life; for he, who ſucceſſively liv'd in great Familiarity and Friendſhip with my Lord FALKLAND, Sir FRANCIS WAINMAN, the Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, the Earl of HOLLAND, the Earl of LEICESTER, the Counteſs of CARLISLE, the Earl of ST. ALBANS, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the Earl of DORSET, the Earl of ROCHESTER, Sir CHARLES SIDLEY, the Dutcheſs of MAZARINE, Monſieur BONREPAUX, Monſieur ST. EVREMOND, and many other Perſons of the ſame Rank and Character; he, who was careſs'd by all the Princes and Princeſſes, his Contemporaries in ENGLAND, and whom his very Enemies cannot but extol for his Wit and Eloquence, muſt have been a Man of ſo agreeable a Converſation, that we may deſpair of producing ſuch another; as ROME could boaſt of but one PETRONIUS. We ſhall cloſe what we intend to ſay of his Manners, and Perſonal Endowments, with the Earl of CLARENDON's ſhort Character of him: " There was of the Houſe of Com- " mons one Mr. WALLER, a Gentleman of very " good Fortune and Eſtate, and of admirable Parts " and Faculty of Wit, and of an intimate Conver- " ſation with thoſe who had that Reputation." This, and what has been taken out of his Lord-

" None might the Mother of ACHILLES be,
" But the fair Pearl and Glory of the Sea;
" The Man to whom great MARO gives ſuch Fame,
" From the Bed of heav'nly VENUS came;
" And our next CHARLES (whom all the Stars deſign
" Like Wonders to accompliſh) ſprings from thine.

And in his Advice to a Painter, written when he was Threeſcore, his Addreſs to the King ends very nobly:

" Had the Old GREEKS diſcover'd your Abode,
" CRETE had not been the Cradle of their God;
" On that ſmall Iſland they had look'd with ſcorn,
" And in GREAT BRITAIN thought the Thund'rer
" born.

Fine alſo are thoſe Lines of his in that Poem;

" Painter, excuſe me, if I have a while
" Forgot thy Art, and us'd another Style;
" For tho' you draw arm'd Heroes as they fit,
" The Talk in Battle does the Muſes fit;
" They in the dark Confuſion of a Fight
" Diſcover all, inſtruct us how to write;
" And Light and Honour to brave Actions yield,
" Hid in the Smoke and Tumult of the Field.

What he has tranſlated of the Fourth Book of VIRGIL, ſhews he might have dealt in the EPICK Strein as well as others:

" So

" So to mad PENTHEUS, double THEBES appears,
" And Furies howl in his diſtemper'd Ears:
" ORESTES ſo, with like Diſtraction toſs'd,
" Is made to fly, &c.

But he was a Man of Pleaſure, as well as Wit; the Labour of HEROICKS did not ſuit with his Indolence: He wrote for his Amuſement, and Fame came upon him unſought for: How he wou'd have ſucceeded in the DRAMA, we are not able to judge, he having attempted nothing in that kind that was capable of Succeſs in ENGLISH; what he did of POMPEY, CORNEILLE is to anſwer for; what he alter'd from FLETCHER, is ſo little, that neither the Beauties nor Faults of the MAID'S TRAGEDY can be attributed to him. It is certain by his Verſes to the Author, he had a great Opinion of that Play, he having ſeveral Couplets on it, beſides theſe:

" I never yet the Tragick Scene aſſay'd,
" Deterr'd by that inimitable MAID;
" And when I venture at the Comick Style,
" Thy ſcornful Lady ſeems to mock thy Toil.

He wrote alſo a Poem on BEN. JOHNSON, with whom and Mr. FLETCHER, 'tis probable, he was very converſant, they being both his Contemporaries, as well as DRYDEN, OTWAY, SHADWELL, &c. To which we may add SHAKESPEAR; for he was a Member of the Houſe of Commons three or four Years after that Poet's Death: However his DRAMATICK ESSAYS were not ſo eſteem'd by him,

as to be preſerv'd or publiſh'd, tho' he was a great Admirer of the DRAMA. The ſame Reaſon which hinder'd his Attempt in the Epick Kind might alſo fright him from the Scene, and keep him from cultivating a latent Talent. There's Fatigue in the DRAMA, as well as in the other, and Mr. WALLER was not for things of Toil or Breath. He imitated the Noble Wits of the Antients, TIBULLUS, OVID, and others, who wrote for the Entertainment of themſelves, their Miſtreſſes, and their Friends, which included the great and the fair: And how can Poetry be better employ'd, 'till the Severity of the GRÆCIAN Stage comes to be reſtor'd.

Our Author is moſt properly plac'd among the Lyrick Writers; and he is the beſt in that Kind of the ENGLISH, and perhaps of the Moderns; his Fancy is ſo fine, his Language ſo elegant, his Thoughts ſo juſt, his Rhimes ſo good, his Turn ſo gallant, and his Ear ſo muſical. 'Tis not to be doubted but he was a Lover and an Imitator of ANACREON, and had alſo a Veneration for CATULLUS, of whoſe two different Manners he has form'd One, which is as gallant as that of CATULLUS, and as eaſy as that of ANACREON: For in a hundred Places one may ſee that he follows the Ancients, tho' never ſervilely, as Mr. BOILEAU and other FRENCH Poets have done, whoſe Merit conſiſts chiefly in their Thefts from Antiquity; on which Occaſion we cannot but remember what *Monſieur* ST. EVREMOND ſays of our Author in his

Diſcourſe

Diſcourſe " Des Belles Lettres. Je n'ai point," ſaid he, " connu d'Homme a qui l'Antiquite ſoit ſi " obligee qu'a Monſieur WALLER; Il lui prete " ſa belle Imagination auſſi bien que Son Intelli- " gence fine & delicate; en ſorte qu'il entre dans " l'Eſprit des Anciens non ſeulement pour bien " entendre ce qu'ils ont penſe, mais pour embellir " encore Leurs penſees. I never knew a Man " to whom Antiquity is ſo much oblig'd, as to Mr. " WALLER: He lends her his beautiful Imagina- " tion, as alſo his fine and delicate Underſtanding; " ſo that he enters into the Genius of the Ancients, " not only to underſtand rightly what they thought, " but to embelliſh their Thoughts ſtill more."

That Mr. WALLER imitated ANACREON, will appear to any one who knows that Manner, and in his FRENCH Friends Works, 'tis often mention'd. But the Happineſs of our Author's Imitation of ANACREON will beſt be ſeen in his Poems to AMORET and PHILLIS, eſpecially this:

" PHILLIS, why ſhou'd we delay
" Pleaſures ſhorter than the Day?
" Cou'd we (which we never can)
" Stretch our Lives beyond their Span,
" Beauty like a Shadow flies,
" And our youth before us dies.
" Or wou'd Youth and Beauty ſtay,
" Love has Wings and will away.
" Love has ſwifter Wings than Time."

Nothing

Nothing can be more ſoft, more eaſy, and more in the ANACREONTICK Way.

As to the Verſes written after the Manner of CATULLUS, where is there any thing more gallant than the ODE, if we may uſe the Term, beginning thus?

" Anger is haſty, Words and Blows
" Itſelf diſcharges on its Foes:
" And Sorrow too finds ſome Relief
" In Tears, which wait upon our Grief:
" So ev'ry Paſſion, but fond Love,
" Unto its own Redreſs does move;
" But that alone, &c.

'Tis a wonder how Mr. WALLER comes to be charg'd with want of Fire, when he's ſo full of Metaphors and Similes, which, as PERE RAPIN ſays, proceed from the Heat and Abundance of the Imagination; tho' in the PATHETICK they are nice and dangerous, yet in witty and gallant Poems what can be more beautiful and great! Mr. WALLER never, or but very rarely, makes uſe of any which do not embelliſh and raiſe the Subject; and in this, tho' he has been imitated to Extravagance by almoſt all the ENGLISH Poets ſince, he has ſtill been found inimitable. To inſtance in a few Examples. In the Firſt Poem, " To the " King;"

" So JOVE from IDA did both Hoſts ſurvey,
" And when he pleas'd to Thunder, part, &c.

We

We will not ſay the whole Verſe, becauſe the laſt Words, " the Fray," is a Negligence hardly excuſable when us'd of Battles at Sea. In the Verſes " On my Lady ISABELLA playing on the Lute:"

" Thus the Fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,
" And acts her ſelf the Triumph of her Eyes;
" So NERO once with Harp in Hand ſurvey'd
" His Flaming ROME, and as it burnt he play'd."

Is not that gallant; What has CATULLUS ſaid finer? Again, on the Death of the Uſurper CROMWELL in a Storm:

" ------ So ROMULUS was loſt.
" New ROME in ſuch a Tempeſt miſs'd her King,
" And from obeying fell to Worſhipping.
" On OETA's Top thus HERCULES lay dead,
" With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him ſpread."

And in that incomparable Poem, " Anger in " haſty Words, &c" where he ſpeaks of his being aſham'd of the Meanneſſes of Love, and returning to them again immediately.

" So the tall Stag, upon the Brink
" Of ſome ſmooth Stream about to drink,
" Surveying there his armed Head,
" With Shame remembers that he fled
" The ſcorn'd Dogs; reſolves to try
" The Combat next: But if they cry
" Invades again his trembling Ear,
" He ſtreight reſumes his wonted Care,
" Leaves the untaſted Springs behind,
" *And, wing'd* with Fear, out-flies the Wind."

Again,

Again, " On SACHARISSA paſſing through a " Crowd," by which ſhe was preſt:

" So th' amorous Tree, while yet the Air is calm,
" Juſt Diſtance keeps from his deſired Palm:
" But when the Wind her raviſh'd Branches throws
" Into his Arms, and mingles all his Boughs,
" Tho' loth he ſeems thoſe tender Leaves to preſs,
" More loth he is that friendly Storm ſhou'd ceaſe;
" From whoſe rude Bounty he the double Uſe
" At once receives, of Pleaſure and Excuſe."

Here we cannot but take notice of a malicious Criticiſm on Mr. WALLER, for affecting to ſay at once, and ſometimes not very reaſonably; as,

" At once they Promiſe what at once they give.

But, " ------ The double Uſe
" At once receives, of Pleaſure and Excuſe,

is what they who made it wou'd have been proud to have been Authors of; and what have they to object againſt that Couplet on the King's repairing of St. PAUL's?

" So proud a Fabrick to Devotion giv'n,
" At once it threatens and obliges Heav'n.

We are ſorry the Beauties of this Poet's Genius cou'd not prevail with them to overlook ſome ſmall Slips; and that they would not remember, Mr. WALLER found the ENGLISH Poetry almoſt as rude as the Ore in the Mine, ſome ſparkling Bits *here and there*, and left it refin'd and poliſh'd.

Omnipo-

Omnipotence could only ſtrike Light out of Darkneſs at once. He himſelf complains of the Matter he had to work with, in his Stanza's on ENGLISH Verſe.

" When Architects have done their Part,
" The Matter may betray the Art;
" Time, if we uſe ill-choſen Stone,
" Soon brings a well-built Palace down."

But his is as freſh as if it had been work'd Yeſterday, and will out-laſt all the Monuments of Marble, and the Statues of Braſs, which ſhall be made in this or the coming Ages; he's as new now as in King CHARLES the Firſt's Reign. His Numbers are a Guide to the preſent Writers, and his Language their Standard. Who is there infallible? And if he has ſhewn he had the Frailty of human Nature in him ſometimes, that is not to be always perfect. Let where he comes up to Perfection be remember'd, and thoſe Eſcapes will ſoon be forgotten. Suppoſe in the ſome envious Temper we ſhould note theſe four or five Lines in his Poem " On a War with " SPAIN, &c."

" Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confuſion meets,
" And in their ſable Arms embrace the Fleets.
" Thro' yielding Planks the angry Bullet fly,
" And of one Wound hundreds together dye,
" Born under different Stars, &c.

There wou'd be room to ſet up a young Critick, or flatter an old one. And the firſt Diſcovery they'd make is a terrible one, no leſs than falſe ENGLISH

in the firſt Line; for Night, Horror, Slaughter, require meet, and not meets; and he who underſtood our Tongue the beſt of any Man in ENGLAND, is condemn'd for not underſtanding Grammar. But they won't ſay a Word, that ſome make the laſt Noun only govern, and thus this Difficulty is got over. They would alſo charge him, than whom no Poet ever choſe his Epithets better, with making an ill Choice in Angry Bullets, Angry not expreſſing the dreadful Violence of a Cannon Shot. They wou'd be ſure to accuſe him of Want of Harmony, the moſt muſical Poet that ever writ in our Language. That's ſtrange ——

" And of one Wound hundreds together die.

It ſhould be, they'd ſay,

" And hundreds of one Wound together die.

This is enough for a ſour ſuperficial Critick to cry out " Io Triumphe!" yet where's the Glory for him, among ſo many fine Lines, the Beauty of which he was not ſenſible of, to ſtumble upon one Rub which lay in his Way, and to be able to get over it. Criticiſms of this kind are as eaſy and pleaſant, as Scandal in Converſation: But they both alike generally return on the Authors, when they're falſe and groundleſs; which ſhould be a Caution how any one hereafter attacks a Man of Mr. WALLER's undoubted Merit. Mr. DRYDEN knew the Excellence of his Vein, and always pay'd Homage to it. In his Dedication to the Marquis of NORMANDY, now Duke of BUCKINGHAM, before his Verſion

Verſion of the ÆNEIS, he ſays, " I ſay nothing of " Sir JOHN DENHAM, Mr. WALLER and Mr. " COWLEY, 'tis the utmoſt of my Ambition to be " thought their equal, or not to be much inferior " to them." And in his Dedication of the RIVAL LADIES, to the Earl of ORRERY: " Rhime has " all the Advantage of Proſe beſides his own, but " the Excellence and Dignity of it were never fully " known 'till Mr. WALLER taught it. He firſt " made writing eaſy, an Art, firſt ſhew'd us to " conclude the Senſe moſt commonly in Diſtichs, " which in the Verſe of thoſe before him runs on " for ſo many Lines together, that the Reader is " out of breath to overtake it. This Sweetneſs of " Mr. WALLER's Lyric Poetry was afterwards fol- " low'd in the Epick by Sir JOHN DENHAM, in " his COOPERS HILL. But if we owe the Inven- " tion of it to Mr. WALLER, we, &c."

That way of uſing the ſame initial Letters in a Line, which throws the Verſe off more eaſily, as,

" When Man on many multiply'd his Kind,"

was firſt introduc'd by him; as in the Verſe before quoted:

" Oh how I long my tender Limbs to lay."

And Mr. DRYDEN imitated it to Affectation, as ſome others ſince him have alſo done. From what has been ſaid, there is no room left to doubt but that the ENGLISH Poeſie, and conſequently the ENGLISH Tongue, is the moſt indebted to Mr.

WALLER

Waller of any one Author that ever wrote, and that England never produced a finer Wit, a more gallant Genius, and a politer Gentleman.

We have already obſerv'd, that the Executors of Mr. Edmond Waller, the Son of him whoſe Life we have written, have erected a very fine Monument for him in Beconsfield Church-yard, of which the Draught we have given is a juſt Repreſentation. It ſtands on the Eaſt-ſide of the Church-yard, near the Vault of the Family; at the Eaſt End of which grew a Wallnut Tree, as alſo at the Weſt End. The Wallnut Leaf being the Arms of the Family, they were fond of this Rebus in the Situation too, to borrow a Term from Heraldry. The Tree at the Eaſt End is down, but that at the Weſt is inclos'd within the Iron Rails around the Tomb; and branching Eaſt and Weſt, the Eaſtern Branches hang over the ſpiral Pillar that riſes into them from the Monument; and it being a good Tree, it has a very good Effect. The Inſcriptions on the Tomb were written by Mr. Rimer, Hiſtoriographer to the Queen, and are added to the End of this Work.

We have nothing more to remember of this admirable Poet, and his Family, but that his Son Edmond Waller dying without Iſſue, gave the Eſtate to Edmond Waller, eldeſt Son of Dr. Stephen Waller lately deceas'd, a very hopeful young Gentleman now at Eaton School, who has a Brother nam'd Henry; and their Mother, Daughter of Sir Thomas Vernon of the City of *London*, lives now at Hall-Barn, a Lady of *great Worth* and Honour.

OF THE

DANGER

HIS MAJESTY

(BEING PRINCE)

Eſcaped in the Road at SAINT ANDERO.

NOW had his Highneſs bid farewel to SPAIN,
And reach'd the ſphere of his own pow'r, the Main;
With BRITISH bounty in his ſhip he feaſts
Th' HESPERIAN Princes, his amazed gueſts,
To find that wat'ry wilderneſs exceed
The entertainment of their great MADRID.
Healths to both Kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons eccho'd from th' affrighted ſhore,
With loud reſemblance of his thunder, prove
BACCHUS the ſeed of cloud compelling JOVE:
While to his harp divine ARION ſings
The loves, and conqueſts, of our ALBION Kings.
Of the fourth EDWARD was his noble ſong,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful and young:
He rent the crown from vanquiſh'd HENRY's head;
Raiſed the White Roſe, and trampled on the Red:
'Till LOVE, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought MARS and WARWICK to the conquer'd ſide
Neglected WARWICK (whoſe bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and reſumes the ſceptre of our State)

Woos for his Maſter; and with double ſhame,
Himſelf deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
The Lady BONA; whom juſt anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! ſpare your ſwords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' affront, and muſt repair the ſame:
When France ſhall boaſt of her, whoſe conqu'ring eyes
Have made the beſt of ENGLISH hearts their prize;
Have pow'r to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counſels of our State.
What the prophetic Muſe intends, alone
To him that feells the ſecret wound is known.
With the ſweet ſounds of this harmonious Lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play;
Too ſure a ſign of ſea's enſuing rage,
Which muſt anon this Royal troop engage:
To whom ſoft ſleep ſeems more ſecure and ſweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.
Theſe mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of ſo brave a charge;
With painted oars the youths begin to ſweep
NEPTUNE's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding Deep:
Which ſoon becomes the ſeat of ſudden war
Between the wind and tide, that fiercely jar.
As when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them ſalute ſo rudely breaſt to breaſt
That their encounter ſeems too rough for jeſt,
They ply their feet, and ſtill the reſtleſs ball;
Toſt too and fro, is urged by them all;
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds;
And like effect of their contention finds.

Yet

Yet the bold BRITONS ſtill ſecurely row'd;
CHARLES and his virtue was their ſacred load:
Than which a greater pledge Heav'n could not give,
That the good boat his tempeſt ſhould out-live.
But ſtorms increaſe; and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the PRINCE's face;
The reſt reſign their courage, ſkill, and ſight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle veſſel, (wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of ſilver THAMES to ride)
Wanders aſtoniſh'd in the angry Main,
As TITAN's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his * advent'rous ſon,
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whoſe deſire
Waves threaten now, as that was ſcar'd by fire.
Th' impatient ſea grows impotent and raves,
That, night aſſiſting, his impetuous waves
Should find reſiſtance from ſo light a thing;
Theſe ſurges ruin, thoſe our ſafety bring.
Th' oppreſſed veſſel doth the charge abide,
Only becauſe aſſail'd on every ſide:
So men with rage and paſſion ſet on fire,
Trembling for haſte, impeach their mad deſire.
The pale IBERIANS had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care;
To ſee the PRINCE with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the pleaſures of their Court before:
God-like his courage ſeem'd, whom nor delight
Could ſoften, nor the face of Death affright:
Next to the pow'r of making tempeſts ceaſe,
Was *in that ſtorm to have* ſo calm a peace.

*PHAETON.

Great MARO cou'd no greater tempeſt feign,
When the loud winds uſurping on the Main,
For angry JUNO, labor'd to deſtroy
The hated reliques of confounded TROY:
His bold ÆNEAS, on like billows toſt
In a tall ſhip, and all his country loſt,
Diſſolves with fear; and, both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the GREEKS had (quell'd
In honourable fight: our hero ſet
In a ſmall ſhallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and ſceptres, more
Than ever PRIAM, when he flouriſh'd, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis love's untaſted joys;
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in FRANCE;
Where he had ſeen a brighter nymph than * ſhe
That ſprung out of his preſent foe, the ſea.
That noble ardor, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry THETIS raiſe her waves above
Th' heroic PRINCE's courage, or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,
The ſhrine ſhou'd periſh, where the image dwelt.
Ah LOVE forbid! the nobleſt of thy train
Should not ſurvive to let her know his pain:
Who not his peril minding, nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſs ſerious game,
Among the bright Nymphs of the GALLIC Court;
All highly born, obſequious to her ſport:

*VENUS.

They

They roſes ſeem, which, in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide:
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their ſmiling leaves, and gilds them ſo:
Like bright AURORA, whoſe refulgent ray
Foretells the fervor of enſuing day;
And warns the ſhepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafie ſhadows, from the threaten'd heat.
From CUPID's ſtrings of many ſhafts that fled,
Wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble FAME had ſhed,
As through the wond'ring world ſhe flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid;
But LOVE's firſt ſummons ſeldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the PRINCE's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had ſo poſſeſt her ears,
That with delight thoſe antique tales ſhe hears
Of JASON, THESEUS, and ſuch Worthies old,
As with his ſtory beſt reſemblance hold.
And now ſhe views, as on the wall it hung,
What old MUSÆUS ſo divinely ſung:
Which art with life and love did ſo inſpire,
That ſhe diſcerns, and favours that deſire;
Which there provokes th' adven'trous youth to ſwim,
And in LEANDER's danger pities him;
Whoſe not new love alone, but fortune, ſeeks
To frame his ſtory like that amorous GREEK's.
For from the ſtern of ſome good ſhip appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage *from reviving* hope they take,
And climbing o'er that waves, that taper make;

On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair HERO's hand extends.
The ſhip at anchor, like a fixed rock,
Breaks the proud billows which her large ſides knock;
Whoſe rage reſtrained, foaming higher ſwells,
And from her port the weary barge repels:
Threatning to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.
Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Wou'd not be moved for our ſiſter States:
For ENGLAND is the third ſucceſsful throw,
And then the Genius of that land they know:
Whoſe PRINCE muſt be (as their own books deviſe)
Lord of the ſcene, where now his danger lies.
Well ſung the ROMAN bard; "all human things
"Of deareſt value hang on ſlender ſtrings."
O ſee the then ſole hope, and in deſign
Of Heav'n our joy, ſupported by a line!
Which for that inſtant was Heav'ns care above,
The chain that's fixed to the throne of JOVE,
On which the fabric of our world depends;
One link diſſolv'd, the whole creation ends.

Of his MAJESTY's receiving the news of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's Death.

SO earneſt with thy God! Can no new care,
No ſenſe of danger interrupt thy pray'r?
The ſacred wreſtler, till a bleſſing giv'n,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n:
Nor was the ſtream of thy devotion ſtop'd,
When from the body ſuch a limb was lop'd,

As

As to thy preſent ſtate was no leſs maim;
Tho' thy wiſe choice has ſince repair'd the ſame.
Bold HOMER durſt not ſo great virtue feign
In his *beſt pattern: of PATROCLUS ſlain,
With ſuch amazement as weak mothers uſe,
And frantic geſture, he receives the news.
Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by royal HECTOR's lance:
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy boſom, left his high command.
†The famous painter cou'd allow no place
For private ſorrow, in a Prince's face:
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He caſt a veil upon ſuppoſed grief.
'Twas want of ſuch a precedent as this,
Made the old heathens frame their Gods amiſs.
Their PHOEBUS ſhou'd not act a fonder part
For the ‡ fair boy, than he did for his hart:
Nor blame for HYACINTHUS' fate his own,
That kept from him wiſh'd death, hadſt thou been known.
He that with thine ſhall weigh good DAVID's deeds,
Shall find his paſſion, nor his love, exceeds:
He curſt the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,
But let falſe ZIBA with his heir divide:
Where thy immortal love to thy beſt friends,
Like that of Heav'n, upon their ſeed deſcends.
Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
God-like, unmoved; and yet, like woman, kind!

*ACHILLES. †TIMANTHES. ‡CYPARISSUS.

Like hungry wolves, thoſe pirates from our ſhore
Whole flocks of ſheep, and raviſh'd cattle bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey;
Fools to provoke the Sov'reign of the ſea!
Mad CACUS ſo, whom like ill fate perſuades,
The herd of fair ALCMENA's ſeed invades;
Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and cruſh'd that horrid thief.
MOROCCO's Monarch, wondring at this fact,
Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
Had come in perſon, to have ſeen and known
The injur'd world's revenger, and his own.
Hither he ſends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd preſents bears,
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumis'd, and matchleſs horſe.

Upon His MAJESTY's repairing of St. PAUL's.

THAT ſhipwreck'd veſſel which th' apoſtle bore,
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon MELITA's ſhore,
Than did his temple in the ſea of time;
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the * firſt Monarch of this happy Iſle,
Mov'd with the ruin of ſo brave a pile,
This work of coſt and piety begun,
To be accompliſh'd by his Glorious Son:
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wiſe Sire, has to perfection brought.
He, like AMPHION, makes thoſe quarries leap
Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:
For in his art of regiment is found
A power, like that of harmony in ſound,

* K. JAMES I.

Thoſe

Thoſe antique minſtrels ſure were CHARLES-like Kings.
Cities their lutes, and ſubjects hearts their ſtrings;
On which with ſo divine a hand they ſtrook,
Conſent of motion from their breath they took:
So, all our minds with his conſpire to grace
The Gentiles' great Apoſtle; and deface
Thoſe ſtate-obſcuring ſheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:
Which the glad Saint ſhakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his ſacred hand.
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd ſide.
Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of ſome new ſtructure, to have born her name;
Two diſtant virtues in one act we find,
The modeſty, and greatneſs of his mind:
Which not content to be above the rage,
And injury, of all-impairing age;
In its own worth ſecure, doth higher climb,
And things half ſwallow'd, from the jaws of time
Reduce: an earneſt of his grand deſign,
To frame no new Church, but the old refine:
Which, ſpouſe-like, may with comely grace com-
More than by force of argument, or hand. (mand
For, doubtful reaſon few can apprehend;
And war brings ruin, where it ſhou'd amend:
But beauty, with a bloodleſs conqueſt, finds,
A welcome ſov'reignty in rudeſt minds. (held
Not ought which SHEBA's wond'ring Queen be-
Amongſt the works of SOLOMON, excell'd

His

His ſhips, and buildings; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity, and art.
While the propitious heav'ns this work attend,
Long-wanted ſhowers they forget to ſend:
As if they meant to make it underſtood
Of more importance, than our vital food.
The ſun, which riſeth to ſalute the Quire
Already finiſh'd, ſetting ſhall admire
How private bounty could ſo far extend: [end.
The KING built all; but CHARLES, the weſtern
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heaven!
LAOMEDON that had the Gods in pay,
NEPTUNE, with him * that rules the ſacred day,
Cou'd no ſuch ſtructure raiſe: TROY wall'd ſo high,
Th' ATRIDES might as well have forc'd the ſky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings.
To ſee ſuch pow'r employ'd in peaceful things:
They liſt not urge it to the dreadful field;
The taſk is eaſier to deſtroy, than build.

** *Sic gratia Regum*
Pieriis tentata modis. * * * HORAT.

To the QUEEN, occaſion'd upon ſight of Her MAJESTY's Picture.

WELL fare the hand! which to our humble ſight
Preſents that beauty, which the dazling light
Of Royal ſplendor hides from weaker eyes:
And all acceſs, ſave by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory: here we dare unfold

*APOLLO.

In

In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image ſeeming to give leave,
Propitious ſtands, vouchſafing to be ſeen;
And by our Muſe ſaluted, Mighty QUEEN:
In whom th' extremes of pow'r and beauty move,
The QUEEN of BRITAIN, and the QUEEN of love!
As the bright ſun (to which we owe no ſight
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wiſely plac'd in ſo ſublime a ſeat,
T'extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So, happy 'tis you move in ſuch a ſphere,
As your high majeſty with awful fear
In human breaſts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by thoſe eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the ſcorched world like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill-guided ſun.
No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
But as their meanneſs larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondeſt lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves:
With admiration! for a pitch ſo high
(Save ſacred CHARLES his) never love durſt fly.
Heav'n that preferr'd a ſceptre to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you muſt have been
The whole world's miſtreſs, other than a QUEEN.
All had been rivals, and you might have ſpar'd,
Or kill'd, and tyranniz'd, without a guard.
No pow'r atchiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals LOVE's empire, both in heav'n and earth:
Such eyes as yours, on JOVE himſelf have thrown
As bright, and fierce a lightning, as his own:

Witneſs

Witneſs our JOVE, prevented by their flame
In his ſwift paſſage to th' HESPERIAN Dame:
When, like a lion, finding in his way
To ſome intended ſpoil, a fairer prey;
The Royal Youth purſuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the GALLIC Court:
There public care with private paſſion fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confeſs his greatneſs, and his love,
And the free faith of your * Great Brother prove;
With his † ACHATES, breaking through the cloud
Of that diſguiſe which did their Graces ſhroud;
And mixing with thoſe Gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies, and outſhine them all?
Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?——
So, when the fair LEUCOTHOE he eſpy'd,
To check his ſteeds impatient PHOEBUS yearn'd,
Though all the world was in his courſe concern'd
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warm'd his boſom ſo?
Not ſo divine a flame, ſince deathleſs Gods
Forbore to viſit the defil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortal breaſt did burn;
Nor ſhall, 'till piety and they return.

Of the QUEEN.

THE lark, that ſhuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble neſt, lies ſilent in the field:
But if (the promiſe of a cloudleſs Day)
AURORA ſmiling bids her riſe, and play;
Then ſtraight ſhe ſhews, 'twas not for want of voice,
Or pow'r to climb, ſhe made ſo low a choice:

* *LEWIS XIII.* K. of France. † D. of BUCKINGHAM.

Singing ſhe mounts, her airy wings are ſtretch'd
Tow'rds heav'n, as if from heav'n her note ſhe fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the buſy throng,
Uſe to reſtrain th' ambition of our ſong;
But ſince the light, which now informs our age,
Breaks from the Court, indulgent to her rage;
Thither my Muſe, like bold PROMETHEUS, flies,
To light her torch at GLORIANA's eyes.
Thoſe ſov'reign beams, which heal the wounded
And all our cares, but once beheld, controul! [ſoul,
Here the poor lover, that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's ſcorn, of his fond paſſion cur'd,
Fares like the man who firſt upon the ground
A glow-worm ſpy'd; ſuppoſing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing ſtone;
For life it had, and like thoſe jewels ſhone:
He held it dear, 'till, by the ſpringing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthleſs worm away.
She ſaves the lover, as we gangrenes ſtay,
By cutting hope, like a lop'd limb, away.
This makes her bleeding patients to accuſe
High heav'n, and theſe expoſtulations uſe.
" Cou'd nature then no private woman grace,
" Whom we might dare to love, with ſuch a face,
" Such a complexion, and ſo radiant eyes,
" Such lovely motion, and ſuch ſharp replies?
" Beyond our reach, and yet within our ſight,
" What envious Pow'r has plac'd this glorious light?
Thus, in a ſtary night, fond children cry
For the rich ſpangles that adorn the ſky;
Which, tho' they ſhine for ever fixed there,
With light and *influence* relieve us here.

All

All her affections are to one enclin'd;
Her bounty and compaſſion, to mankind:
To whom while ſhe ſo far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promiſe of her face:
For mercy has, cou'd mercy's ſelf be ſeen,
No ſweeter look than this propitious QUEEN.
Such guard, and comfort, the diſtreſſed find
From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind;
That whom ill fate wou'd ruin, it prefers;
For all the miſerable are made hers.
So the fair tree, whereon the eagle builds,
Poor ſheep from tempeſts, and their ſhepherds, ſhields:
The royal bird poſſeſſes all the boughs;
But ſhed, and ſhelter, to the flock allows.
Joy of our age, and ſafety of the next!
For which ſo oft thy fertil womb is vext:
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waſte thy ſpirits, and diffuſe thy blood:
What vaſt hopes may theſe iſlands entertain,
Where Monarchs, thus decended, are to reign?
Led by commanders of ſo fair a line,
Our ſeas no longer ſhall our pow'r confine.
A brave romance who wou'd exactly frame
Firſt brings his knight from ſome immortal dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming ſhield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield:
None might the mother of ACHILLES be,
But the * fair pearl, and glory of the ſea:
The man † to whom great MARO gives ſuch fame,
From the high bed of heav'nly VENUS came:
And our next CHARLES, whom all the ſtars deſign
Like wonders to accompliſh, ſprings from thine.

* THETIS. † ÆNEAS. The

The Apology of Sleep.

For not approaching the Lady, who can do any thing but ſleep when ſhe pleaſeth.

MY charge it is thoſe breaches to repair,
Which nature takes from ſorrow, toil, and
Reſt to the limbs, and quiet I confer [care:
On troubled minds: but nought can add to her,
Whom Heav'n, and her tranſcendent thoughts, have
Above thoſe ills which wretched mortals taſte. [plac'd
Bright as the deathleſs Gods, and happy, ſhe
From all that may infringe delight is free:
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haſte obeys.
Such real pleaſures, ſuch true joys ſuſpenſe,
What dream can I preſent to recompenſe?
Shou'd I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds ſeem all at her command:
Or place her in Olympus' top, a gueſt
Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar feaſt:
That pow'r, wou'd ſeem, that entertainment, ſhort
Of the true ſplendor of her preſent court;
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, ſever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapors made,
Aſcending do the ſeat of ſenſe invade,
No cloud in ſo ſerene a manſion find,
To over-caſt her ever-ſhining mind:
Which holds reſemblance with thoſe ſpotleſs ſkies,
Where flowing Nilus want of rain ſupplies;
That chryſtal heav'n, where Phoebus never ſhrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.

But what ſo hard which Numbers cannot force?
So ſtoops the moon, and rivers change their courſe.
The bold * MÆONIAN made me dare to ſteep
JOVE's dreadful temples in the dew of ſleep.
And ſince the Muſes do invoke my pow'r,
I ſhall no more decline that ſacred bow'r,
Where GLORIANA their great miſtreſs lies:
But gently taming thoſe victorious eyes,
Charm all her ſenſes; 'till the joyful ſun
Without a rival half his courſe has run:
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boaſt himſelf the brighteſt thing that ſhines.

PUERPERIUM.

YOU Gods that have the pow'r
To trouble, and compoſe
All that's beneath your bow'r,
Calm ſilence on the ſeas, on earth impoſe.

Fair VENUS, in thy ſoft arms:
The God of Rage confine;
For thy whiſpers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce deſign.

What tho' he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breaſt can'ſt tame,
With that ſnow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddeſs, give this thy ſacred iſland reſt,
Make heav'n ſmile,
That no ſtorm diſturb us, while
Thy chief care, our HALCYON, builds her neſt.

* Homer.

Great

Great GLORIANA! fair GLORIANA!
Bright as high heav'n is, and fertile as earth;
Whoſe beauty relieves us,
Whoſe royal bed gives us
Both glory and peace:
Our preſent joy, and all our hopes increaſe.

To the QUEEN-MOTHER of FRANCE, upon her Landing.

GREAT QUEEN of EUROPE! where thy off-ſpring wears
All the chief crowns; where Princes are thy heirs:
As welcome thou to ſea-girt BRITAIN's ſhore,
As erſt LATONA (who fair CYNTHIA bore)
To DELOS was: here ſhines a Nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd, with like increaſe of light,
Why was her joy in BELGIA confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the wind?
Scarce cou'd the ocean (tho' inrag'd) have toſt
Thy ſov'reign bark, but where th' obſequious coaſt
Pays tribute to thy bed: ROME's conqu'ring hand
More vanquiſh'd nations under her command
Never reduc'd: glad BERECYNTHIA ſo
Among her deathleſs progeny did go:
A wreath of tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend head,
Mother of all that on AMBROSIA fed.
Thy god-like race muſt ſway the age to come;
As ſhe OLYMPUS peopled with her womb.
Wou'd thoſe commanders of mankind obey
Their honor'd parent; all pretences lay
Down at your royal feet; compoſe their jars,
And on the growing TURK diſcharge theſe wars:

The Chriſtian knights that ſacred tomb ſhou'd wreſt
From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the Eaſt:
Our ENGLAND'S PRINCE, and GALLIA'S DOLPHIN, might
Like young RINALDO, and TANCREDI, fight:
In ſingle combat by their ſwords again
The proud ARGANTES, and fierce SOLDAN, ſlain:
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your * TUSCAN Muſe exalt the fight.

The COUNTRY to my Lady of CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the ſacred Muſe-inſpir'd,
ORPHEUS alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his ſong admir'd,
And nature's ſelf, in thoſe that could not lye:
Your beauty next our ſolitude invades,
And warms us, ſhining through the thickeſt ſhades.
Nor ought the tribute, which the wond'ring court
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to ſcorn
The anſwer, and conſent, to that report,
Which, echo-like, the country do's return:
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our ſprings
Preſent th' impartial images of things.
A † rural judge diſpos'd of beauty's prize;
A ſimple ſhepherd was prefer'd to JOVE.
Down to the mountains from the partial ſkies,
Came JUNO, PALLAS, and the Queen of love,
To plead for that, which was ſo juſtly giv'n,
To the bright CARLISLE of the Court of heav'n.
CARLISLE! a name which all our woods are taught,
Loud as their AMARILLIS, to reſound:

* TASSO. † PARIS. CARLISLE!

CARLISLE! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of ev'ry tree, that's worthy of the wound:
From PHOEBUS' rage our ſhadows, and our ſtreams,
May guard us better than from CARLISLE's beams.

The Counteſs of CARLISLE in mourning.

WHEN from black clouds no part of ſky is clear,
But juſt ſo much as lets the ſun appear;
Heav'n then would ſeem thy image, and reflect
Thoſe ſable veſtments, and that bright aſpect.
A ſpark of virtue by the deepeſt ſhade
Of ſad adverſity, is fairer made;
Nor leſs advantage doth thy beauty get:
A VENUS riſing from a ſea of Jet!
Such was th' appearance of new-formed light,
While yet it ſtruggled with eternal night.
Then mourn no more, leſt thou admit increaſe
Of glory, by thy noble Lord's deceaſe.
We find not that the * laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for ANCHISES; 'twas enough ſhe came
To grace the mortal with her deathleſs bed,
And that his living eyes ſuch beauty fed:
Had ſhe been there, untimely joy thro' all
Men's hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the funeral.
Thoſe eyes were made to baniſh grief: as well
Bright PHOEBUS might affect in ſhades to dwell,
As they to put on ſorrow: nothing ſtands,
But pow'r to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou muſt do ſo alone;
Grief in thy preſence can lay hold of none.
Yet ſtill perſiſt the memory to love
Of that *great* MERCURY, of our mighty JOVE:

* VENUS.

Who, by the pow'r of his inchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs wrung
War he prevented, or ſoon made it ceaſe;
Inſtructing Princes in the arts of peace;
Such as made SHEBA's curious Queen reſort
To the * large-hearted HEBREW's famous Court.
Had HOMER ſat among his wondring gueſts,
He might have learn'd at thoſe ſtupendous feaſts,
With greater bounty, and more ſacred ſtate,
The banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
But oh! what elocution might he uſe,
What potent charms, that could ſo ſoon infuſe
His abſent Maſter's love into the heart
Of HENRIETTA! forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, country, and the ſun;
And, like CAMILLA, o'er the waves to run
Into his arms: while the PARISIAN dames
Mourn for their raviſh'd glory; at her flames
No leſs amaz'd, than the amaz'd ſtars,
When the bold charmer of THESSALIA wars
With heav'n itſelf; and Numbers does repeat,
Which call deſcending CYNTHIA from her ſeat.

In Anſwer to one who writ a Libel againſt the Counteſs of CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
With DIOMEDE, to wound the Queen of love?
Thy miſtreſs' envy, or thine own deſpair?
Not the juſt PALLAS in thy breaſt did move
So blind a Rage, with ſuch a diff'rent fate:
He honour won, where thou haſt purchas'd hate.

* SOLOMON. She

She gave aſſiſtance to his TROJAN foe:
Thou, that without a rival thou may'ſt love,
Doſt to the beauty of this Lady owe;
Whilſt after her the gazing world does move.
Canſt thou not be content to love alone?
Or, is thy miſtreſs not content with one?

Haſt thou not read of Fairy ARTHUR's ſhield,
Which but diſclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudeſt foes, and won the doubtful field?
So ſhall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambics ſwell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the ſkies;
Rewarding PHOEBUS, for inſpiring ſo
His noble brain, by likening to thoſe Eyes
His joyful beams: but PHOEBUS is thy foe;
And neither aids thy fancy, nor thy ſight;
So ill thou rhym'ſt againſt ſo fair a light.

Of her CHAMBER.

THEY taſte of death that do at heav'n arrive;
But we this paradiſe approach alive.
Inſtead of DEATH, the dart of Love does ſtrike;
And renders all within thoſe walls alike:
The high in titles, and the ſhepherd, here
Forgets his greatneſs, and forgets his fear:
And ſtand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair,
Loſe thought of what themſelves or others are:
Ambition loſe; and have no other ſcope,
Save CARLISLE's favour to imploy their hope.

The * THRACIAN could (tho' all thoſe tales were
The bold GREEKS tell) no greater wonders do: [true
Before his feet ſo ſheep and lions lay,
Fearleſs, and wrathleſs, while they heard him play.
The gay, the wiſe, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdued alike, all but one paſſion have:
No worthy mind, but finds in hers there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:
While ſhe with chearful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like PHOEBUS, ſo divides her light,
And warms us, that ſhe ſtoops not from her height.

To PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, 'twas LOVE that injur'd you,
And on that rock your THYRSIS threw;
Who for proud CÆLIA could have dy'd,
While you no leſs accus'd his pride.
Fond LOVE his darts at random throws,
And nothing ſprings from what he ſows:
From foes diſcharg'd, as often meet
The ſhining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide air creating fire;
As ſouls that join in one deſire.
LOVE made the lovely VENUS burn
In vain, and for the † cold youth mourn,
Who the purſuit of churliſh beaſts
Prefer'd, to ſleeping on her breaſts.
LOVE makes ſo many hearts the prize
Of the bright CARLISLE's conqu'ring eyes;
Which ſhe regards no more, than they
The tears of leſſer Beauties weigh.

* ORPHEUS. † ADONIS So

So have I ſeen the loſt clouds pour
Into the ſea a uſeleſs ſhow'r;
And the vex'd ſailors curſe the rain,
For which poor ſhepherds pray'd in vain.
Then, PHYLLIS, ſince our paſſions are
Govern'd by chance; and not the care,
But ſport of heav'n, which takes delight
To look upon this PARTHIAN fight
Of LOVE, ſtill flying, or in chaſe,
Never encount'ring face to face;
No more to LOVE we'll ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of Deities:
And let our hearts, which LOVE disjoined,
By his kind mother be combin'd.

To my Lord of NORTHUMBERLAND, upon the Death of his Lady.

TO this great loſs a ſea of tears is due:
But the whole debt not to be paid by you.
Charge not yourſelf with all, nor render vain
Thoſe ſhow'rs, the eyes of us your ſervants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeneſs of that heart,
In which nor fear, nor anger, has a part?
Virtue wou'd bluſh, if time ſhould boaſt (which dries,
Her ſole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief; where reaſon triumphs ſo
Over all paſſions, that they ne'er cou'd grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breaſt,
To harm another, or impeach your reſt.
This we obſerv'd, delighting to obey
One, who did never from his great ſelf ſtray:

Whoſe

Whoſe mild example ſeemed to engage
Th' obſequious ſeas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave ÆMILIUS, his great charge laid down,
(The force of ROME, and fate of MACEDON)
In his loſt ſons did feel the cruel ſtroke
Of changing Fortune; and thus highly ſpoke
Before ROME's people; "We did oft implore,
"That if the heav'ns had any bad in ſtore
"For your ÆMILIUS, they would pour that ill
"On his own houſe, and let you flouriſh ſtill."
You on the barren ſeas, my Lord, have ſpent
Whole ſprings; and ſummers to the public lent:
Suſpended all the pleaſures of your life,
And ſhorten'd the ſhort joy of ſuch a wife:
For which your country's more obliged, than
For many lives of old, leſs happy, men.
You, that have ſacrific'd ſo great a part
Of youth, and private bliſs, ought to impart
Your ſorrow too; and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight.
Then with ÆMILIAN courage bear this croſs,
Since public perſons only public loſs
Ought to affect. And tho' her form, and youth,
Her application to your will, and truth;
That noble ſweetneſs, and that humble ſtate,
(All ſnatch'd away by ſuch a haſty fate!)
Might give excuſe to any common breaſt,
With the huge weight of ſo juſt grief oppreſt:
Yet let no portion of your life be ſtain'd
With paſſion, but your character maintain'd.
To the laſt act: it is enough her ſtone
May honour'd be with ſuperſcription

Of

Of the ſole Lady, who had pow'r to move
The great NORTHUMBERLAND to grieve, and love.

To my LORD ADMIRAL, of his late Sickneſs and Recovery.

WITH joy like ours, the THRACIAN youth invades
ORPHEUS, returning from th' ELYSIAN ſhades;
Embrace the Hero, and his ſtay implore;
Make it their public ſuit, he would no more
Deſert them ſo; and for his ſpouſe's ſake,
His vaniſh'd love, tempt the LETHEAN lake:
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who ſhall the fair EURYDICE ſucceed:
EURYDICE! for whom his num'rous moan
Makes liſt'ning trees, and ſavage mountains groan:
Thro' all the air his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
At once the land affecting, and the Main:
When the glad news that you were Admiral
Scarce thro' the nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great CHARLES, whoſe wiſdom ſhines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuſe a new.
So more than private was the joy, and grief,
That at the worſt it gave our ſouls relief,
That in our age ſuch ſenſe of virtue liv'd;
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.
Nature (her faireſt lights eclipſed) ſeems
Herſelf to ſuffer in thoſe ſharp extremes:

While

While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires.
The ſtem thus threaten'd, and the ſap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
Their beauty they, and we our love ſuſpend,
Nought can our wiſhes, ſave thy health, intend.
As lilies over-charg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heav'n contend:
Fold thee within their ſnowy arms, and cry
He is too faultleſs, and too young, to dye.
So like Immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
Who would not languiſh, by ſo fair a train
To be lamented, and reſtor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoul would go,
Though to the Bleſt? O'er young ADONIS ſo
Fair VENUS mourn'd, and with the precious ſhow'r
Of her warm tears cheriſh'd the ſpringing flow'r.
The next ſupport, fair hope of your great name,
And ſecond pil'ar of that noble frame,
By loſs of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſue thee to the grave.
And now, relentleſs Fate about to end
The line, which backward does ſo far extend
That antique ſtock, which ſtill the world ſupplies
With braveſt ſpirits, and with brighteſt eyes;
Kind PHOEBUS interpoſing bid me ſay
Such ſtorms no more ſhall ſhake that houſe; but they
Like NEPTUNE, and his * ſea-born Niece, ſhall be
The ſhining glories of the land and ſea:
With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age;
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

* VENUS.

SONG.

SONG.

STAY, PHEBUS, ſtay!
The world to which you fly ſo faſt,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haſte
With no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
With no ſuch wonder, as DE MORNAY's eyes.

Well does this prove
The error of thoſe antique books,
Which made you move
About the world: her charming looks
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling earth ſnatch her away.

On my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY's Picture.

SUCH was PHILOCLEA, and ſuch* DORUS'flame;
The † matchleſs SIDNEY that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd:
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
With ſuch extremes of excellence, compoſe;
Wonders ſo diſtant in one face diſcloſe!
Such chearful modeſty, ſuch humble ſtate,
Moves certain love; but with as doubtful fate,
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we ſee
Inviting fruit on too ſublime a tree.
All the rich flow'rs through his ARCADIA found,
Amaz'd we ſee in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artiſt took
From the fair picture of that noble book)

* PAMELA. † Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

Stood

Stood at KALANDER's, the brave friends* had jarr'd;
And, rivals made, th' enſuing ſtory marr'd.
Juſt nature firſt inſtructed by his thought,
In his own houſe thus practis'd what he taught:
This glorious piece trancends what he could think;
So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

TO VAN DYCK.

RARE Artiſan, whoſe pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves!
From thy ſhop of beauty we
Slaves return, that enter'd free,
The heedleſs lover does not know
Whoſe eyes they are that wound him ſo;
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed freſh again,
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hope of grace;
Nor ſcorn, nor cruelty does find:
But gladly ſuffers a falſe wind
To blow the aſhes of deſpair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool! that forgets her ſtubborn look
This ſoftneſs from thy finger took.
Strange! that thy hand ſhould not inſpire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act, and power, of a face.
May'ſt thou yet thyſelf as well,
As all the world beſides, excel!

* PYROCLES and MUSIDORUS.

So

So you th' unfeigned truth rehearſe,
(That I may make it live in verſe)
Why thou cou'dſt not, at one aſſay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee ſit?
Confeſs, and we'll forgive thee this;
For who would not repeat that bliſs;
And frequent ſight of ſuch a dame
Buy, with the hazard of his fame;
Yet who can tax thy blameleſs ſkill,
Though thy good hand had failed ſtill;
When natures ſelf ſo often errs;
She for this many thouſand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before, to grace the earth:
Which waxed old, e're it could ſee
Her that amaz'd thy Art, and thee.
But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortal colors grow,
That could this deathleſs piece compoſe?—
In lillies? or the fading roſe?
No; for this theft thou haſt climb'd high'r,
Than did PROMETHEUS for his fire.

At PENS-HURST.

HAD DOROTHEA liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their Deities, this ſacred ſhade
Had held an altar to her pow'r, that gave
The peace, and glory, which theſe alleys have:

Embroider'd

Embroider'd ſo with flowers where ſhe ſtood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her preſence has ſuch more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudeſt place:
And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No leſs than thoſe of old did ORPHEUS' lyre:
If ſhe ſit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
They round about her into arbors crowd:
Or if ſhe walk, in even ranks they ſtand,
Like ſome well marſhall'd and obſequious band.
AMPHION ſo made ſtones and timber leap
Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:
And in the ſymmetry of her parts is found
A pow'r like that of harmony in ſound.
Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchleſs dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part,
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!---
Go, boy and carve this paſſion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark
Of noble SIDNEY's birth; when ſuch benign,
Such more than mortal-making ſtars did ſhine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument, and pledge, of humble love:
His humble love, whoſe hope ſhall ne'er riſe high'r,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of LEICESTER.

NOT that thy trees at PENS-HURST groan,
Oppreſſed with their timely load;
And ſeem to make their ſilent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taſte, or eye,
Would ſpend themſelves in fruit, and dye.

Not that thy harmleſs deer repine,
And think themſelves unjuſtly ſlain
By any other hand than thine,
Whoſe arrows they ſhould gladly ſtain:
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with FRANCE, which keeps thee there.

All theſe are leſs than that great cauſe
Which now exacts your preſence here;
Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of public, and domeſtic, care.
For one bright Nymph or youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright ſhield of * THETIS' ſon,
(For which ſuch ſtern debate did riſe,
That the great AJAX TELAMON
Refus'd to live without the prize)
Thoſe ACHIVE Peers did more engage,
Than ſhe the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty, which begun
To warm us ſo, when thou wert here,
Now ſcorches like the riſing ſun,
When SIRIUS does firſt appear.

*ACHILLES.

O fix this flame; and let deſpair
Redeem the reſt from endleſs care!

Of the LADY who can ſleep when ſhe pleaſes.

NO wonder SLEEP from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himſelf in SACHARISSA's eyes.
As fair ASTRÆA once from earth to heav'n,
By ſtrife, and loud impiety was driv'n:
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wiſe SOMNUS to that paradiſe repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forſake, [wake.
To court the Nymph, for whom thoſe wretches
More proud than PHOEBUS of his throne of gold
Is the ſoft God, thoſe ſofter limbs to hold:
Nor would exchange with JOVE, to hide the ſkies
In dark'ning clouds, the pow'r to cloſe her eyes:
Eyes, which ſo far all other lights controul,
They warm our mortal parts, but theſe our ſoul!
Let her free ſpirit, whoſe unconquer'd breaſt
Holds ſuch deep quiet, and untroubled reſt,
Know, that tho' VENUS, and her ſon, ſhou'd ſpare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care;
Yet HYMEN may in force his vigils keep;
And, for another's joy, ſuſpend her ſleep.

Of the miſ-report of her being painted.

AS when a ſort of wolves infeſt the night, [light;
With their wild howlings at fair CYNTHIA's
The noiſe may chaſe ſweet ſlumber from our eyes,
But never reach the miſtreſs of the ſkies:
So, with the news of SACHARISSA's wrongs,
Her vexed ſervants blame thoſe envious tongues:

Call

Call LOVE to witneſs, that no painted fire
Can ſcorch men ſo, or kindle ſuch deſire:
While, unconcerned, ſhe ſeems mov'd no more
With this new malice, than our loves before;
But, from the height of her great mind, looks down
On both our paſſions, without ſmile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame, whom heav'n affecteth ſo!
Paints her, 'tis true: with the ſame hand which ſpreads
Like glorious colors thro' the flow'ry meads;
When laviſh nature with her beſt attire
Cloaths the gay ſpring, the ſeaſon of deſire.
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn,
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe paints the morn:
With the ſame art, wherewith ſhe gildeth ſo
Thoſe painted clouds which form THAUMANTIAS' bow.

Of her paſſing through a Crowd of People.

AS in old CHAOS (heav'n with earth confus'd,
And ſtars with rocks together cruſh'd and bruis'd:)
The Sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his ſhoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright SACHARISSA far'd
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her guard:
As ſhips, tho' never ſo obſequious, fall
Foul in a tempeſt on their Admiral.
A greater favor this diſorder brought
Unto her ſervants, than their awful thought
Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſt
The yielding marble of her ſnowy breaſt.

While LOVE inſults, diſguiſed in the cloud,
And welcome force, of that unruly crowd.
So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired Palm:
But when the wind her raviſh'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs;
Tho' loth he ſeems her tender leaves to preſs,
More loth he is that friendly ſtorm ſhould ceaſe;
From whoſe rude bounty he the double uſe
At once receives, of pleaſure, and excuſe.

The Story of PHOEBUS and DAHHNE apply'd.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inſpired train,
Fair SACHARISSA lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like PHOEBUS ſung the no leſs amorous boy;
Like DAPHNE ſhe, as lovely, and as coy!
With Numbers he the flying Nymph purſues;
With numbers ſuch as PHOEBUS' ſelf might uſe!
Such is the chaſe, when love and fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and thro' flow'ry meads;
Invok'd to teſtify the lover's care,
Or form ſome image of his cruel Fair,
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er theſe he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to ſtay.
Yet, what he ſung in his immortal ſtrain,
Though unſucceſsful, was not ſung in vain:
All, but the Nymph that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong.
Like PHOEBUS thus, acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

Fabula

Fabula PHOEBI et DAPHNES.

ARCADIÆ juvenis THYRSIS, PHOEBIQUE ſacerdos.
Ingenti fruſtra SACHARISSÆ ardebat amore.
Haud Deus ipſe olim DAPHNI majora canebat;
Nec fuit aſperior DAPHNE, nec pulchrior illa:
Carminibus PHOEBO dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per ſaxa, volans per florida vates
Paſcua; formoſam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem inſana mente ſolebat.
Audiit illa procul miſerum, cytharamque ſonantem;
Audiit, at nullis reſpexit mota querelis!
Ne tamen omnino caneret deſertus, ad alta
Sidera perculſi referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic, non quæſitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
Elapsa reperit DAPHNE ſua laurea PHOEBUS.

SONG.

SAY, lovely Dream! where couldſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colors of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itſelf thou ſure we'rt dreſt
With that angel-like diſguiſe:
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a Dream:
Cruel SACHARISSA's mind
Never put on that ſweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'ſt me grace,
  Change that heav'nly face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd love in thy face,
  And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
  With a pity-moving ſhape;
Such as wander by the brook
  Of LETHE, or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs Nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo;
Softly in her ſleeping ear,
  With humble words expreſs my woe.

Perhaps from greatneſs, ſtate, and pride,
  Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
  And, death reſembling, equals all.

To Mrs. BRAUGHTON, Servant to SACHARISSA.

FAIR fellow-ſervant! may your gentle ear
  Prove more propitious to my ſlighted care,
Than the bright dame's we ſerve: for her relief
(Vex'd with the the long expreſſions of my grief)
Receive theſe plaints: nor will her high diſdain
Forbid my humble Muſe to court her train.
  So, in thoſe nations which the ſun adore,
Some modeſt PERSIAN, or ſome weak-ey'n MOOR,
No higher dares advance his dazled ſight,
Than to ſome gilded cloud, which near the light
Of their aſcending God adorns the eaſt,
And, graced with his beams, out-ſhines the reſt.

Thy

Thy ſkilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets thoſe arrows which confound us ſo.
A thouſand CUPIDS in thoſe curls do ſit,
(Theſe curious nets!) thy ſlender fingers knit:
The GRACES put not more exactly on
Th' attire of VENUS, when the Ball ſhe won:
Than SACHARISSA by thy care is dreſt,
When all our youth prefers her to the reſt.
You the ſoft ſeaſon know, when beſt her mind
May be to pity, or to love, inclin'd:
In ſome well-choſen hour ſupply his fear,
Whoſe hopeleſs love durſt never tempt the ear
Of that ſtern Goddeſs: you, her prieſt, declare
What off'rings may propitiate the Fair:
Rich orient pearl, bright ſtones that ne'er decay,
Or poliſh'd lines which longer laſt than they.
For if I thought ſhe took delight in thoſe,
To where the chearful morn do's firſt diſcloſe,
(The ſhady night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch ſuch gems.
But ſince her eyes, her teeth, her lips excels
All that is found in mines, or fiſhes' ſhells;
Her nobler part as far exceeding theſe,
None but immortal gifts her mind ſhould pleaſe.
The ſhining jewels GREECE, and TROY, beſtow'd
On * SPARTA's Queen, her lovely neck did load,
And ſnowy wriſts: but when the town was burn'd,
Thoſe fading glories were to aſhes turn'd:
Her beauty too had periſh'd, and her fame,
Had not the Muſe redeem'd them from the flame.

* HELEN.

At PENS-HURST.

WHILE in this park I ſing, the liſt'ning deer
Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear:
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the ſame:
To Gods appealing, when I reach their Bow'rs
With loud complaints, they anſwer me in ſhow'rs.
To Thee a wild and cruel ſoul is giv'n,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
LOVE's foe profeſs'd! why doſt thou falſly feign
Thyſelf a SIDNEY? from which noble ſtrain
* He ſprung, that could ſo far exalt the name
Of LOVE, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love, or high deſire,
Seems but the ſmoak of amorous SIDNEY's fire.
Nor call her mother, who ſo well does prove
One breaſt may hold both chaſtity and love,
Never can ſhe, that ſo exceeds the ſpring
In joy, and bounty, be ſuppos'd to bring
One ſo deſtructive: to no human ſtock
We owe this fierce unkindneſs; but the rock,
That cloven rock produc'd theee, by whoſe ſide
Nature, to recompence the fatal pride
Of ſuch ſtern beauty, plac'd thoſe † healing ſprings;
Which not more help, than that deſtruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged ſtone,
I might, like ORPHEUS, with my num'rous moan
Melt to compaſſion: now, my trait'rous ſong
With thee conſpires, to do the ſinger wrong;
While thus I ſuffer not myſelf to loſe
The memory of what augments my woes:

* Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. † Tunbridge-Wells.

But

But with my own breath ſtill foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aſpire!
This laſt complaint th' indulgent ear did pierce
Of juſt APOLLO, preſident of verſe;
Highly concerned that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one, whom he had taught to ſing;
Thus he adviſ'd me: "On yon aged tree
"Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the ſea;
"That there with wonders thy diverted mind
"Some truce at leaſt may with this paſſion find."
Ah cruel Nymph! from whom her humble ſwain
Flies for relief unto the raging Main;
And from the winds, and tempeſts, does expect
A milder fate, than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
Bleſt in her choice; and vows this endleſs love
Springs from no hope of what ſhe can confer,
But from thoſe gifts which heav'n has heap'd on her.

To my young Lady LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I ſo untimely forth
Into a world, which wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
Or ſhadow of felicity?
That time ſhould me ſo far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, faireſt bloſſom! do not ſlight,
That age which you may know ſo ſoon;
The roſy morn reſigns her light,
And milder glory to the noon:
And then what wonders ſhall you do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warms us ſo?

Hope

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime;
And ſummer, tho' it be leſs gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination, or decay:
For, with a full hand, that does bring
All that was promis'd by the ſpring.

To Amoret.

FAIR! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrsis owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love and You.
Joy ſalutes me, when I ſet
My bleſt eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am ſtrook,
While I on the other look.
If ſweet Amoret complains,
I have ſenſe of all her pains:
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myſelf is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine,
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain;
And, thoſe ſcorching beams to ſhun,
To thy gentle ſhadow run.
If the ſoul had free election
To diſpoſe of her affection;
I would not thus long have born
Haughty Sacharissa's ſcorn:
But 'tis ſure ſome Pow'r above,
Which controuls our wills in love!

If not a love, a ſtrong deſire
To create and ſpread that fire
In my breaſt, ſollicits me,
Beauteous AMORET! for thee.
'Tis amazment more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If leſs ſplendor wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,
I would turn my dazled ſight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly ſcal'd) does know!
AMORET! as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious food
Which, but taſted, does impart
Life and gladneſs to the heart.
SACHARISSA's beauty's wine,
Which to madneſs doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can ſuſtain.
Scarce can I to heav'n excuſe
The devotion, which I uſe
Unto that adored dame:
For 'tis not unlike the ſame,
Which I thither ought to ſend.
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to heav'n itſelf be due
To ſucceed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry:

Which, though not ſo fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the ſame.
'Then ſmile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is ſhorter-liv'd than love.

On the Friendſhip betwixt SACHARISSA and AMORET.

TELL me, lovely lovely Pair!
Why ſo kind, and ſo ſevere?
Why ſo careleſs of our care,
Only to your ſelves ſo dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the pow'r of LOVE controul;
While the boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither ſoul.

For in vain to either breaſt
Still beguiled LOVE does come:
Where he finds a foreign gueſt;
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like deſign,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To ſome friend make all away.

Not the ſilver doves that fly,
Yoak'd in CYTHEREA's car;
Not the wings that lift ſo high;
And convey her ſon ſo far;

Are ſo lovely, ſweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love;
Are ſo choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more conſent do move.

To

To Amoret.

AMORET, the Milkey Way,
Fram'd of many nameleſs ſtars!
The ſmooth ſtream, where none can ſay.
He this drop to that prefers!
AMORET, my lovely foe!
Tell me where thy ſtrength does lye;
Where the pow'r that charms us ſo?
In thy ſoul, or in thy eye?
By that ſnowy neck alone;
Or thy grace in motion ſeen;
No ſuch Wonders cou'd be done;
Yet thy waiſt is ſtraight, and clean,
As CUPID's ſhaft; or HERMES' rod:
And pow'rful too, as either God.

A LA MALADE.

AH lovely AMORET, the care
Of all that know what's good, or fair!
Is heav'n became our rival too?
Had the rich gifts, confer'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers,----to pretend?
Hence, to this pining ſickneſs (meant
To weary thee to a conſent
Of leaving us) no pow'r is giv'n,
Thy beauties to impair: for heav'n
Sollicits thee with ſuch a care,
As roſes from their ſtalks we tear:
When we would ſtill preſerve them new,
And freſh, as on the buſh they grew.

With

The ſweet palmitoes a new BACCHUS yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadeſt ſhield:
Under the ſhadow of whoſe friendly boughs
They ſit, carowſing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted thro' the fields do grow,
Such as fierce CATO did the ROMANS ſhow;
With the rare fruit inviting them to ſpoil
CARTHAGE, the miſtreſs of ſo rich a ſoil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at ſome conſtant ſeaſons ev'ry year,
Their barren tops with luſcious food abound;
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worſt of things, which they
To ENGLISH landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the bleſt tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choiceſt melons, and ſweet grapes, they dine:
And with potatoes fat their wanton ſwine.
Nature theſe cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Pours out among them, that our coarſer land
Taſtes of that bounty; and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
For the kind ſpring, which but ſalutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe fruits, and bloſſoms, on the ſame tree live;
At once they promiſe, what at once they give.
So ſweet the air, ſo moderate the clime;
None ſickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heav'n ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt,
To ſhew how all things were created firſt.

The

The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reſerve their fruit for the next age's taſte:
There, a ſmall grain, in a few months, will be
A firm, a lofty, and a ſpacious tree.
The Palma-Chriſti, and the fair Papa,
Now but a ſeed (preventing nature's law)
In half the circle of the haſty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region ſet,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So, in this northern tract, our hoarſer throats
Utter unripe, and ill-conſtrained Notes:
While the ſupporter of the Poet's ſtyle,
PHOEBUS, on them eternally does ſmile.
Oh! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
Under the plantain's ſhade; and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain;
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my vein!
No paſſion there in my free breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet; and beſt of paſſions, love.
There will I ſing, if gentle LOVE be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the ſtrings ſo high;
With the ſweet ſound of SACHARISSA's name,
I'll make the liſtening ſavages grow tame.——
But while I do theſe pleaſing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Diſcover'd were, this CANTO *ſhows.*

THO' rocks ſo high about this iſland riſe,
That well they may the num'rous Turk deſpiſe;
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear;
Which ſhakes their hearts, while thro' the iſle they hear
A laſting noiſe, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes, before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, e'er they know
From what blind cauſe th' unwonted ſound may grow:
At length two monſters of unequal ſize,
Hard by the ſhore, a fiſherman eſpies;
Two mighty whales! which ſwelling ſeas had toſt,
And left them pris'ners on the rocky coaſt.
One, as a mountain vaſt; and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had ſeen the like lie murther'd on the ſhore:
By the wild fury of ſome tempeſt caſt,
The fate of ſhips, and ſhip-wreck'd men, to taſte.
As careleſs dames, whom wine and ſleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:
So, there ſometimes the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood expoſes; when the whales
Againſt ſharp rocks, like reeling veſſels, quaſh'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces daſh'd:

Along

Along the ſhore their dreadful limbs lie ſcatter'd?
Like hills with earthquakes ſhaken, torn, & ſhatter'd.
Hearts ſure of braſs they had, who tempted firſt
Rude ſeas, that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcome news through all the nation ſpread:
To ſudden joy, and hope, converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey:
Diſpoſe already of th' untaken ſpoil;
And, as the purchaſe of their future toil,
Theſe ſhare the bones, and they divide the oil.
So was the huntſman by the bear oppreſt,
Whoſe hide he ſold,---before he caught the beaſt!
They man their boats, and all their young men arm
With whatſoever may the monſters harm;
Pikes, halberts, ſpits, and darts that wound ſo far;
The tools of peace, and inſtruments of war.
Now was the time for vigorous lads to ſhow
What love, or honor, could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely laſſes, crown'd,
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair,
Within the bounds of noble WARWICK's ſhare:
WARWICK's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater ſound among our BRITISH Peers.
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate, and honor, to that title due;
Whoſe brave adventures have transfer'd his name,
And thro' the new world ſpread his growing fame.---
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, ſucceſsleſs toil,
And how the fiſhes ſack'd the iſle.

THE boat, which on the firſt aſſault did go,
Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe:
Who, when he felt his ſide ſo rudely goar'd,
Loud, as the ſea that nouriſh'd him he roar'd.
As a broad bream to pleaſe ſome curious taſte,
While yet alive, in boiling water caſt;
Vex'd with unwanted heat, he flings about
The ſcorching braſs, and hurls the liquor out:
So, with the barbed javelin ſtung, he raves;
And ſcourges with his tail the ſuff'ring waves.
Like SPENCER'S TALUS with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tail;
Diſſolving at one ſtroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat:
With ev'ry fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.
The bigger whale like ſome huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth ſea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when provok'd ſhe wou'd
Advance her tail; her head ſalutes the mud:
The ſhallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous ſwinge:
The ſhining ſteel her tender ſides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.
This ſees the cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumber'd mother, and her foes:
With deſp'rate courage he receives her wounds,
And men, and boats, his active tail confounds.

Their

Their forces join'd the ſeas with billows fill.
And make a tempeſt, tho' the winds be ſtill.
Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content; and wiſh the cub away:
Their wiſh they have; he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap thro' which they thither came,)
Before her ſwims, and quits the hoſtile lake;
A priſ'ner there, but for his mother's ſake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to ſtay behind,
Is by the vaſtneſs of her bulk confin'd.
They ſhout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances ſpent, one, bolder than the reſt,
With his broad ſword provok'd the ſluggiſh beaſt:
Her oily ſide devours both blade and heft:
And there his ſteel the bold BERMUDAN left.
Courage the reſt from his example take,
And now they change the color of the lake:
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded ſide,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raiſe the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal ſtreight:
She ſwims in blood, and blood does ſpouting throw
To heav'n, that heav'n mens cruelties might know.
Their fixed javelins in her ſide ſhe wears
And on her back a grove of pikes appears:
You would have thought, had you the monſter ſeen
Thus dreſt, ſhe had another iſland been.
Roaring ſhe tears the air with ſuch a noiſe,
As well reſembled the conſpiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won;
To reach the ears of her eſcaped ſon.

He, tho' a league removed from the foe,
Haſtes to her aid: the * pious TROJAN ſo,
Neglecting for CREUSA's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men amazed bluſh to ſee the ſeed
Of monſters, human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindneſs what the GRÆCIAN ſung,
That LOVE's bright mother from the ocean ſprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeleſs now they wiſh
For compoſition with th' unconquer'd fiſh:
So ſhe their weapons would reſtore, again
Thro' rocks they'd hew her paſſage to the Main.
But, how inſtructed in each other's mind,
Or what commerce can men with monſters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous ſon protected ſo;
They charge their muſquets, and with hot deſire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire.
Standing aloof, with lead they bruiſe the ſcales,
And tear the fleſh, of the incenſed whales.
But no ſucceſs their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to ſend,
For the loud engines which their iſle defend:
But what thoſe Pieces, fram'd to better walls,
Would have effected on thoſe mighty whales,
Great NEPTUNE will not have us know; who ſends
A tide ſo high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monſters loſt, and they their arms.

* ÆNEAS.

SONG.

SONG.

PEACE, babling Muſe!
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write:
She ſtrikes my lute, but, if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no leſs her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce lion does embrace
His breathleſs corps, and lick his face:
Wrap'd up in ſilent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces, if he cries.

Of LOVE.

ANGER, in haſty words, or blows,
It ſelf diſcharges on our foes;
And ſorrow too finds ſome relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So, ev'ry paſſion, but fond love,
Unto its own redreſs does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own deſigns;
Makes him lament, and ſigh, and weep,
Diſorder'd, tremble, fawn and creep:
Poſtures which render him deſpis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women, (born to be controul'd,)
Stoop to the forward, and the bold:
Affect the haughty, and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.

Who firſt the gen'rous ſteed oppreſt,
Not kneeling did ſalute the beaſt:
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horſe.
  Unwiſely we the wiſer eaſt
Pity, ſuppoſing them oppreſt
With tyrant's force, whoſe law is will,
By which they govern, ſpoil and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no leſs rigour here,
Should ſome brave TURK, that walks among
His twenty laſſes, bright and young;
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his preſent flame;
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modeſt guiſe, and ſilent fear,
All to one female idol bend:
While her high pride does ſcarce deſcend
To mark their follies, he would ſwear
That theſe her guard of eunuchs were;
And that a more majeſtic Queen,
Or humbler ſlaves, he had not ſeen.
  All this with indignation ſpoke,
In vain I ſtruggled with the yoke
Of mighty LOVE: that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like light'ning ſtrook
My blaſted ſoul; and made me bow,
Lower than thoſe I pity'd now.
  So the tall ſtag, upon the brink
Of ſome ſmooth ſtream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With ſhame remembers that he fled

The ſcorned dogs; reſolves to try
The combat next: but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He ſtrait reſumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untaſted ſpring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

To PHILLIS.

PHILLIS! why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan;
Beauty like a ſhadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth, and beauty, ſtay,
LOVE hath wings, and will away.
LOVE hath ſwifter wings than TIME;
Change in love to heav'n does climb:
Gods, that never change their ſtate,
Vary oft their love and hate.
PHILLIS! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I enquire,
What has been our paſt deſire:
On what ſhepherds you have ſmil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we ſhall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of preſent love.

To my Lord of FALKLAND.

BRAVE HOLLAND leads, and with him FALKLAND goes.
Who hears this told, and does not ſtrait ſuppoſe
We ſend the GRACES, and the MUSES, forth,
To civilize, and to inſtruct, the north?
Not that theſe ornaments make ſwords leſs ſharp;
APOLLO bears as well his bow as harp:
And tho' he be the patron of that ſpring,
Where in calm peace the ſacred virgins ſing;
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of JOVE, and caſt the ambitious giants down.
Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great ſoul thou art, (longing to twiſt
Bays with that ivy, which ſo early kiſs'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war, and thee?
To fate expoſing that all-knowing breaſt
Among the throng, as cheaply as the reſt:
Where oaks, and brambles, (if the copſe be burn'd)
Confounded lye, to the ſame aſhes turn'd.
Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempeſt yet, which frights our iſland ſo!
Guarded with ſhips, and all the ſea our own,
From heav'n this miſchief on our heads is thrown.
In a late dream, the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like the * fair HEBREW ſtand;
When firſt ſhe felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the ſeat of civil war.

*REBEKAH.

Inclin'd

Inclin'd to whoſe relief, and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent age;
Heav'n ſends, quoth I, this diſcord for our good;
To warm, perhaps, but not to waſte our blood:
To raiſe our drooping ſpirits, grown the ſcorn
Of our proud neighbours: who e'er long ſhall mourn
(Tho' now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occaſion to reſume our arms.
A lion ſo with ſelf-provoking ſmart,
(His rebel tail ſcourging his nobler part,)
Calls up his courage; then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

For drinking of HEALTHS.

LET brutes, and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought, and nature, urges, drink:
A more indulgent miſtreſs guides our ſp'rits,
Reaſon, that dares beyond our appetites:
She would our care, as well as thirſt, redreſs;
And with Divinity rewards exceſs.
Deſerted ARIADNE, thus ſupply'd,
Did perjur'd THESEUS' cruelty deride:
BACCHUS embrac'd, from her exalted thought
Baniſh'd the man, her paſſion, and his fault.
BACCHUS and PHOEBUS are by JOVE ally'd,
And each by other's timely heat ſupply'd:
All that the grapes owe to his rip'ning fires,
Is paid in Numbers which their juice inſpires,
Wine fills the veins, and healths are underſtood,
To give our friends a title to our blood:
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

SONG

SONG

I.

CHLORIS farewel! I now muſt go:
For if with thee I longer ſtay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me ſo,
I ſhall prove blind, and loſe my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the reſt, me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall ſhort of truth,
Made me ſtay longer than I thought.

III.

For I am engag'd by word, and oath,
A ſervant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

IV.

But what aſſurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this abuſe,
For ſome more worthy lover's ſake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt excuſe.

V.

For thou may'ſt ſay, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didſt thus inconſtant prove;
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

VI.

No, CHLORIS, no: I will return,
And raiſe thy ſtory to that height,
That ſtrangers ſhall at diſtance burn;
And ſhe diſtruſt me reprobate.

VII. The

VII.

Then ſhall my love this doubt diſplace,
And gain ſuch truſt, that I may come
And banquet ſometimes on thy face,
But make my conſtant meals at home.

Of my Lady ISABELLA playing on the lute.

SUCH moving ſounds, from ſuch a careleſs touch!
So unconcern'd herſelf, and we ſo much!
What art is this, that with ſo little pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'er our ſpirits reigns?
The trembling ſtrings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiſs aloud:
Small force there needs to make them tremble ſo;
Touch'd by that hand who would not tremble too?
Here LOVE takes ſtand, and while ſhe charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the liſt'ning deer:
Muſic ſo ſoftens, and diſarms, the mind,
That not an arrow does reſiſtance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herſelf the triumph of her eyes:
So NERO once, with harp in hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming ROME, and as it burn'd he play'd.

To a LADY ſinging a Song of his compoſing.

CHLORIS, yourſelf you ſo excel,
When you vouchſafe to breathe my thought,
That like a ſpirit with this ſpell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the ſhaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.
Had ECHO, with ſo ſweet a grace,
NARCISSUS' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

Of Mrs. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and liſten, while the Fair
Breaks in ſweet ſounds the willing air:
And, with her own breath, fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do firſt inſpire.
What reaſon can that love controul,
Which more than one way courts the ſoul?
So, when a flaſh of light'ning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid; which hopes the flame
To conquer, tho' from heav'n it came:
But, if the winds with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not, but deplore the fire.

Of the Marriage of the DWARFS.

DESIGN, or chance, make others wive;
But nature did this match contrive:
EVE might as well have ADAM fled,
As ſhe deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom heav'n ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out, this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!

Over

Over whoſe heads thoſe arrows fly
Of ſad diſtruſt, aud jealouſy:
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
To him the faireſt nymphs do ſhow
Like moving mountains top'd with ſnow:
And ev'ry man a POLYPHEME
Does to his GALATEA ſeem:
None may preſume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
Ah CHLORIS! that kind nature thus
From all the world had ſever'd us:
Creating for our ſelves us two,
As love has me for only you!

LOVE's FAREWEL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewel to love I gave:
Reſolv'd my country, and my friends,
All that remain'd of me ſhould have.
And this reſolve no mortal dame,
None but thoſe eyes could have o'erthrown:
The nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, ſo like herſelf alone.
Thus the tall oak, which now aſpires
Above the fear of private fires;
Grown, and deſign'd, for nobler uſe,
Not to make warm, but build the houſe;
Tho' from our meaner flames ſecure,
Muſt that which falls from heav'n indure.

From a CHILD.

MADAM, as in ſome climes the warmer ſun
Makes it full ſummer, e'er the ſpring's begun:
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad:
So, meaſure not by any common uſe,
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrap'd in my glad head, I wiſh'd me ſo indeed,
That haſty time might never make me grow
Out of thoſe favours, you afford me now:
That I might ever ſuch indulgence find;
And you not bluſh, or think yourſelf too kind.
Who now, I fear, while I theſe joys expreſs,
Begin to think how you may make them leſs:
The ſound of love makes your ſoft heart afraid,
And guard itſelf, tho' but a child invade;
And innocently at your white breaſt throw
A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n ſnow.

On a GIRDLE.

THAT which her ſlender waiſt confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'ns extremeſt ſphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compaſs! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:

Give

Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the reſt the ſun goes round.

To the MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, CÆLIA! for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo near my heart:
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the conſtancy!
And, that I may ſucceſsful prove,
Transform myſelf to what you love.
Fool that I was! ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple virtues you deſpiſe:
Fool! that with ſuch dull arrows ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove.
For you, that are in motion ſtill,
Decline our force, and mock our ſkill:
Who, like DON QUIXOTE, do advance
Againſt a wind-mill our vain lance.
Now will I wander thro' the air,
Mount, make a ſtoop at ev'ry Fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawleſs as the ſea or wind)
Purſue you whereſoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formal ſtars do travel ſo,
As we their names, and courſes, know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books:
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd
By thoſe free vapors are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight

Deſpairs to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide.
And therefore of the ſpacious air
JOVE's royal conſort had the care:
And by that power did once eſcape,
Declining bold IXION's rape;
She, with her own reſemblance, grac'd
A ſhining cloud, which ſhe embrac'd.
Such was that image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs, which beguil'd
Your THYRSIS lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting CÆLIA caught.
'Twas ſhap'd like her, but for the Fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.
A fate! for which he grieves the leſs,
Becauſe the Gods had like ſucceſs.
For in their ſtory, one, we ſee,
Purſues a nymph, and takes a tree:
A ſecond, with a lover's haſte,
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
But ſhe that did a Virgin ſeem,
Poſſeſt, appears a wand'ring ſtream:
For his ſuppoſed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird;
And ſtands amaz'd, to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th' air.
To theſe old tales ſuch nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new;
The amorous now like wonders find,
In the ſwift changes of your mind.
But, CÆLIA, if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend;

Nor

Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the ſame;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he ſwears he'll not complain.
For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the pleaſure lovers know;
Who, like good falc'ners, take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

To FLAVIA.

SONG.

I.

'TIS not your beauty can ingage
My wary heart:
The ſun, in all his pride, and rage,
Has not that art;
And yet he ſhines as bright as you,
If brightneſs could our ſouls ſubdue.

II.

'Tis not the pretty things you ſay,
Nor thoſe you write,
Which can make THYRSIS' heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In ſome of our own ſex we find.

III.

No, FLAVIA! 'tis your love I fear;
LOVE's ſureſt darts,
Thoſe which do ſeldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts:

Their very ſhadows make us yield;
Diſſemble well, and win the field.

The FALL.

SEE! how the willing earth gave way,
To take th' impreſſion where ſhe lay,
See! how the mould, as loth to leave
So ſweet a burden, ſtill doth cleave
Cloſe to the nymph's ſtain'd garment. Here
The coming ſpring would firſt appear:
And all this place with roſes ſtrow,
If buſy feet would let them grow.
HERE VENUS ſmil'd, to ſee blind Chance
Itſelf, before her Son, advance;
And a fair image to preſent,
Of what the Boy ſo long had meant.
'Twas ſuch a chance as this, made all
The world into this order fall;
Thus the firſt lovers, on the clay,
Of which they were compoſed, lay:
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the firſt patterns of our race.
Then bluſh not, Fair! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble ſtrait:
How could he then ſupport your weight?
How could the youth, alas! but bend
When his whole heav'n upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amiſs were done,
'Twas that he let you riſe ſo ſoon.

Of

Of SYLVIA.

OUR ſighs are heard, juſt heav'n declares
The ſenſe it has of lovers' cares:
She that ſo far the reſt out-ſhin'd,
SYLVIA the fair, while ſhe was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandſome now.
So when the ſky makes us indure
A ſtorm, itſelf becomes obſcure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from FLAVIA's ſelf her name;
Leſt ſhe provoking heav'n, ſhould prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thouſand ſuch as I,
Their grief untold, ſhould pine, and die;
Than her bright morning, over-caſt
With ſullen clouds, ſhould be defac'd.

The BUD.

LATELY on yonder ſwelling buſh,
Big with many a coming roſe,
This early bud began to bluſh,
And did but half itſelf diſcloſe:
I pluck'd it, tho' no better grown:
And now you ſee how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple light they ſhone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo, would flame anon:

All that was meant by air, or ſun,
To the young flow'r, my breath has done,

If our looſe breath ſo much can do,
What may the ſame in forms of love,
Of pureſt love, and muſic too,
When FLAVIA it aſpires to move?
When that, which life-leſs buds perſuades
To wax more ſoft, her youth invades?

SONG.

BEHOLD the brand of beauty toſt!
See, how the motion does dilate the flame!
Delighted LOVE his ſpoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder, and our fear?
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled through the air.

High heav'n the glory does increaſe
Of all her ſhining lamps, this artful way:
The ſun in figures, ſuch as theſe,
Joys with the moon to play:
To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſpheres;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

On the Diſcovery of a Lady's Painting.

PYGMALION's fate revers'd is mine:
His marble love took fleſh, and blood;
All that I worſhip'd as divine,
That beauty! now 'tis underſtood,

Appears

Appears to have no more of life,
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women, yet, who apprehend
Some ſudden cauſe of cauſeleſs fear,
Although that ſeeming cauſe take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A ſhaking thro' their limbs they find,
Like leaves ſaluted by the wind:

So, though the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me ſo;
Yet from my breaſt I cannot tear
The paſſion, which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy raſe
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond NARCISSUS did admire:
I doat on that which is no where;
The ſign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er ſo cruel
As this, which thus ſurvives the fuel!

To a LADY, from whom he received a Silver Pen,

MADAM intending to have try'd
The ſilver favor which you gave,
In ink the ſhining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the ſable wave.
When, griev'd to be ſo foully ſtain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe you had deſerv'd to take
From her fair hand ſo fair a boon;
Yet how deſerved I to make
So ill a change: who ever won
Immortal praiſe for what I wrote,
Inſtructed by her noble thought?

I, that expreſſed her commands
To mighty Lords, and Princely dames,
Always moſt welcome to their hands;
Proud that I would record their names;
Muſt now be taught an humble ſtyle.
Some meaner beauty to beguile!

So I, the wronged pen to pleaſe,
Make it my humble thanks expreſs
Unto your Ladyſhip, in theſe:
And now 'tis forced to confeſs,
That your great ſelf did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

To Chloris.

CHLORIS! ſince firſt our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favors with your fears increaſe,
And growing miſchiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which ſtill preſerves
Her fruit, and ſtate, while no wind blows,
In ſtorms from that uprightneſs ſwerves:
And the glad earth about her ſtrows
With treaſure, from her yielding boughs.

SONG.

WHILE I liſten to thy voice,
CHLORIS! I feel my life decay:
That pow'rful noiſe
Calls my fleeting ſoul away.
Oh! ſuppreſs that magic ſound,
Which deſtroys without a wound.

Peace, CHLORIS, peace! or ſinging die;
That together you, and I,
To heav'n may go:
For all we know
Of what the Bleſſed do above
Is, that they ſing, and that they love.

Of Loving at Firſt Sight.

NOT caring to obſerve the wind,
Or the new ſea explore,
Snatch'd from my ſelf, how far behind
Already I behold the ſhore!

May not a thouſand dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth boſom of this Deep!
No: 'tis ſo rockleſs, and ſo clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From ſhip-wreck'd veſſels, but there born.

Sweetneſs, truth, and ev'ry grace,
Which time, and uſe, are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colors faint,
And pencil ſlow, may CUPID paint,
And a weak heart in time deſtroy;
She has a ſtamp, and prints the Boy:
Can, with a ſingle look, inflame
The coldeſt breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

The SELF-BANISH'D.

IT is not that I love you leſs,
Than when before your feet I lay:
But, to prevent the ſad increaſe
Of hopeleſs love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for ev'ry thing,
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the ſpring, from the new ſun
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun,
Which PHOEBUS thro' his veins has ſhot:

Too late he would the pain aſſwage,
And to thick ſhadows does retire:
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire,

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſh'd ſervant trouble you:
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The vow I made—to love you too.

SONG.

SONG.

GO, lovely roſe!
Tell her that waſtes her time, and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet, and fair, ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her graces ſpy'd
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſarts, where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her ſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die! that ſhe
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wond'rous ſweet, and fair!

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

AS lately I on ſilver THAMES did ride,
Sad GALATEA on the bank I ſpy'd:
Such was her look as ſorrow taught to ſhine;
And thus ſhe grac'd me with a voice divine.

GALATEA.

GALATEA.

You that can tune your ſounding ſtrings ſo well,
Of Ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,
Once change your note; and let your lute report
The juſteſt grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYRSIS.

Fair Nymph! I have in your delights no ſhare;
Nor ought to be concerned in your care:
Yet would I ſing, if I your ſorrows knew;
And to my aid invoke no Muſe but you.

GALATEA.

Hear then, and let your ſong augment our grief;
Which is ſo great, as not to wiſh relief.
She that had all which nature gives, or chance;
Whom fortune join'd with virtue to advance
To all the joys this iſland could afford,
The greateſt Miſtreſs, and the kindeſt Lord:
Who with the royal, mixt her noble, blood;
And in high grace with GLORIANA ſtood:
Her bounty, ſweetneſs, beauty, goodneſs, ſuch.
That none e're thought her happineſs too much:
So well-inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as heav'n had been to her!
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well ſhe acted in the ſpan of life,
That tho' few years (too few alas!) ſhe told,
She ſeem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
As unripe fruit, whoſe verdant ſtalks do cleave
Cloſe to the tree, which grieves no leſs to leave
The ſmiling pendent which adorns her ſo,
And, until autumn, on the bough ſhould grow:

So

So ſeem'd her youthful ſoul not eas'ly forc'd,
Or from ſo fair, ſo ſweet, a ſeat divorc'd.
Her fate at once did haſty ſeem, and ſlow;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYRSIS.

Under how hard a law are mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon muſt mourn:
What heav'n ſets higheſt, and ſeems moſt to prize,
Is ſoon removed from our wond'ring eyes!
But ſince the * Siſters did ſo ſoon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll ſtrive to piece the line.
Vouchſafe, ſad Nymph! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muſes I'll commend her name:
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The liſt'ning trees, and ſavage mountains, groan;
What rock's not moved when the death is ſung
Of one ſo good, ſo lovely, and ſo young?

GALATEA.

'Twas HAMILTON! ---whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me ſay no more.

On the Head of a STAG.

SO we ſome antique Hero's ſtrength
Learn by his lance's weight, and length;
As theſe vaſt beams expreſs the beaſt,
Whoſe ſhady brows alive they dreſt.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty NIMROD did purſue.
What huntſman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare ſuch a monſter chaſe?
Reſembling, with each blow he ſtrikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.

* PARCÆ

O fertil head! which ev'ry year
Could ſuch a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring.
So ſoon, ſo hard, ſo huge a thing:
Which might it never had been caſt,
(Each year's growth added to the laſt,)
Theſe lofty branches had ſupply'd
The EARTH's bold ſons' prodigious pride:
Heav'n with theſe engines had been ſcal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

To a LADY in retirement.

SEES not my Love, how time reſumes
The glory which he lent theſe flow'rs?
Though none ſhould taſte of their perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few hours:
TIME, what we forbear, devours!

Had HELEN, or th' *EGYPTIAN Queen,
Been near ſo thrifty of their graces;
Thoſe beauties muſt at length have been
The ſpoil of age' which finds out faces
In the moſt retired places.

Should ſome malignant planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaſeleſs ſhow'r;
Upon the autumn, or the ſpring,
And ſpare us neither fruit, nor flow'r;
Winter would not ſtay an hour.

Could the reſolvé of love's neglect
Preſerve you from the violation
Of coming years, than more reſpect
Where due to ſo divine a faſhion;
Nor would I indulge my paſſion.

*CLEOPATRA.

The

The Miſer's Speech; in a Maſque.

BALLS of this metal ſlack'd ATLANTA's peace,
And on the * amorous youth beſtow'd the race:
VENUS, (the nymph's mind meaſuring by her own,)
Whom the rich ſpoils of cities overthrown
Had proſtrated to MARS, could well adviſe
Th' advent'rous lover how to gain the prize.
Nor leſs may JUPITER to gold aſcribe:
For, when he turn'd himſelf into a bribe,
Who can blame DANAE, or the brazen tow'r
That they withſtood not that almighty ſhow'r?
Never till then, did LOVE make JOVE put on
A form more bright, and nobler, than his own:
Nor were it juſt, would he reſume that ſhape,
That ſlack devotion ſhould his thunder ſcape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd APOLLO's wrong.
Thoſe aſſe's ears on MIDAS' temples hung:
But fond repentance of his happy wiſh,
Becauſe his meat grew metal like his diſh.
Would BACCHUS bleſs me ſo, I'd conſtant hold
Unto my wiſh, and die creating gold.

Upon BEN. JOHNSON.

MIRROR of Poets! Mirror of our age!
Which, her whole face beholding on thy Stage,
Pleas'd, and diſpleas'd, with her own faults, indures
A remedy like thoſe whom muſic cures.
Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, ſexes, nations:

* HIPPOMENES.

So traced with thy all-reſembling pen,
That, what-e'er cuſtom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit, (which deforms them ſo,
That ſcarce a brother can his brother know)
Is repreſented to the wond'ring eyes
Of all that ſee, or read, thy comedies.
Who-ever in thoſe glaſſes looks, may find
The ſpots return'd, or graces, of his mind:
And by the help of ſo divine an art,
At leiſure view, and dreſs, his nobler part.
NARCISSUS, cozen'd by that flatt'ring Well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, diſcov'ring the deform'd eſtate
Of his fond mind, preſerv'd himſelf with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In fleſh and blood ſo well, that PLATO had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colors, ſpeech, and motion grac'd.
The ſundry poſtures of thy copious Muſe
Who would expreſs, a thouſand tongues muſt uſe;
Whoſe fate's no leſs peculiar than thy art;
For as thou could'ſt all characters impart,
So none could render thine; which ſtill eſcapes,
Like PROTEUS, in variety of ſhapes:
Who was, nor this, nor that; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Plays.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe
All theſe good plays, but thoſe of others too:
Thy wit repeated, does ſupport the Stage;
Credits the laſt, and entertains this age.

No Worthies, form'd by any Muſe but thine,
Could purchaſe robes, to make themſelves ſo fine.
What brave commander is not proud, to ſee
Thy brave MELANTIUS in his gallantry?
Our greateſt Ladies love to ſee their ſcorn
Out-done by thine, in what themſelves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, e'er the year be done,
Sees thy ASPASIA weeping in her gown.
I never yet the Tragic ſtrain aſſay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable * MAID.
And, when I venture at the comic ſtyle,
Thy SCORNFUL LADY ſeems to mock my toil.
Thus has the muſe at once improv'd, and mar'd,
Our ſport in Plays, by rend'ring it too hard!
So, when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the reſt out-go
So far, but that the beſt are meas'ring caſts,
Their emulation, and their paſtimes laſts:
But, if ſome brawny Yeoman of the Guard
Step in, and toſs the axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furtheſt mark, the reſt
Deſparing ſtand, their ſport is at the beſt.

To Mr. GEORGE SANDYS, on his Tranſlation of ſome parts of the Bible.

HOW bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of thoſe men,
Who here with the ſame ſpirit ſung,

* The Maid's Tragedy.

Wherewith they now aſſiſt the choir
Of angels, who their ſongs admire!
What-ever thoſe inſpired ſouls
Were urged to expreſs, did ſhake
The aged Deep, and both the Poles;
Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull earth, which does with heav'n conſent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.
Say, ſacred Bard! what could beſtow
Courage on thee, to ſoar ſo high?
Tell me, brave friend! what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake off all mortality?
To light this torch, thou haſt climb'd high'r
Than * he who ſtole cœleſtial fire.

To Mr. HENRY LAWES, who had then newly ſet a ſong of mine in the Year 1635.

VERSE makes Heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verſes give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath (tho' ſtrain'd) ſounds flat and low:
But if a trumpet take the blaſt
It lifts it high, and makes it laſt:
So in your Airs our numbers dreſt,
Make a ſhrill ſally from the breaſt
Of nymphs, who ſinging what we penn'd,
Our paſſions to themſelves commend;
While LOVE, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice, and heart.
You, by the help of tune, and time,
Can make that ſong, which was but rhyme:

* PROMETHEUS.

Nor

Noy pleading, no man doubts the cauſe;
Or queſtions verſes ſet by Lawes.
As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim, and faint:
So others, with diviſion, hide
The light of ſenſe, the Poets' pride:
But you alone may truly boaſt
That not a ſyllable is loſt:
The writers and the ſetter's ſkill
At once the raviſh'd ears do fill.
Let thoſe which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a ſong,
Content themſelves with *Ut*, *Re*, *Mi*:
Let words, and ſenſe, be ſet by thee.

To Sir William D'Avenant, upon his Two Firſt Books of Gondibert, written in France.

THUS the wiſe nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her native wood when ſtorms and winter come;
Purſuing conſtantly the chearful ſpring,
To foreign groves does her old muſic bring.
The drooping Hebrews' baniſh'd harps, unſtrung
At Babylon, upon the willows hung:
Yours ſounds aloud, and tells us you excell
No leſs in courage, than in ſinging well;
While unconcern'd, you let your country know,
They have impoveriſh'd themſelves, not you:
Who, with the Muses' help, can mock thoſe fates
Which threaten kingdoms, and diſorder ſtates.
So Ovid, when from Cæsar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muſe to Pontus with him led:

Where he ſo ſung, that we thro' pity's glaſs,
See NERO milder than AUGUSTUS was.
Hereafter ſuch, in thy behalf, ſhall be
Th' indulgent cenſure of poſterity.
To baniſh thoſe who with ſuch art can ſing,
Is a rude crime, which its own curſe doth bring:
Ages to come ſhall ne'er know how they fought.
Nor how to love their preſent youth be taught.
This to thy ſelf.---Now to thy matchleſs book:
Wherein thoſe few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure freſh language told;
Like new ſtamp'd coin, made out of Angel-gold:
Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
In ſuch a ſtile as courts may boaſt of now:
Which no bold tales of Gods or monſters ſwell;
But human paſſions, ſuch as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme; his virtue, or his rage,
Drawn to the light in each elab'rate page.
MARS nor BELLONA, are not named here;
But ſuch a GONDIBERT as both might fear:
VENUS had here, and HEBE, been out ſhin'd,
By thy bright BIRTHA, and thy RHODALIND.
Such is thy happy ſkill, and ſuch the odds
Betwixt thy Worthies, and the GRECIAN Gods!
Whoſe Deities in vain had here gone down,
Where mortal beauty wears the ſov'reign crown:
Such as of fleſh compos'd, by fleſh and blood,
Though not reſiſted, may be underſtood.

To

To my Worthy Friend, Mr. Wase, the Tranſlator of Gratius.

THUS, by the muſic, we may know
When noble wits a hunting go,
Through groves that on Parnassus grow.

The Muses all the chaſe adorn;
My friend on Pegasus is born;
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Gratius in the wind,
No pack of criticks e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntſmen with delight may read
How to chuſe dogs, for ſcent, or ſpeed;
And how to change, or mend, the breed.

What arms to uſe, or nets to frame,
Wild beaſts to combat, or to tame;
With all the myſt'ries of that game.

But, worthy friend! the face of war
In antient times doth differ far,
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, ſince powder known,
That man, ſo cruel to his own,
Should ſpare the race of beaſts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun
Men wait in trees, from ſun to ſun;
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text;
To tell how modern beaſts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muſe, court the age
With ſomewhat of your proper rage:

Since none doth more to PHOEBUS owe,
Or in more languages can ſhow
Thoſe arts, which you ſo early know.

To his worthy Friend Maſter EVELYN, upon his Tranſlation of LUCRETIUS.

LUCRETIUS, (with a ſtork-like fate,
Born and tranſlated in a ſtate)
Comes to proclaim in ENGLISH verſe,
No monarch rules the univerſe:
But chance and atoms make this ALL
In order democratical;
Where bodies freely run their courſe,
Without deſign, or fate, or force.
And this in ſuch a ſtrain he ſings,
As if his Muſe, with Angel's wings,
Had ſoar'd beyond our utmoſt ſphere,
And other worlds diſcover'd there.
For his immortal, boundleſs wit,
To nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd thoſe bars
Of heav'n, and earth, and ſeas, and ſtars,
By which they were before ſuppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd;
'Till his free Muſe threw down the pale,
And did at once diſpark them all,
So vaſt this argument did ſeem,
That the wiſe author did eſteem

The

The ROMAN language (which was ſpread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which the would have told.
This ſpakes thy glory, noble friend!
And BRITISH language does commend:
For here, LUCRETIUS whole we find
His words, his muſic, and his mind.
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
OVID tranſlated, VIRGIL too,
Shew'd long ſince what our tongue could do:
Nor LUCIAN we, nor HORACE ſpar'd;
Only LUCRETIUS was too hard.
LUCRETIUS, like a Fort, did ſtand
Untouch'd; till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear.
A garland! made of ſuch new bays,
And fought in ſuch untrodden ways;
As no man's temples e'er did crown,
Save this great author's, and your own.

To his Worthy Friend Sir THOMAS HIGGONS, upon his Tranſlation of the VENETIAN Triumph.

THE * winged lions not ſo fierce in fight,
As LIBERI's hand preſents him to our ſight:
Nor would his pencil make him half ſo fierce,
Or roar ſo loud, as BUSINELLO's verſe:

* *The Arms of* Venice.

But

But your tranſlation does all three excell,
The fight, the piece, and lofty BUSINEL.
As there ſmall gallies may not hold compare
With our tall ſhips, whoſe ſails employ more air:
So does th' ITALIAN to your genius vail,
Mov'd with a fuller, and a nobler, gale.
Thus, while your Muſe ſpreads the VENETIAN ſtory,
You make all EUROPE emulate her glory:
You make them bluſh, weak VENICE ſhould defend
The cauſe of heav'n, while they for words contend;
Shed Chriſtian blood, and populous cities raſe,
Becauſe they're taught to uſe ſome diff'rent phraſe,
If, liſt'ning to your charms, we could our jars
Compoſe, and on the TURK diſcharge theſe wars;
Our BRITISH arms the ſacred tomb might wreſt,
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the eaſt:
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great TASSO celebrate the fight.

CHLORIS and HYLAS. Made to a Saraband.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh HYLAS! why ſit we mute,
Now that each bird ſaluteth the ſpring?
Wind up the ſlacken'd ſtrings of thy lute,
Never can'ſt thou want matter to ſing:
For love thy breaſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'er is fair moves thy deſire.

HYLAS.

Sweeteſt! you know, the ſweeteſt of things
Of various flow'rs the bees do compoſe:
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of violent, woodbine, pink, or roſe:

So

So, love the reſult is of all the graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral faces.

CHLORIS

HYLAS! the birds which chant in this grove,
Could we but know the language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe:
For love their breaſts does fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they once do chuſe, bounds their deſire!

HYLAS.

CHLORIS! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm ſeaſon hither does bring:
TIME from yourſelf does further remove
You, than the winter from the gay ſpring:
She that like lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The oak now reſembles which lightning hath blaſted.

In Anſwer to Sir JOHN SUCKLING's Verſes.

CON.

STAY here fond youth, and aſk no more; be wiſe;
Knowing too much, long ſince loſt Paradiſe.

PRO.

And, by your knowledge, we ſhould be bereft
Of all that Paradiſe which yet is left.

CON.

The virtues joys thou haſt, thou wouldſt ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride: and wouldſt not take it ill
If rudely, from ſweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd? he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.

PRO.

PRO.

How can the joy, or hope, which you allow
Be ſtil'd virtuous, and the end not ſo?
Talk in your ſleep, ſhadows ſtill admire!
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
But—to ſleep better: for who-e'er drinks deep
Of this NEPENTHE, rocks himſelf aſleep.

CON.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroy;
And while it pleaſeth much, yet ſtill it cloys.
Who thinks he ſhould be happier made for that,
As reas'nably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a ſurfeit: this once paſt,
What relishes? ev'n kiſſes loſe their taſte.

PRO.

Bleſſings may be repeated, while they cloy;
But ſhall we ſtarve, 'cauſe ſurfeitings deſtroy?
And if fruition did the taſte impare
Of kiſſes, why ſhould yonder happy Pair,
Whoſe joys juſt HYMEN warrants all the night,
Conſume the day too in this leſs delight?

CON.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary; alas! we know
The homelyeſt thing that mankind does, is ſo.
The world is of a large extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled, children there muſt be—
So muſt bread too: but ſince there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO.

I need not plough, ſince what the ſtooping Hine
Gets of my pregnant land, muſt all be mine:

But

But in this nobler tillage, 'tis not ſo;
For when ANCHISES did fair VENUS know,
What int'reſt had poor VULCAN in the boy,
Famous ÆNEAS, or the preſent joy?

CON.

Women enjoy'd, what'er before they've been,
Are like Romances read, ſcenes once ſeen:
Fruition dulls, or ſpoils the play, much more
Than if one read, or knew, the plot before.

PRO.

Plays and Romances, read, and ſeen, do fall
In our opinions: yet, not ſeen at all,
Whom would they pleaſe? To an heroic tale
Would you not liſten, leſt it ſhould grow ſtale?

CON.

'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear;
Heav'n were not heav'n, if we knew what it were.

PRO.

If 'twice not heav'n, if we knew what it were.
'Twould not be heav'n thoſe that now are there.

CON.

And as in proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt,
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs: ſo here, reſtraint
Holds up delight, that which exceſs would faint.

PRO.

Reſtraint preſerves the pleaſure we have got,
But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.
In goodly proſpects, who contracts the ſpace,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?

We

We wiſh remov'd what ſtandeth in our light,
And nature blame for limiting our ſight:
Where you ſtand wiſely winking, that the view.
Of the fair proſpect may be always new.

CON.

They, who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

PRO.

Not he, that knows the wealth he has, is poor;
But he that dares not touch, nor uſe his ſtore.

To a Friend, of the different Succeſs of their Loves.

THRICE happy Pair! of whom we cannot know
Which firſt began to love, or loves moſt now:
Fair courſe of paſſion! where two lovers ſtart,
And run together, heart ſtill yok'd with heart:
Succeſsful youth! whom LOVE has taught the way
To be victorious, in the firſt eſſay.
Sure love's an art beſt practiſed at firſt,
And where the experienced ſtill proſper worſt!
I, with a diff'rent fate, purſu'd in vain
The haughty CÆLIA; 'till my juſt diſdain
Of her neglect, above that paſſion born,
Did pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn.
Now ſhe relents; but all too late, to move
A heart directed to a nobler love:
The ſcales are turn'd, her kindneſs weighs no more
Now, than my vows, and ſervice, did before.
So, in ſome well-rought hangings, you may ſee
How HECTOR leads, and how the GRECIANS flee:
Here,

Here, the fierce MARS his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hand the ARGIVE fleet he fires:
But there, from heav'n the * blue-ey'd virgin falls,
And frighted TROY retires within her walls:
They that are foremoſt in that bloody race,,
Turn head anon, and give the conqu'rors chaſe.
So like the chances are of love, and war,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are;
In love, the victors from the vanquiſh'd fly:
They fly that wound, and they purſue that die.

An APOLOGY for having lov'd before.

THEY that never had the uſe
Of the grape's ſurprizing juice,
To the firſt delicious cup
All their reaſon render up:
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be beſt or no.

So, they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,
To the firſt that's fair, or kind,
Make a preſent of their heart:
'Tis not ſhe that firſt we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in th' ev'ning made,
Stars gave the firſt délight;
Admiring, in the gloomy ſhade,
Thoſe little drops of light.

* MINERVA. Then,

Then, at AURORA, whoſe fair hand
  Remov'd them from the ſkies,
He gazing tow'rd the eaſt did ſtand,
  She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright ſun did appear,
  All thoſe he 'gan deſpiſe;
His wonder was determin'd there,
  And could no higher riſe:

He neither might, nor wiſh'd to know
  A more refulgent light:
For that (as mine your beauties now)
  Imploy'd his utmoſt ſight.

To ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well form'd earth!
  Urge not thus your haughty-birth:
The pow'r, which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None but a Prince!----alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taſte,
But what the maſter-bees have plac'd
In compaſs of their cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appear among thoſe few.
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew:
The ſap, which at the root is bred,
In trees, thro' all the boughs is ſpread;
But virtues, which in parents ſhine,
Make not like progreſs thro' the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:
The place does oft thoſe graces give.

Great

Great JULIUS, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led:
* He that the world ſubdu'd, had been
But the beſt wreſtler on the green.
'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
The hidden ſeeds of native worth:
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames as touch the ſkies,
To the old Heroes hence was giv'n
A pedigree, which reach'd to heav'n:
Of mortal ſeed they were not held,
Which other mortals ſo excell'd.
And beauty too, in ſuch exceſs
As yours, ZELINDA! claims no leſs:
Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady grove,
Where your lov'd mother ſlept with JOVE:
And yet excuſe the faultleſs dame,
Caught with her ſpouſe's ſhape, and name:
Thy matchleſs form will credit bring
To all the wonders I ſhall ſing.

To my Lady MORTON on NEW-YEARS DAY, at the LOUVRE in PARIS.

MADAM! new-years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom you are ſo kind:
Still as they paſs, they court and ſmile on you;
And make your beauty, as themſelves, ſeem new.

* ALEXANDER.

To the fair VILLARS we DALKEITH prefer;
And faireſt MORTON now as much to her:
So like the ſun's advance your titles ſhow,
Which, as he riſes, does the warmer grow,
But thus to ſtyle you fair, your ſex's praiſe,
Gives you but mirtle, who may challenge bays;
From armed foes to bring a * Royal prize,
Shews your brave heart victorious, as your eyes.
If JUDITH, marching with the General's head,
Can give us paſſion when her ſtory's read;
What may the living do, which brought away
Tho' a leſs bloody, yet a nobler prey?
Who from our flaming TROY, with a bold hand
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princeſs, like a brand:
A brand! preſerv'd to warm ſome Prince's heart;
And make whole kingdoms take her † Brother's part.
So VENUS, from prevailing GREEKS, did ſhrowd
The ‡ hope of ROME, and ſav'd him in a cloud.
This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and abſolve this age.
Dark ſhades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps misfortune, and there triumphs crime!
Let him that draws it hide the reſt in night;
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind Nymph, changing her faultleſs ſhape,
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely to ſcape,
When thro' the guards, the river, and the ſea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.
As the brave eagle does with ſorrow ſee
The foreſt waſted; and that lofty tree

* *HENRIETTA MARIA*, youngeſt Daughter to K. CH. I.
† *K. CHARLES* II. ‡ ÆNEAS.

Which

Which holds her neſt about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown;
She will not leave them, nor ſhe cannot ſtay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the GALLIC ſhore.
Born in the ſtorms of war, this Royal Fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempeſtuous air,
Tho' now ſhe flies her native iſle, (leſs kind,
Leſs ſafe for her than either ſea, or wind!)
Shall, when the bloſſom of her beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the BRITISH throne:
Where peace ſhall ſmile, and no diſpute ariſe,
But which rules moſt, his ſceptre, or her eyes.

To a Fair Lady playing with a Snake.

STRANGE! that ſuch horror, and ſuch grace,
Should dwell together in one place;
A Fury's arm, an Angel's face!
'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
In CHLORIS' fancy ſuch miſtakes,
To ſtart at love, and play with ſnakes.
By this, and by her coldneſs, barr'd,
Her ſervants have a taſk too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!
Thrice happy ſnake! that in her ſleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts ſo unconfin'd a leave.
Contented in that neſt of ſnow
He lies, as he his bliſs did know;
And to the wood no more would go.

525878

Take heed, fair EVE! you do not make
Another tempter of this ſnake:
A marble once ſo warm'd would ſpeak.

The NIGHT-PIECE, or a Picture drawn in the Dark.

DARKNESS, which faireſt nymphs diſarms,
Defends us ill from MIRA's charms:
MIRA can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye;
Quit all that LILY's art can take,
And yet a thouſand captives make.

Her ſpeech is grac'd with ſweeter ſound,
Than in another's ſong is found:
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright ſtars, and Milky Way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day:
So we, in that accompliſh'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the ſplendor of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converſe with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her ſhining image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage ſet,
Her beauty by the ſhade does get:
There, bluſhes, frowns, and cold diſdain,
All that our paſſion might reſtrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Preſents the fair idea kind.

Yet,

Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whiſpers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays
With CUPID's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch, (they are ſo keen!)
Wound us unſhot, and ſhe unſeen.
All near approaches threaten death,
We may be ſhip-wreck'd by her breath:
LOVE, favor'd once with that ſweet gale,
Doubles his haſte, and fills his ſail;
'Till he arrive where ſhe muſt prove
The haven, or the rock, of love.
So, we th' ARABIAN coaſt do know
At diſtance, when the ſpices blow;
By the rich odor taught to ſteer,
Tho' neither day, nor ſtars appear.

Part of the fourth Book of VIRGIL's ÆNEIS tranſlated.

Beginning at V. 437.

* * * * *Taleſque miſerrima fletus*
Fertque refertque ſoror. * * * *

And ending with

Adnixi torquent ſpumas, et cærula verrunt. V. 583.

ALL this her weeping * ſiſter does repeat
To the † ſtern man, whom nothing could intreat;
Loſt were her prayers, and fruitleſs were her tears!
Fate, and great JOVE, had ſtop'd his gentle ears.

* ANNA. † ÆNEAS.

As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way, and that they bend
His reeling trunk; and with a boiſt'rous ſound
Scatter his leaves, and ſtrew them on the ground:
He fixed ſtands; as deep his root doth lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No leſs on ev'ry ſide the Hero preſt,
Feels love, and pity, ſhake his noble breaſt;
And down his cheeks tho' fruitleſs tears do roul,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul.
Then DIDO, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel heav'n to hate:
Her reſolution to diſpatch, and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The water, conſecrate for ſacrifice,
Appears all black to her amaz'd eyes;
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own ſiſter knows,
Beſides, there ſtood, as ſacred to her * Lord,
A marble temple which ſhe much ador'd;
With ſnowy fleeces, and freſh garlands, crown'd;
Hence ev'ry night proceeds a dreadful ſound;
Her huſband's voice invites her to his tomb:
And diſmal owls preſage the ills to come.
Beſides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold:
Scorn'd, and deſert'd, to herſelf ſhe ſeems;
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.
So, to mad PENTHEUS, double THEBES appears;
And Furies howl in his diſtemper'd ears.
ORESTES ſo, with like deſtraction toſt,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghoſt.

* SICHÆUS.

Now

Now grief, and fury, to their height arrive;
Death ſhe decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved ſiſter, with a chearful grace,
(Hope well-diſſembled ſhining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear ſiſter! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of ÆTHIOPIA, lies
The place where ATLAS does ſupport the ſkies
Hence came an old magician, that did keep
Th' HESPERIAN fruit, and made the dragon ſleep:
Her potent charms do troubled ſouls relieve,
And, where ſhe liſts, makes calmeſt minds to grieve:
The courſe of rivers, and of heav'n, can ſtop,
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.
Witneſs, ye Gods! and thou my deareſt part!
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed, where I my ruin did embrace:
With all the reliques of our impious gueſt,
Arms, ſpoils, and preſents, let the pile be dreſt;
(The knowing woman thus preſcribes) that we
May raſe the man out of our memory.
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which ſhe doth theſe ſacred rites pretend.
Nor worſe effects of grief her ſiſter thought
Would follow, than SICHÆUS' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her: and now, heaped high
The cloven oaks, and lofty pines, do lie;
Hung all with wreaths, and flow'ry garlands round;
So by herſelf was her own fun'ral crown'd!
Upon the top the TROJAN's image lies,
And his ſharp ſword, wherewith anon ſhe dies.

They by the altar ſtand, while with looſe hair
The magic propheteſs begins her pray'r:
On CHAOS, EREBUS, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal ſhades have their abodes,
She loudly calls; beſprinkling all the room
With drops, ſuppos'd from LETHE's lake to come.
She ſeeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new foal'd colts, and herbs by moon-light mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot ſtands:
One tender foot was bare, the other ſhod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking ev'ry God,
And ev'ry Pow'r; if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!
Now was the time, when weary mortals ſteep
Their careful temples in the dew of SLEEP:
On ſeas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet, and deep ſilence fell:
But not on DIDO! whoſe untamed mind
Refus'd to be by ſacred night confin'd:
A double paſſion in her breaſt does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus ſhe afflicts her ſoul: What ſhall I do?
With fate inverted, ſhall I humbly woo?
And ſome proud Prince, in wild NUMIDIA born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my ſcorn?
Or, ſhall I with the ungrateful TROJAN go?
Quit all my ſtate, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by ſad experience! known
The perjur'd race of falſe LAOMEDON?
With my SIDONIANS ſhall I give them chaſe,
Bands hardly forced from their native place?

N

No,—dye! and let this ſword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.
Ah ſiſter! vanquiſh'd with my paſſion, thou
Betray'd me firſt, diſpenſing with my vow.
Had I been conſtant to SICHÆUS ſtill,
And ſingle liv'd, I had not known this ill!
Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breaſt,
While the DARDANIAN does ſecurely reſt
In his tall ſhip, for ſudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the ſon of JOVE appear'd;
Thus ſeems to ſpeak the youthful Deity,
Voice, hair, and color, all like MERCURY.
Fair VENUS' ſeed! canſt thou indulge thy ſleep,
Nor better guard in ſuch great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to loſe ſo fair a wind!
If here thy ſhips the purple morning find,
Thou ſhalt behold this hoſtile harbour ſhine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine;
She meditates revenge, reſolv'd to dye;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.
This ſaid, the God in ſhades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd ÆNEAS, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull ſleep, and rouzing up his men.
Behold! the Gods command our flight again:
Fall to your oars, and all your canvas ſpread:
What God ſo'er that thus vouchſafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey.
Aſſiſt us ſtill, ſmoothing our happy way.
And make the reſt propitious!---With that word,
He cuts the cable with his ſhining ſword:
Thro' all the navy doth like ardor reign,
They quit the ſhore, and ruſh into the main.

Plac'd

Plac'd on their banks, the luſty TROJANS ſweep
NEPTUNE's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

On the Picture of a Fair Youth, taken after he was Dead.

AS gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay, and freſh, as on the ſtalk they grew;
Torn from the root that nouriſh'd them, a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they ſmile;
And, in the hand which rudely pluck'd them, ſhow
Fairer than thoſe that to their autumn grow;
So love, and beauty, ſtill their viſage grace:
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had mar'd
Thoſe lovely features, which cold Death has ſpar'd.
No wonder then he ſped in love ſo well,
When his high paſſion he had breath to tell;
When that accompliſh'd ſoul, in this fair frame,
No buſineſs had, but to perſuade that dame;
Whoſe mutual love advanc'd the youth ſo high,
That, but to heav'n, he could no higher fly.

On a Brede of divers Colors, woven by Four Ladies.

TWICE twenty ſlender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies ſhine:
As nature them, ſo they this ſhade have wrought;
Soft as their hands, and various are their thought.
Not JUNO's bird, when, his fair train diſ-ſpread,
He woos the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which ſo adorn the ſkies:
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dies.

APA-

A PANEGYRIC to my LORD PROTECTOR, of the preſent Greatneſs, and joint Intereſt of his HIGHNESS, and this Nation.

WHILE with a ſtrong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command;
Protect us from our ſelves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial ſpirits ſtill aloud complain:
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot reign:
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as NEPTUNE ſhew'd his face
To chide the winds, and ſave the TROJAN race:
So, has your HIGHNESS, rais'd above the reſt,
Storms of ambition toſſing us repreſt.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a glorious ſtate;
The ſeat of empire, where the IRISH come,
And the unwilling SCOTS, to fetch their doom.

The ſea's our own: and now, all nations greet,
With bending ſails, each veſſel of our Fleet:
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or ſwelling ſails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this iſland to give law,
To balance EUROPE, and her ſtates to awe,)
In this conjunction doth on BRITAIN ſmile;
The greateſt Leader, and the greateſt Iſle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent;

Or thus created; it was ſure deſign'd
To be the ſacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppreſſed ſhall henceforth reſort,
Juſtice to crave, and ſuccour at your Court;
And then your HIGHNESS, not for ours alone,
But for the world's PROTECTOR ſhall be known.

FAME, ſwifter than your wing'd navy, flies
Thro' ev'ry land that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy, and rapine, uſe.

With ſuch a Chief the meaneſt nation bleſt,
Might hope to lift her head above the reſt:
What may be thought impoſſible to do
By us embraced, by the ſea, and You?

Lords of the world's great waſte, the ocean, we
Whole foreſts ſend to reign upon the ſea;
And ev'ry coaſt may trouble, or relieve:
But none can viſit us without your leave.

Angels, and we, have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy ſeats arrive:
While we deſcend at pleaſure to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidſt the boundleſs ocean ſet,
Of her own growth, hath all that nature craves;
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As EGYPT does not on the clouds rely,
But to the NILE owes more than to the ſky;
So, what our earth, and what our heav'n denies,
Our ever-conſtant friend, the ſea, ſupplies.

The

The taſte of hot ARABIA's ſpice we know,
Free from the ſcorching ſun, that makes it grow:
Without the warm, in PERSIAN ſilks we ſhine;
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, tho' the heavieſt metal, hither ſwims:
Ours is the harveſt where the INDIANS mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others ſow.

Things of the nobleſt kind our own ſoil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlick are our ſteeds:
ROME, tho' her eagle thro' the world had flown,
Could never make this iſland all her own.

Here the third EDWARD, and the BLACK PRINCE to,
FRANCE-conqu'ring HENRY flouriſh'd; and now
For whom we ſtay'd, as did the GRECIAN ſtate, [YOU:
Till ALEXANDER came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the MACEDONIAN cry'd,
He wiſt not THETIS in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than That he did ſubdue.

He ſafely might old troops to battle lead,
Againſt th' unwarlike PERSIAN, and the MEDE;
Whoſe haſty flight did, from a bloodleſs field,
More ſpoils, than honour, to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The CALEDONIANS, arm'd with want, and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old ROMAN wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garriſons you bind:

Here

Here foreign gold no more ſhall make them come;
Our ENGLISH iron holds them faſt at home.

They, that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of ſnow,
May blame the ſun; but muſt extol your grace,
Which in our ſenate hath allowed them place.

Prefer'd by conqueſt, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one:
So kind dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſh'd foes free citizens of ROME.

Like faver find the IRISH, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our ſtate:
While by your valor, and our bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the ſea, are join'd.

HOLLAND, to gain your friendſhip, is content
To be our out-gard on the continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuſe,
Preventing Poſts, the terror, and the news;
Our Neighbour-Princes trembled at their roar:
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing ſword made war to ceaſe;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace:
Our minds with bounty, and with awe, engage,
Invite affection, and reſtrain our rage.

Leſs pleaſure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, ſpare.

To

To pardon, willing; and to puniſh, loth;
You ſtrike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that proſtrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate, or error, had our age miſ-led,
And o'er this nation ſuch confuſion ſpread;
The only cure, which could from heav'n come down,
Was ſo much pow'r, and piety, in one.

One! whoſe extraction from an antient line
Gives hopes again that well-born men may ſhine:
The meaneſt, in your nature mild and good;
The noble, reſt ſecured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe;
How much a ruling ſpirit you could reſtrain,
And practice firſt over yourſelf to reign.

Your private life did a juſt pattern give,
How fathers, huſbands, pious ſons ſhould live:
Born to command, your Princely virtues ſlept
Like humble DAVID's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage, and your matchleſs worth,
Dazling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a proſp'rous end.

Still as you riſe, the ſtate, exalted too,
Finds no diſtemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Changed like the world's great ſcene! when, withou [noiſe
The riſing ſun night's vulgar lights deſtroys.

Had you, ſome ages paſt, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we ſhould read your ſtory:

But

But living virtue, all atchievements paſt,
Meets envy ſtill, to grapple with at laſt.

This Cæſar found: and that ungrateful age,
With loſing him, went back to blood and rage:
Miſtaken BRUTUS thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that ſtroke.

That ſun once ſet, a thouſand meaner ſtars
Gave a dim light to violence, and wars:
To ſuch a tempeſt, as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm, prevent the fall.

If ROME's great ſenate could not weild that ſword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them Lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to ſubdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high ſpirits compoſe:
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion ſhakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that firſt took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.

As the vex'd world, to find repoſe, at laſt
Itſelf into AUGUSTUS' arms did caſt:
So ENGLAND now does, with like toil oppreſt,
Her weary head upon your boſom reſt.

Then let the MUSES, with ſuch notes as theſe,
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter ſhall indite,
And draw the image of our MARS in fight:

Tell

Tell of towns ſtorm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of duſt did choak
Contending troops, and ſeas lay hid in ſmoke.
Illuſtrious acts high raptures do infuſe;
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muſe:
Here, in low ſtrains your milder deeds we ſing;
But there, my Lord! we'll bays, and olive, bring.
To crown your head: while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquiſh'd nations, and the ſea beſide:
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you;
Like Joſeph's ſheaves, pay reverence and bow.

Of a WAR with SPAIN, and FIGHT at Sea.

NOW, for ſome ages, had the pride of SPAIN
Made the ſun ſhine on half the world in vain;
While ſhe bid war to all, that durſt ſupply
The place of thoſe her cruelty made dye.
Of nature's bounty men forbore to taſte;
And the beſt portion of the earth lay waſte.
From the new world, her ſilver, and her gold
Came, like a tempeſt, to confound the old.
Feeding with theſe the brib'd Electors' hopes,
Alone ſhe gives us Emperors, and Popes:
With theſe accompliſhing her vaſt deſigns,
EUROPE was ſhaken with her INDIAN mines.
When BRITAIN, looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon this gilded majeſty of SPAIN;
And knowing well, that empire muſt decline,
Whoſe chief ſupport, and ſinews are of coin;
Our nation's ſolid virtue did oppoſe,
To the rich troublers of the world's repoſe

And now ſome months, encamping on the Main,
Our naval army had beſieged SPAIN:
They that the whole world's monarchy deſign'd,
Are to their ports by our bold Fleet confin'd;
From whence, our red Croſs they triumphant ſee,
Riding without a rival on the ſea.

Others may uſe the ocean as their road,
Only the ENGLISH make it their abode:
Whoſe ready ſails with ev'ry wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' inconſtant ſky:
Our oaks ſecure, as if they there took root;
We tread on billows with a ſteady foot.

Mean while, the SPANIARDS in AMERICA
Near to the Line the ſun approaching ſaw;
And hoped their EUROPEAN coaſts to find
Clear'd from our ſhips, by the autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious galleons ſtuff'd with plate,
The lab'ring winds drive ſlowly tow'rds their fate.
Before St. LUCAR they their guns diſcharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard ſome ſhips of ours (tho' out of view)
And, ſwift as eagles, to the quarry flew:
So heedleſs lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they ſoon begin that tragic play,
And with their ſmoky cannons baniſh day:
Night, horror, ſlaughter, with confuſion meets,
And in their ſable arms embrace the Fleets.
Thro' yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die:
Born under diff'rent ſtars, one fate they have;
The ſhip their coffin, and the ſea their grave!

Bold

Bold were the men which on the ocean firſt
Spread their new ſails, when ſhip-wreck was the worſt:
More danger now from man alone we find,
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had ſail'd from near th' antarctic Pole,
Their treaſure ſafe, and all their veſſels whole,
In ſight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock, or ſea!
What they would ſpare, our fiercer art deſtroys,
Surpaſſing ſtorms in terror, and in noiſe.
Once JOVE from IDA did both hoſts ſurvey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray:
Here, heav'n in vain that kind retreat ſhould found:
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some, we made prize; while others burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down ſinks at once (ſo Fortune with us ſports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of Courts.
Vain man! whoſe rage buries as low that ſtore,
As avarice had dig'd for it before;
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies ſafer in the Deep:
Where THETIS kindly does from mortals hide
Thoſe ſeeds of luxury, debate, and pride.
And now, into her lap the richeſt prize
Fell, with the nobleſt of our enemies:
The * Marquis, (glad to ſee the fire deſtroy
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ſhip his children ſent,
To periſh in a milder element:
Then laid him by his burning Lady's ſide;
And, ſince he could not ſave her, with her dy'd.

* of BAJADOS.

Spices, and gums, about them melting fry;
And, phœnix-like, in that rich neſt they dye:
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd;
And now, together are to aſhes turn'd:
Aſhes! more worth than all their fun'ral coſt;
Than the huge treaſure which was with them loſt.
Theſe dying lovers, and their floating ſons,
Suſpend the fight, and ſilence all our guns:
Beauty, and youth, about to periſh, finds
Such noble pity in brave ENGLISH minds;
That, (the rich ſpoil forgot, their valor's prize,)
All labour now to ſave their enemies.
How frail our paſſions! how ſoon changed are
Our wrath, and fury, to a friendly care!
They that but now for honor, and for plate,
Made the ſea bluſh with blood, reſign their hate;
And, their young foes endeav'ring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.
With theſe returns victorious MONTAGU,
With laurels in his hand, and half PERU.
Let the brave Generals divide that bough,
Our great PROTECTOR hath ſuch wreaths enough:
His conqu'ring head has no more room for bays.
Then let it be, as the glad nation prays:
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the ſtate fix'd by making him a crown!
With ermin clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal ſceptre, made of SPANISH gold.

Upon the Death of the LORD PROTECTOR.

WE muſt reſign! heav'n his great ſoul does claim
In ſtorms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his laſt breath ſhakes our iſle;
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are toſt
Into the air.----So ROMULUS was loſt!
New ROME in ſuch a tempeſt miſs'd her King;
And, from obeying, fell to worſhipping.
On OETA's top thus HERCULES lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks, and pines, about him ſpread.
The popular too, whoſe bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay proſtrate there.
Thoſe his laſt fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying Hero from the continent.
Raviſh'd whole towns; and forts from SPANIARDS reft,
As his laſt legacy to BRITAIN left.
The ocean, which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaſter mind,
Our bounds' enlargement was his lateſt toil;
Nor hath he left us priſ'ners to our iſle:
Under the tropic is our language ſpoke:
And part of FLANDERS hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us diſ-engage;
Found nobler objects for our martial rage:
And, with wiſe conduct, to his country ſhow'd
The antient way of conquer'ng abroad.
Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us peace, and empire too.

Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to ſee
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herſelf took notice of his death,
And, ſighing, ſwell'd the ſea with ſuch a breath,
That, to remoteſt ſhores her billows roul'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

To the KING, upon His MAJESTY'S Happy Return.

THE riſing ſun complies with our weak ſight,
Firſt gilds the clouds, then ſhews his globe of light
At ſuch a diſtance from our eyes, as tho'
He knew what harm his haſty beams would do.
But your full majeſty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the ſplendor of your ſtate,
(Wrap'd up, till now, in clouds of adverſe Fate!)
With ſuch a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our ſpread hearts with ſo great joy ſurprize;
That, if your grace incline that we ſhould live,
You muſt not, Sir! too haſtily forgive.
Our guilt preſerves us from th' exceſs of joy,
Which ſcatter ſpirits, and would life deſtroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting ESTHER, does before you ſtand,
Watching your ſceptre: the revolted ſea
Trembles, to think ſhe did your foes obey.
GREAT BRITAIN, like blind POLYPHEME, of late,
In a wild rage, became the ſcorn, and hate,
Of her proud neighbours; who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own force, would ſink.

But

But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant-Iſle has got her eye again.
Now, ſhe might ſpare the ocean; and oppoſe
Your conduct to the fierceſt of her foes.
Naked, the GRACES guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now, your thunder ſhall.
Princes that ſaw you diff'rent paſſions prove;
For now they dread the object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whoſe converſation was their late delight.
So SEMELE, contented with the rape
Of JOVE, diſguiſed in a mortal ſhape;
When ſhe beheld his hand with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.
And tho' it be our ſorrow, and our crime,
To have accepted life ſo long a time
Without you here; yet does this abſence gain
No ſmall advantage to your preſent reign.
For, having view'd the perſons, and the things,
The councils, ſtate, and ſtrength of EUROPE's Kings,
You know your work; ambition to reſtrain,
And ſet them bounds, as heav'n does to the Main.
We have you now with ruling wiſdom fraught,
Not ſuch as books, but ſuch as practice, taught.
So the loſt ſun, while leaſt by us enjoy'd:
Is the whole night, for our concern, employ'd:
He ripens ſpices, fruit, and pretious gums,
Which from remoteſt regions hither comes.
This ſeat of yours (from th' other world remov'd)
Had ARCHIMEDES known, he might have prov'd
His engin's force, fix'd here: your pow'r, and ſkill,
Makes the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much-ſuff'ring Monarch! the firſt ENGLISH-born
That has the crown of theſe three nations worn!
How has your patience, with the barb'rous rage
Of your own ſoil, contended half an age?
Till (your try'd virtue, and your ſacred word,
At laſt preventing your unwilling ſword)
Armies, and fleets, which kept out ſo long,
Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redreſs'd his wrong.
When ſtrait the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclinations held,
Break forth at once, like powder ſet on fire:
And, with a noble rage, their KING require.
So th' injur'd ſea, which from her wonted courſe,
To gain ſome acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel ſtay;
Raging, the late-got land ſhe overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.
Offenders now, the chiefeſt, do begin
To ſtrive for grace, and expiate their ſin:
All winds blow fair, that did the world imbroil;
Your vipers treacle yield, and ſcorpions oil.
If then ſuch praiſe the * MACEDONIAN got,
For having rudely cut the GORDIAN knot;
What glory's due to him, that could divide,
Such ravel'd int'reſts? has the knot unty'd,
And without ſtroke ſo ſmooth a paſſage made,
Where craft, and malice, ſuch impeachments laid?
But while we praiſe you, you aſcribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untouch'd wall
Of ſelf-demoliſh'd JERICHO ſo low:
His Angel 'twas that did before you go:

* ALEXANDER.

Tam'd

Tam'd ſavage hearts, and made affection yield,
Like ears of corn when wind ſalutes the field.
Thus, patience crown'd, like JOB's, your trouble
Having your foes to pardon, and your friends: [ends.
For, tho' your courage were ſo firm a rock,
What private virtue could indure the ſhock?
Like your Great Maſter, you the ſtorm withſtood,
And pity'd thoſe who love with frailty ſhew'd.
Rude INDIAN's, tort'ring all the royal race.
Him with the throne, and dear-bought ſceptre grace,
That ſuffers beſt: what region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?
The next experience of your mighty mind,
Is, how you combat Fortune now ſhe's kind:
And this way too you are victorious found;
She flatters with the ſame ſucceſs ſhe frown'd.
While, to yourſelf ſevere, to others kind,
With pow'r unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vaſt empire you poſſeſs the care,
The ſofter parts fall to the people's ſhare.
Safety, and equal government, are things
Which ſubjects make as happy as their Kings.
Faith, law, and piety, (that baniſh'd train!)
Juſtice, and truth, with you return again:
The city's trade, and country's eaſy life,
Once more ſhall flouriſh, without fraud, or ſtriſe.
Your reign no leſs aſſures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm ſun advances his increaſe;
And does the ſhepherds as ſecurely keep,
From all their fears, as they preſerve their ſheep.
But above all, the Muſe-inſpired train
Triumph, and raiſe their drooping heads again:

Kind

Kind heav'n at once has, in your perſon, ſent
Their ſacred judge, their guard, and argument.

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per aheneа ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum
Clarorum apparent * * * * HORAT.

On St. JAMES's PARK, as lately improved by his MAJESTY.

OF the firſt Paradiſe there's nothing found,
Plants ſet by heav'n are vaniſh'd, and the ground;
Yet the deſcription laſts: who knows the fate
Of lines that ſhall this Paradiſe relate?
Inſtead of rivers rowling by the ſide
Of EDEN's garden, here flows-in the tide:
The ſea, which always ſerv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleaſure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers old as ſeas, to which they go.
Are nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown:
To make a river, than to build a town.
For future ſhade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new ſtream appear in even ranks:
The voice of ORPHEUS, or AMPHION's hand,
In better order could not make them ſtand.
May they increaſe as faſt, and ſpread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough, to ſee them all
Dark ſhadows caſt, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I ſee the love that ſhall be made,
The lovers walking in that am'rous ſhade:

The

The gallants dancing by the river ſide;
They bathe in ſummer, and in winter ſlide.
Methinks I hear the muſic in the boats,
And the loud ECHO which returns the notes:
While over-heard a flock of new-ſprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the ſun controul,
Dark'ning the ſky: they hover o'er, and ſhrowd
The wanton ſailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath, a ſhole of ſilver fiſhes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' ſides:
The ladies angling in the chryſtal lake,
Feaſt on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines, and eyes.
They make the fiſhes, and the men, their prize.
A thouſand CUPIDS on the billows ride,
And Sea-Nymphs enter with the ſwelling tide:
From THETIS ſent as ſpies, to make report,
And tells the wonders of her Sov'reign's Court.
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palate, here you may deſcry:
The choiceſt things that furniſh'd NOAH's ark,
Or PETER's ſheet, inhabiting this Park:
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whoſe loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the ſpacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muſe knows not what path to tread.
Yonder, the harveſt of cold months laid up,
Gives a freſh coolneſs to the royal cup:
There ice, like chryſtal firm, and never loſt,
Tempers hot July with December's froſt!
Winters dark priſon, whence he cannot fly,
Tho' the warm ſpring, his enemy, draws nigh.

Strange!

Strange! that extremes ſhould thus preſerve the ſnow,
High on the ALPS, or in deep caves below.
Here a well-poliſh'd Mall gives us the joy.
To ſee our Prince his matchleſs force employ:
His manly poſture, and his graceful mein,
Vigor, and youth, in all his motions ſeen:
His ſhape ſo lovely, and his limbs ſo ſtrong,
Comfirm our hopes we ſhall obey him long.
No ſooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall:
And ſuch a fury from his arm has got,
As from a ſmoaking culverin 'twere ſhot.
Near this my Muſe, what moſt delights her, ſees
A living gallery of aged trees:
Bold ſons of earth, that thruſt their arms ſo high,
As if once more they would invade the ſky,
In ſuch green palaces the firſt Kings reign'd,
Slept in their ſhades, and Angels entertain'd:
With ſuch old counſellors they did adviſe,
And, by frequenting ſacred groves, grew wiſe.
Free from th' impediments of light, and noiſe,
Man thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs,
Here CHARLES contrives the ord'ring of his ſtates,
Here he reſolves his neighb'ring Princes' fates:
What nation ſhall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous ſhade;
The world, from INDIA to the frozen north,
Concern'd in what this ſolitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The proſpect thought, and contemplation, gives.
That ſeat of empire here ſalutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themſelves apply;

The

The ſtructure by a * Prelate rais'd, WHITEHALL,
Built with the fortune or ROME's Capitol:
Both, diſproportion'd to the preſent ſtate
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that † antique Pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the ſacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their aſhes keep;
There made like Gods, like mortals there they ſleep
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Thoſe ſons of empire! where they riſe, they ſet.
When others fell, this ſtanding did preſage
The crown ſhould triumph over popular rage:
Hard by that ‡ Houſe where all our ills were ſhap'd,
Th' auſpcious temple ſtood, and yet eſcap'd.
So, ſnow on ÆTNA does unmelted lye,
Whence rowling flames, and ſcatter'd cinders, fly;
The diſtant country in the ruin ſhares
What falls from heav'n the burning mountain ſpares.
Next, that ‖ capacious Hall, he ſees, the room
Where the whole nation does for juſtice come:
Under whoſe large roof flouriſhes the gown,
And judges grave, on high tribunals, frown.
Here, like the people's paſtor he does go,
His flock ſubjected to his view below:
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private paſſion does indulgence find:
The pleaſures of his youth ſuſpended are,
And made a ſacrifice to public care.
Here, free from court-compliances, he walks;
And with himſelf his beſt adviſer talks:

* Cardinal WOLSEY. † Weſtminſter-Abby.
‡ Houſe of Commons. ‖ Weſtminſter-Hall.

For,

How peaceful olive may his temples ſhade;
For mending laws, and for reſtoring trade:
Or, how his brows may be with laurel charg'd;
For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
Of antient prudence here he ruminates,
Of riſing kingdoms, and of falling ſtates:
What ruling arts gave great AUGUSTUS fame;
And how ALCIDES purchas'd ſuch a name.
His eyes, upon his * native Palace bent
Cloſe by, ſuggeſt a greater argument:
His thoughts riſe higher, when he does reflect
On what the world may from that ſtar expect,
Which at his birth appear'd; to let us ſee.
Day, for his ſake, could with the night agree:
A Prince, on whom ſuch diff'rent lights did ſmile,
Born the divided world to reconcile!
Whatever heav'n, or high extracted blood
Could promiſe, or foretell, he will make good:
Reform theſe nations, and improve them more,
Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

Of the Invaſion and Defeat of the TURKS, in the Year 1683.

THE moderen NIMROD, with a ſafe delight
Purſuing beaſts, that ſave themſelves by flight;
Grown proud, and weary of his wanted game,
Would Chriſtians chaſe, and ſacrifice to fame.
A Prince, with eunuchs, and the ſofter ſex,
Shut up ſo long, would warlick nations vex:
Provoke the GERMAN, and, neglecting heav'n,
Forget the truce for which his oath was giv'n.

* *St. James's.*

His

His Grand Viſier, preſuming to inveſt
The chief * imperial city of the weſt,
With the firſt charge compell'd in haſte to riſe,
His treaſure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The ſtandard loſt, and Janizaries ſlain,
Render the hopes he gave his maſter vain.
The flying TURKS, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the mem'ry of his father's doom:
And his guard murmers that ſo often brings
Down from the throne their unſucceſsful Kings.

The trembling SULTAN's forc'd to expiate
His own ill conduct, by another's fate:
The grand viſier, a tyrant, tho' a ſlave,
A fair example to his maſter gave;
He BASSAS' heads, to ſave his own, made fly,
And now, the SULTAN to preſerve, muſt dye.

The fatal bow-ſtring was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he ſo unjuſtly fought:
Made the world tremble with a num'rous hoſt,
And of undoubted victory did boaſt.
Strangled he lies! yet ſeems to cry aloud,
To warm the mighty, and inſtruct the proud:
That of the great, neglecting to be juſt,
Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of duſt.

The TURKS ſo low, why ſhould the Chriſtians loſe
Such an advantage of their barb'rous foes?
Neglect their preſent ruin to compleat,
Before another SOLYMAN they get?
Too late they would with ſhame, repenting, dread
That num'rous herd, by ſuch a lion led.
He RHODES, and BUDA, from the Chriſtians tore,
Which timely union might again reſtore.

* *Vienna.*

But

But, ſparing TURKS, as if with rage poſſeſt,
The Chriſtians periſh, by themſelves oppreſt:
Cities, and provinces, ſo dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!
What angel ſhall deſcend, to reconcile
The Chriſtian-ſtates, and end their guilty toil?
A Prince more fit from heav'n we cannot aſk,
Than BRITAIN's King, for ſuch a glorious taſk:
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fair, and favor, of mankind.
His warrant does the Chriſtian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end:
The peace is ſign'd, and Britain does obtain;
What ROME had ſought from her fierce ſons in vain.
In battles won, Fortune a part doth claim,
And ſoldiers have their portion in the fame:
In this ſucceſsful union; we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all acompliſh'd by his royal word;
Without unſheathing the deſtructive ſword:
Without a Tax upon his ſubjects laid,
Their peace diſturb'd, their plenty, or their trade.
And what can the to ſuch a Prince deny,
With whoſe deſires the greateſt Kings comply?
The arts of peace are not to him unknown,
This happy way he march'd into the throne:
And we owe more to heav'n, than to the ſword,
The wiſh'd return of ſo benign a Lord.
CHARLES by old GREECE with a new freedom
Above her antique Heroes ſhall be plac'd. [grac'd,
What THESEUS did, or THEBAN HERCULES.
Holds no compare with this victorious peace:

Which

Which on the TURKS ſhall greater honor gain,
Than all their giants, and their monſters, ſlain.
Thoſe are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;
This glorious act the living do behold.

To the QUEEN, upon her MAJESTY'S Birth-Day, after her happy Recovery from a dangerous Sickneſs.

FAREWELL the year! which threaten'd ſo
The faireſt light the world can ſhow.
Welcome the new! whoſe ev'ry day,
Reſtoring what was ſnatch'd away
By pining ſickneſs from the Fair,
That matchleſs beauty does repair;
So faſt, that the approaching ſpring,
(Which does to flow'ry meadows bring,
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all ſhe had before.
But, we recover not ſo faſt
The ſenſe of ſuch a danger paſt;
We, that eſteem'd you ſent from heav'n,
A pattern to this iſland giv'n;
To ſhew us what the Bleſs'd do there;
And what alive they practis'd here;
When that which we immortal thought,
We ſaw ſo near deſtruction brought,
Felt all which you did then indure;
And tremble yet, as not ſecure.
So, tho the ſun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipſe ſet free;

The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.
But, that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help ſo near
For all the evil you can prove;
The kindneſs of your Royal Love.
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reſerv'd for you: more dear,
More priz'd, than all thoſe kingdoms were!
For when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials, and elixirs, fail'd
On your pale cheek, he drop'd the ſhow'r,
Reviv'd you like a dying flow'r.

Sung by Mrs. KNIGHT to her MAJESTY, on her Birth-Day.

THIS happy day two lights are ſeen,
A glorious Saint, a matchleſs Queen:
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The Saint above, th' INFANTA here.
May all thoſe years, which CATHERINE
The Martyr, did for heav'n reſign,
Be added to the line
Of your bleſt life among us here!
For all the pains that ſhe did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleaſures ſhare!
May heav'n itſelf content
With CATHERINE the Saint!

Without

Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!

Of her MAJESTY on NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been,
How are we chang'd, ſince we firſt ſaw the Queen?
She, like the Sun, does ſtill the ſame appear;
Bright as ſhe was at her arrival here!
TIME has commiſſion mortals to impair,
But things coeleſtial is oblig'd to ſpare.
May ev'ry New-Year find her ſtill the ſame,
In health, and beauty, as ſhe hither came!
When Lords, and Commons, with united voice,
Th' INFANTA nam'd, approv'd the royal choice;
Firſt of our Queens, whom not the KING alone,
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.
With like conſent, and like defert, was crown'd
The* glorious Prince, that does the TURK confound.
Victorious both! His conduct wins the day;
And her example chaſes vice away.
Tho' louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

Of TEA, commended by her MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, PHOEBUS has his bays;
Tea both excels, which ſhe vouchſafes to praiſe.
The beſt of Queens, and beſt of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation which the way did ſhow

* JOHN SOBIESKI, K. of Poland.

To the fair region, where the ſun does riſe;
Whoſe rich productions we ſo juſtly prize.
The Muſe's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid;
Repreſs thoſe vapors which the head invade;
And keeps that palace of the ſoul ſerene,
Fit, on her Birth-day, to ſalute the Queen.

PROLOGUE for the Lady-Actors: Spoken before K. CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majeſtic frown;
But lay aſide the greatneſs of your crown!
And for that look, which does your people awe,
When in your throne, and robes, you give them law,
Lay it by here; and give a gentler ſmile!
Such as we ſee great JOVE's in picture, while
He liſtens to APOLLO's charming lyre,
Or judges of the ſongs he does inſpire.
Comedians on the Stage ſhew all their ſkill,
And after do as love, and fortune, will:
We are leſs careful, hid in this diſguiſe;
In our own cloaths more ſerious, and more wiſe.
Modeſt at home, upon the Stage more bold;
We ſeem warm lovers, tho' our breaſts be cold.
A fault committed here deſerves no ſcorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

Of her Royal HIGHNESS, Mother to the Prince of ORANGE: and of her Portrait written by the late Dutcheſs of YORK while ſhe lived with her.

HEROIC Nymph! in tempeſts the ſupport,
In peace the glory, of the BRITISH Court!
Into whoſe arms, the Church, the State, and all
That precious is, or ſacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that ſhall your bounty hear,
Will think you miſtreſs of the INDIES were:
Tho' ſtreighter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy Mine:
Like the bleſt oil, the widow's laſting feaſt,
Your treaſure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While ſome your beauty, ſome your bounty ſing,
Your native Iſle does with your praiſes ring:
But above all, a * Nymph of your own train,
Gives us your character in ſuch a ſtrain,
As none but ſhe, who in that court did dwell,
Could know ſuch worth; or worth deſcribe ſo well,
So, while we mortals here at heav'n do gueſs,
And more our weakneſs, than the place, expreſs;
Some angel, a domeſtic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath ſeen, and known.

To the Ducheſs of ORLEANS, when ſhe was taking leave of the Court at DOVER.

THAT ſun of beauty did among us riſe,
ENGLAND firſt ſaw the light of your fair eyes.
In ENGLISH too your early wit was ſhown:
Favor that language! which was then your own,

* Lady ANNE HYDE.

When, thro' a child, tho' guards you made your way:
What fleet, or army, could an angel ſtay?
Thrice happy BRITAIN! if ſhe could retain,
Whom ſhe firſt bred, within her ambient Main.
Our late-burnt LONDON, in apparel new,
Shook off her aſhes to have treated you:
But we muſt ſee our glory ſnatch'd away,
And with warm tears increaſe the guilty ſea:
No wind can favor us; however it blows,
We muſt be wretch'd, and our dear treaſure loſe!
Sighs will not let us half our ſorrows tell——
Fair, lovely, great, and beſt of Nymphs, farewel!

Upon her * MAJESTY's new-Buildings at SOMMERSET-HOUSE.

GREAT QUEEN! that does our Iſland bleſs,
With Princes, and with Palaces:
Treated ſo ill, chas'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the town;
And, with a brave revenge, do ſhow
Their glory went, and came, with you.
While peace from hence, and you were gone,
Your houſes in that ſtorm o'erthrown,
Thoſe wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon, and relieve.
Conſtant to ENGLAND in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove;
Tho' by rude hands their neſts are ſpoil'd.
There, the next ſpring, again they build.

* HENRIETTA MARIA, Q. Dowager of K. CHARLES I.

Ac-

Accuſing ſome malignant ſtar,
Not BRITAIN, for that fatal war:
Your kindneſs baniſhes your fear,
Reſolv'd to fix for ever here,
But what new mine this work ſupplies?
Can ſuch a pile from ruin riſe?
This like the firſt creation ſhows,
As if at your command it roſe.
Frugality, and bounty too,
(Thoſe diff'ring virtues meet in you;
From a confin'd, well manag'd, ſtore,
You both employ, and feed the poor.
Let foreign Princes vainly boaſt
The rude effects of pride, and coſt!
Of waſter fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing, but the pay.
This, by the Queen herſelf deſign'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind:
The ſtate, and order does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.
Each part with juſt proportion grac'd:
And all to ſuch advantage plac'd!
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Ent'ring, beneath us we deſcry;
And wonder how we came ſo high.
She needs no weary ſteps aſcend;
All ſeems before her weary feet to bend:
And here, as ſhe was born, ſhe lies:
High, without taking pains to riſe.

Of a TREE cut in PAPER.

FAIR hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the ſtain of ink, preſerve it white,
Whoſe travel o'er that ſilver field does ſhow,
Light track of leverets in morning-ſnow.
LOVE's image thus in pureſt minds is wrought,
Without a ſpot, or blemiſh, to the thought.
Strange that your fingers ſhould the pencil foil,
Without the help of colors, or of oil!
For, tho' a painter boughs, and leaves, can make;
'Tis you alone, can make them bend and ſhake:
Whoſe breath ſalutes your new-created grove,
Like ſouthern winds, and makes it gently move.
ORPHEUS could make the foreſt dance; but you
Can make the motion, and the foreſt too.

To a LADY, from whom he received the foregoing Copy, which for many years had been loſt.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
All they ſubdue become their ſpies:
Secrets, as choiceſt jewels, are
Preſented to oblige the Fair:
No wonder then, that a loſt thought
Should there be found, where ſouls are caught.

The picture of fair VENUS, (that
For which men ſay, the Goddeſs ſat)
Was loſt, 'till LELY from your look
Again that glorious image took.

If

If virtue's ſelf were loſt, we might
From your fair mind new copies write:
All things, but one, you can reſtore:
The heart you get returns no more.

Of the Lady MARY, Princeſs of ORANGE.

AS once the lion honey gave,
Out of the ſtrong ſuch ſweetneſs came;
A royal Hero, no leſs brave,
Produc'd this ſweet, this lovely, dame.

To her, the Prince that did oppoſe
Such mighty armies in the field,
And HOLLAND from prevailing foes
Could ſo well free, himſelf does yield.

Not BELGIA's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the ſun does riſe;
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conqu'ring eyes.

ORANGE, with youth, experience has;
In action young, in council old:
ORANGE is what AUGUSTUS was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree, which bears his name,
Bloſſoms, and fruit, at once are found:
In him we all admire the ſame,
His flow'ry youth with wiſdom crown'd!

Empire, and freedom, reconcil'd
In HOLLAND are, by great NASSAU:
Like thoſe he ſprung from, juſt, and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-

Thrice-happy pair! ſo near ally'd,
In royal blood and virtue too!
Now LOVE has you together ty'd,
May none this triple knot undo!

The Church ſhall be the happy place
Where ſtreams which from the ſame ſource run,
Tho' divers lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one,

A thouſand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all:
For, while he thus his niece beſtows,
About our iſle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which ATHENS had,
By th' oracle's advice, of wood:
Had theirs been ſuch as CHARLES has made,
That mighty ſtate 'till now had ſtood.

Of ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boaſt, as ſafely vain,
Their work ſhall with the world remain:
Both bound together, live, or die,
The verſes, and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line ſhould long
Laſt, in a daily changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails:
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we uſe ill-choſen ſtone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that laſting marble ſeek,
Muſt carve in LATIN, or in GREEK;
We write in ſand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

CHAUCER his ſenſe can only boaſt;
The glory of his numbers loſt!
Years have defac'd his matchleſs ſtrain;
And yet he did not ſing in vain.

The Beauties which adorn'd that age,
The ſhining ſubjects of his rage,
Hoping they ſhould immortal prove,
Rewarded with ſucceſs his love.

This was the generous poet's ſcope;
And all an ENGLISH pen can hope;
To make the Fair approve his flame,
That can ſo far extend their fame.

Verſe, thus deſign'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as preſent love.

Upon the Earl of ROSCOMMON's Tranſlation of HORACE, De Arte Poetica: the Uſe of Poetry.

ROME was not better by her HORACE taught;
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The Poet writ to noble PISO there;
A noble PISO does inſtruct us here:
Gives us a pattern in his flowing ſtile;
And with rich precepts does oblige our Iſle:

BRITAIN:

BRITAIN! whoſe genius is in verſe expreſs'd;
Bold, and ſublime; but negligently dreſs'd.
HORACE will our ſuperfluous branches prune,
Gives us new rules, and ſet our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horſe,
Favor his flight, and moderate his force.
Tho' Poets may of inſpiration boaſt,
Their rage, ill govern'd in the clouds is loſt.
He that proportion'd wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his fancy, and his judgment, ſhows.
Chaſte moral writing we may learn from hence:
Neglect of which no wit can recompence.
The fountain which from HELICON proceeds,
That ſacred ſtream! ſhould never water weeds;
Nor make the crop of thorns, and thiſtles, grow,
Which envy, or perverted nature, ſow.
Well-ſounding verſes are the charm we uſe,
Heroic thoughts, and virtue, to infuſe:
Things of deep ſenſe we may in proſe unfold;
But they move more, in lofty numbers told:
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſuades.
The MUSE's friend, unto himſelf ſevere,
With ſilent pity looks on all that err:
But where a brave, a public action ſhines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines,
Whether it be in council, or in fight,
His country's honor is his chief delight:
Praiſe of great Acts he ſcatters as a ſeed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.
Here taught the fate of verſes, (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much deſpis'd)

Me

Men will be leſs indulgent to their faults;
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts
Poets loſe half the praiſe the ſhould have got,
Could it be known what the deſcreetly blot:
Finding new words, that to the raviſh'd ear
May like the language of the Gods appear:
Such as, of old, wiſe bards employ'd, to make
Unpoliſh'd men their wild retreats forſake:
Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And riſing cities with their charming lutes.
For rudeſt minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the MUSES taught.
So, wandering bees would periſh in the air,
Did not a ſound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appeaſe their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flow'rs, and to forbare the ſpoil;
Preſerv'd in winter by their ſummer's toil:
They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
And wax, that does the abſent ſun ſupply.

Ad COMITEM MONUMETENSEM de BENTIVOGLIO ſuo.

FLORIBUS ANGLIGENIS non hanc tibi necto corollam,
Cum ſatis indigenis te probet ipſe Liber:
Per me ROMA ſciet tibi ſe debere, quod ANGLO
Romanus didicit cultius ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce CÆSARE vidit,
Candida ROMULIDUM te duce ſcripta videt.

Conſilia

Conſilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris, eſto!
Sed ſtudio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis Liber hic inſtructus, & arte BATAVA,
A BELGA nobis ut caveamus, ait.
Horrenius per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera; diſcordes FLANDRIA quaſſa monet.
Hic diſcat miles pugnare, orare ſenator;
Qui regnant, leni ſceptra tenere manu.
Macte, COMES! virtute nova; veſtri ordinis ingens
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!
Cum ſternunt alii ſomno vinoque ſepulti,
Nobilis antiquo ſtemmate digna facis.

To Mr. KILLEGREW, upon his altering his Play Pandora, from a Tragedy into a comedy, becauſe not approved on the Stage.

SIR, you ſhould rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your Play:
You had oblig'd us by employing wit
Not to reform PANDORA, but the Pit.
For, as the nightingal, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her ſong;
While the loud daw, his throath diſplaying, draws
The whole aſſembly of his fellow-daws:
So, muſt the writer, whoſe productions ſhould
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould:
Whilſt nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and leſſen as they fly.

On the Duke of MONMOUTH's Expedition into SCOTLAND, in the Summer Solſtice.

SWIFT as JOVE's meſſenger, (* the winged God)
With ſword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command:
And, in a moment, reach'd that northern land;
Where day, contending with approaching night,
Aſſiſts the Hero with continu'd light.
On foes ſurpriz'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have ruſh'd; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave ſpace,
Which they would prove, his valor, or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder ſpoke;
And then like lightning, thro' that cloud he broke
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look;
The guilty SCOTS with ſuch a terror ſtrook;
That to his courage they reſign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that ſo little loyal blood it coſt,
He grieves ſo many BRITONS ſhould be loſt:
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To ſave the flyers, than to win the field:
And at the Court his int'reſt does employ,
That none, who 'ſcap'd his fatal ſword, ſhould die.
And now, theſe raſh bold men their error find,
Not truſting one beyond his promiſe kind:
One! whoſe great mind, ſo bountiful, and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer, and to ſave.
In vulgar breaſts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as theſe his high extraction tell:

* MERCURY.

And give a ſecret joy to * him that reigns,
To ſee his blood triumph in MONMOUTH's veins:
To ſee a Leader whom he got, and choſe,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.
But ſeeing envy, like the the ſun, does beat
With ſcorching rays, on all that's high, and great:
This, ill-requited MONMOUTH! is the bough
The MUSES ſend, to ſhade thy conquiring brow.
Lampoons, like ſquibs, may make a preſent blaze;
But time, and thunder, pay reſpect to bays.
ACHILLES' arms dazzle our preſent view;
Kept by the Muſe as radiant, and as new.
As from the forge of VULCAN firſt they came
Thouſands of years are paſt, and they the ſame.
Such care ſhe takes, to pay deſert with fame!
Than which, no monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompence,

To a Friend of the Author, a Perſon of Honor, who lately writ a religious Book, intitled 'Hiſtorical Approbations, and 'Occaſional Meditations upon ſeveral 'Subjects.'

BOLD is the man that dares engage
For piety, in ſuch an age!
Who can preſume to find a guard
From ſcorn, when heav'n's ſo little ſpar'd;
Divines are pardon'd; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend:
But the profane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care:
For why ſhould theſe let in a beam
Of divine light, to trouble them;

* K. CHARLES II.

And

And call in doubt their pleaſing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth, and fortune, warrant give
That ſuch men write what they believe:
And, feeling firſt what they indite,
New credit give to antient light.
Amongſt theſe few, our author brings
His well-known pedigree, from Kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find:
I wiſh the throng of Great, and Good,
Made it leſs eas'ly underſtood!

To a Perſon of Honour, upon his incomparable, incomprehenſible Poem, intitled, THE BRITISH PRINCES.

SIR! you've oblig'd the BRITISH nation more,
Than all their Bards could ever do before;
And at your own charge, monuments as hard
As braſs, or marble, to your fame, have rear'd.
For, as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave anceſtors could fight;
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no leſs virtuouſly improv'd your own:
That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You, of your antient Princes, have retriev'd
More, than the ages knew in which they liv'd:
Explain'd their cuſtoms, and their rights a-new,
Better than all their Druids ever knew:
Unriddl'd thoſe dark oracles, as well
As thoſe that made them, could themſelves foretell.

For, as the BRITONS long have hop'd in vain,
ARTHUR would come to govern them again:
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your Poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,
To raiſe the dead, and give new life to men;
Make Rival-Princes meet in arms, and love,
Whom diſtant ages did ſo far remove.
For, as eternity has neither paſt,
Nor future, authors ſay, nor firſt, nor laſt
But is all inſtant; your eternal Muſe
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then, why ſhould you, whoſe miracles of art
Can life at pleaſure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your betterbuſied head,
T' obſerve what times they liv'd in, or were dead?
For, ſince you have ſuch arbitrary pow'r,
It were defect in judgment to go low'r;
Or ſtoop to things ſo pitifully lewd,
As uſe to take the vulgar latitude.
For, no man's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not ſome proportion with your wit.
As light can no way but by light appear:
He muſt bring ſenſe, that underſtands it here.

To Mr. CREECH, on his Tranſlation of LUCRETIUS.

WHAT all men wiſh'd, tho' few could hope to ſee,
We are now bleſt with, and oblig'd by thee.
Thou! from the antient learned LATIN ſtore,
Giv'ſt us one author, and we hope for more.

May they enjoy thy thoughts! — Let not the Stage
The idleſt moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place ſome wond'rous monſter breeds,
And the Wit's garden is o'er-run with weeds.
There, Farce is Comedy; bombaſt call'd ſtrong:
Soft words, with nothing in them, make a ſong,
'Tis hard to ſay they ſteal them now-a-days;
For ſure the Antients never wrote ſuch plays.
Theſe ſcribbling infects have what they deſerve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to ſtarve.
That SPENCER knew, that TASSO felt before;
And death found ſurly BEN exceeding poor.
Heav'n turn the omen from their image here!
May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear!
Great VIRGIL's happier fortune may he find,
And be our CÆSAR, like AUGUSTUS, kind!
But let not this diſturb thy tuneful head;
Thou writ'ſt for thy delight, and not for bread:
Thou art not curſt to write thy verſe with care;
But art above what other Poets fear.
What may we not expect from ſuch a hand,
That has, with books, himſelf at free command?
Thou know'ſt in youth, what age has ſought in vain;
And bring'ſt forth ſons without a mother's pain.
So eaſy is thy ſenſe, thy verſe ſo ſweet,
Thy words ſo proper, and thy phraiſe ſo fit;
We read, and read again: and ſtill admire [fire!
Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous
Pardon this rapture; SIR! But who can be
Cold, and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
Thy goodneſs may my ſeveral faults forgive,
And by your help theſe wretched lines may live.

But if, when view'd by your ſeverer ſight,
They ſeem unworthy to behold the light;
Let them with ſpeed in deſerv'd flames be thrown!
They'll ſend no ſighs, nor murmur out a groan;
But, dying ſilently, your juſtice own.

The TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN thro' the world fair MAZARINE had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the ſun;
Hither at length the ROMAN eagle flies,
As the laſt triumph of her conqu'ring eyes.
As heir to JULIUS, ſhe may pretend
A ſecond time to make this iſland bend.
But PORTSMOUTH, ſpringing from the ancient race
Of BRITONS, which the SAXONS here did chaſe;
As they great CÆSAR did oppoſe, makes head,
And does againſt this new invader lead.
That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
Careleſs, and fearleſs, to the field does go.
Becoming bluſhes on the other wait,
And her young look excuſes want of height.
Beauty gives courage; for, ſhe knows, the day
Muſt not be won the AMAZONIAN way.
Legions of CUPIDS to the battle come,
For LITTLE BRITAIN theſe, and thoſe for ROME,
Dreſs'd to advantage this illuſtrious pair,
Arriv'd, for combat in the liſt appear.
What may the Fates deſign! for never yet
From diſtant regions two ſuch Beauties met.
VENUS had been an equal friend to both,
And VICT'RY to declare herſelf ſeems loth:
Over the camp with doubtful wings ſhe flies;
'Till CHLORIS ſhining in the field ſhe ſpies.

The

The lovely CHLORIS well attended came,
A thouſand GRACES waited on the dame:
Her matchleſs form made all the ENGLISH glad,
And foreign Beauties leſs aſſurance had,
Yet, like the three on IDA's top, they all
Pretend alike, conteſting for the ball.
Which to determine, LOVE himſelf declin'd,
Leſt the neglected ſhould become leſs kind.
Such killing looks! ſo thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unſafe to be a ſtander-by.
Poets, approaching to deſcribe the fight,
Are by their wounds inſtructed how to write.
They with leſs hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in ALSATIA:
And, with that ſoil of violence, and rage,
Set-off the ſplendor of our golden age:
Where LOVE gives law, Beauty the ſceptre ſways;
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

Of an ELEGY made by Mrs. WHARTON on the Earl of ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the MUSES! on the herſe
Not ſtrowing tears, but laſting verſe:
Which ſo preſerve the Hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
CHLORIS, in lines ſo like his own,
Gives him ſo juſt, and high renown;
That ſhe th' afflicted world relieves,
And ſhews, that ſtill in her he lives.
Her wit as graceful, great, and good:
Ally'd in genius, as in blood.
His loſs ſupply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the Nymph ſhould melt in tears.

Then, faireſt CHRORIS! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our ſake;
Leſt his fair ſoul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

To CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what's eminent we know,
Muſt for ſome cauſe be valu'd ſo:
Things without uſe, tho' they be good,
Are not by us ſo underſtood.
The early roſe, made to diſplay
Her bluſhes to the youthful MAY,
Doth yield her ſweets, ſince he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.
Our ſtars do ſhew their excellence,
Not by their light, but influence:
When brighter comets, ſince ſtill known
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
So, your admired beauty ſtill
Is, by effects, made good, or ill.

Upon our late Loſs of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

THE failing bloſſoms which a young plant bears,
Engage our hope for the ſucceeding years:
And hope is all which art, or nature, brings,
At the firſt trial, to accompliſh things.
Mankind was firſt created an eſſay;
That ruder draught the Deluge waſh'd away.
How many ages paſs'd, what blood, and toil,
Before we made one Kingdom of this Iſle!
How long in vain had nature ſtriv'd to frame
A perfect princeſs, e'er her HIGHNESS came?

For

For joys ſo great we muſt with patience wait,
'Tis the ſet price of happineſs complete.
As a firſt fruit, heav'n claim'd that lovely boy:
The next ſhall live, and be the nation's joy.

INSTRUCTIONS to a PAINTER, for the Drawing of the Poſture, and Progreſs, of his MAJESTY'S Forces at Sea, under the Command of his HIGHNESS-ROYAL: Together with the Battle, and Victory, obtained over the DUTCH, June 3, 1665.

FIRST draw the ſea; that portion, which between
The greater world, and this of ours, is ſeen:
Here place the BRITISH, there the HOLLAND fleet,
Vaſt floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who ſhould reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd Main.
Make heav'n concern'd, and an unuſual ſtar
Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.
Make the ſea ſhine with gallantry, and all
The ENGLISH youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant DUKE! whoſe early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct ſhow'd.
His bright ſword now a dearer int'reſt draws,
His Brother's glory, and his country's cauſe.
Let thy bold pencil, hope, and courage ſpread
Thro' the whole navy, by that Hero led:
Make all appear, where ſuch a prince is by,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or reſolv'd to die.
With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
Make the proud ſails ſwell, more than with the wind:

Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the BATAVIANS, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, tho' greedy of their prey,
Stop, when they find a lion in their way,
Make him beſtride the ocean, and mankind
Aſk his conſent, to uſe the ſea, and wind:
While his tall ſhips in the barr'd Channel ſtand,
He graſps the INDIES in his armed hand.

Paint an eaſt-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuſe of HOLLAND for their navy's ſtay:
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to ſhun,
Thro' the cold north, and rocky regions run.
To find the coaſt where morning firſt appears,
By the dark Pole the wary BELGIAN ſteers;
Confeſſing now, he dreads the ENGLISH more,
Than all the dangers of a frozen ſhore;
While from our arms, ſecurity to find,
They fly ſo far, they leave the day behind.
Deſcribe their fleet abandoning the ſea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey;
Our firſt ſucceſs in war make BACCHUS crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.
The DUTCH their wine, and all their brandy loſe;
Diſarm'd of that, from which their courage grows:
While the glad ENGLISH, to relieve their toil,
In Healths to their great Leader drink the ſpoil.

His high commands to AFRIC's coaſt extend,
And make the MOORS before the ENGLISH bend:
Thoſe barb'rous pirates willingly receive
Conditions, ſuch as we are pleas'd to give.
Deſerted by the DUTCH, let nations know,
We can our own, and their great buſineſs do:

Falſe

Falſe friends chaſtiſe, and common foes reſtrain,
Which, worſe than tempeſts, did infeſt the Main.
Within thoſe Streights, make HOLLAND's SMYRNA
With a ſmall ſquadron of the ENGLISH meet: [fleet
Like falcons theſe, thoſe like a numerous flock
Of fowl, which ſcatter to avoid the ſhock.
There paint confuſion in a various ſhape:
Some ſink, ſome yield, and flying ſome eſcape:
EUROPE, and AFRICA, from either ſhore
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar:
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight ſo, deſerve to rule the ſea.

But, nearer home, thy pencil uſe once more,
And place our navy by the HOLLAND ſhore;
The world they compaſs'd, while they fought with [SPAIN;
But here already they reſign the Main:
Thoſe greedy mariners, out of whoſe way
Diffuſive nature could no region lay,
At home, preſerv'd from rocks, and tempeſts, lie;
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.
Their ſingle towns th' IBERIAN armies preſt;
We all their Provinces at once inveſt:
And, in a month, ruin their traffick more,
Than that long war could, in an age, before.

But, who can always on the billows lie?
The wat'ry wilderneſs yields no ſupply.
Spreading our ſails, to HARWICH we reſort,
And meet the Beauties of the BRITISH court.
Th' illuſtrious DUCHESS, and her glorious train,
(Like THETIS, with her Nymphs) adorn the Main.
The gazing Sea-Gods, ſince the *PAPHIAN Queen
Sprung *from* among them, no ſuch ſight had ſeen.

* VENUS.

Charm'd

Charm'd with the graces of a troop ſo fair,
Thoſe deathleſs Pow'rs for us themſelves declare:
Reſolv'd the aid of NEPTUNE's Court to bring;
And help the nation where ſuch Beauties ſpring:
The ſoldier here his waſted ſtore ſupplies,
And takes new valor from the Ladies' eyes.

Mean-while, like bees when ſtormy winter's gone,
The DUTCH (as if the ſea were all their own)
Deſert their ports; and falling in their way,
Our HAMBURGH merchants are become their prey.
Thus flouriſh they, before th' approaching fight;
As dying tapers give a blazing light.

To check their pride, our fleet half victual'd goes;
Enough to ſerve us 'till we reach our foes.
Who now appear ſo numerous, and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold.
A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne'er preſs'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Reſtrain'd a-while by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient ENGLISH ſcarce attend the light.
But now the morning, (heav'n ſeverely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear:
And PHOEBUS lifts above the waves his light,
That he might ſee, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from diff'rent quarters ruſh,
Vaſt clouds encount'ring one another cruſh:
With ſwelling ſails, ſo, from their ſev'ral coaſts,
Join the BATAVIAN, and the BRITISH, hoſts.
For a leſs prize, with leſs concern, and rage,
The ROMAN fleets at ACTIUM did engage:
They, for the empire of the world they knew;
Theſe, for the old contend, and for the new.

At the firſt ſhock, with blood, and powder ſtain'd,
Nor heav'n, nor ſea, their former face retain'd:
Fury, and art, produce effects ſo ſtrange,
They trouble nature, and her viſage change,
Where burning ſhips the baniſh'd ſun ſupply,
And no light ſhines, but that by which men die;
There YORK appears; ſo prodigal is he
Of royal blood, as antient as the ſea!
Which down to him, ſo many ages told,
Has thro' the veins of mighty Monarchs roll'd!
The great ACHILLES march'd not to the field,
Till VULCAN that impenetrable ſhield,
And arms, had wrought: yet there no bullets flew;
But ſhafts, and darts, which the weak PHRYGIANS threw.
Our bolder Hero on the deck does ſtand
Expos'd the bulwark of his native land:
Defenſive arms laid by as uſeleſs here,
Where maſſy balls the neighb'ring rock do tear.
Some Pow'r unſeen thoſe Princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themſelves neglect.
Againſt him firſt OPDAM his ſquadron leads,
Proud of his late ſucceſs againſt the SWEDES:
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to periſh by a Prince's hand,
The tall BATAVIAN in a vaſt ſhip rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow ſides:
Yet, not inclin'd the ENGLISH ſhip to board,
More on his guns relies, than on his ſword;
From whence a fatal volley was receiv'd,
It miſs'd the DUKE, but his great heart it griev'd:
* Three worthy perſons from his ſide it tore,
And dy'd his Garment with their ſcatter'd gore,

* *EARL of* FALMOUTH, Lord MUSKERRY, and Mr. BOYLE.

Happy!

Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives;
More to be valu'd than a thouſand lives!
On ſuch a theatre, as this, to die:
For ſuch a cauſe, and ſuch a witneſs by!
Who would not thus a ſacrifice be made,
To have his blood on ſuch an altar laid?
The reſt about him ſtrook with horror ſtood,
To ſee their Leader cover'd o'er with blood:
So trembled JACOB, when he thought the ſtains
Of his ſon's coat had iſſu'd from his veins.
He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought;
Before, for honor; now, revenge, he fought;
His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news
Not brought by FAME) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valor, and their truth:
The joys of Court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him, abandon'd,---and their lives;
He ſtorms, and ſhoots: but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too ſlow
They miſs, or ſweep but common ſouls away:
For ſuch a loſs, OPDAM his life muſt pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ſhip to board:
And make the guilty DUTCH, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet the blood is warm.
His winged veſſel like an eagle ſhows,
When thro' the clouds to truſs a ſwan ſhe goes:
The BELGIAN ſhip unmov'd, like ſome huge rock
Inhabiting the ſea, expects the ſhock,
From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way.
Neglecting all the bus'neſs of the day:

Bullets

Bullets their flight, and guns their noiſe ſuſpend;
The ſilent ocean does th' event attend;
Which Leader ſhall the doubtful vict'ry bleſs,
And give an earneſt of the war's ſucceſs:
When heav'n itſelf, for ENGLAND to declare,
Turns ſhip, and men, and tackle into air.
Their new commander from this charge is toſt,
Which * that young prince had ſo unjuſtly loſt,
Whoſe great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, ſway'd their infant-ſtate,
His flight tow'rds heav'n th' aſpiring BELGIAN took:
But fell, like PHAETON, with thunder ſtrook:
From vaſter hopes than his, he ſeem'd to fall,
That durſt attempt the BRITISH Admiral:
From her broadſides a ruder flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery chariot of the ſun:
That, bears the radiant enſign of the day;
And ſhe, the flag that governs in the ſea.
The DUKE, (ill-pleas'd that fire ſhould thus prevent
The work, which for his brighter ſword he meant)
Anger ſtill burning in this valiant breaſt,
Goes to complete revenge upon the reſt.
So, on the guardleſs herd, their keeper ſlain,
Ruſhes a tiger in the LIBYAN plain.
The DUTCH, accuſtom'd to the raging ſea,
And in black ſtorms the frowns of heav'n to ſee,
Never met tempeſt which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! MARS he reſembles, when
JOVE ſends him down to ſcourge perfidious men:
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
Both *thoſe that* led, and thoſe that gave them aid.

* *Prince of Orange.*

Where

Where he gives on, diſpoſing of their fates,
Terror, and death, on his loud cannon waits;
With which he pleads his Brother's cauſe ſo well,
He ſhakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The ſea with ſpoils his angry bullets ſtrow,
Widows, and orphans, making as they go:
Before his ſhip, fragments of veſſels torn,
Flags, arms, and BELGIAN carcaſſes, are borne:
And his deſpairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their canvas to invite the wind.
So, the rude BOREAS, where he lifts to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the ſhore; and with a boiſt'rous rage,
Does heav'n at once, and earth, and ſea engage.
The DUTCH, elſewhere, did thro' the wat'ry field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But ENGLISH courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noiſe, and ſlaughter takes delight:
Their bloody taſk, unweary'd ſtill, they ply,
Only reſtrain'd by death, or victory.
Iron, and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like ſhow'rs of hail, from either ſide are born:
So high the rage of wretched mortal goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
Ingenious to their ruin, ev'ry age
Improves the arts, and inſtruments, of rage:
Death-haſt'ning ills nature enough has ſent,
And yet men ſtill a thouſand more invent!
But BACCHUS now, which led the BELGIANS on
So fierce at firſt, to favor us begun;
Brandy, and wine, (their wonted friends) at length
Render them uſeleſs, and betray their ſtrength.

So

So corn in fields, and in the garden flow'rs,
Revive, and raiſe themſelves, with mod'rate ſhow'rs:
But over-charg'd with never-ceaſing rain,
Became too moiſt, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ſhips on one another fall,
Without a foe enough to ruin all.
Of this diſorder, and the fav'ring wind,
The watchful ENGLISH ſuch advantage find;
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
And up the ſo entangled BELGIANS blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms; and then,
Their guns ſhoot bullets, and their veſſels men.
The ſcorch'd BATAVIANS on the billows float;
Sent from their own, to paſs in CHARON'S, boat.
And now, our Royal Admiral ſucceſs
(With the marks of victory) does bleſs:
The burning ſhips, the taken, and the ſlain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd Main.
Nearer to HOLLAND as their haſty flight
Carries the noiſe, and tumult of the fight;
His cannons roar fore-runner of his fame,
Makes their HAGUE tremble, and their AMSTERDAM:
The BRITISH thunder does their houſes rock,
And the DUKE ſeems at ev'ry door to knock.
His dreadful Streamer (like a comet's hair,
Threat'ning deſtruction) haſtens their deſpair:
Makes them deplore their ſcatter'd fleet as loſt;
And fear our preſent landing on their coaſt.
The trembling Dutch th'approaching Prince behold,
As ſheep a lion, leaping tow'rds their fold:
Thoſe piles, which ſerve them to repel the Main,
They think too weak his fury to reſtrain.

What

" What wonders may the ENGLISH valor work,
" Led by th'example of victorious YORK?
" Or, what defence againſt him can they make,
" Who, at ſuch diſtance, does their country ſhake?
" His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow;
" And let in both the ocean, and the foe"
Thus cry the people:---and their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the Deep:
Blaming their STATES' ill conduct, to provoke
Thoſe arms, which freed them from the SPANISH yoke.
Painter! excuſe me, if I have a-while
Forgot thy art, and us'd another ſtyle:
For, tho' you draw arm'd Heroes as the ſit;
The taſk in battle does the MUSES fit:
They, in the park confuſion of a fight,
Diſcover all; inſtruct us how to write;
And light, and honor, to brave actions yield;
Hid in the ſmoke, and tumult, of the field.
Ages to come ſhall know hat Leader's toil,
And his great name, on whom the MUSES ſmile:
Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace;
And this relation with thy colours grace.
Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met;
And our * Great Monarch, high above them ſet:
Like young AUGUSTUS let his image be,
Triumphing for that victory at ſea;
Where † EGYPT's Queen, and EASTERN Kings, o'erthrown,
Made the poſſeſſion of the world his own.
Laſt draw the Commons at his royal feet,
Pouring-out treaſure to ſupply his fleet:

* K. Charles II. † Cleopatra.

They

They vow with lives, and fortunes, to maintain
Their KING's eternal title to the Main:
And, with a preſent to the DUKE, approve
His valor, conduct, and his country's love.

To the *KING.

GREAT SIR! diſdain not in this piece to ſtand,
Supreme commander both of ſea and land:
Thoſe which inhabit the cœleſtial bow'r,
Painters expreſs with emblems of their pow'r;
His club ALCIDES, PHOEBUS has his bow,
JOVE has his thunder, and your navy YOU.
But your great providence no colors here
Can repreſent; nor pencil draw that care,
Which keeps you waking, to ſecure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increaſe:
You, for theſe ends, whole days in council ſit;
And the diverſions of youth forget.
Small were the worth of valor, and of force,
If your high wiſdom govern'd not their courſe:
You as the ſoul, as the Firſt Mover you,
Vigor, and life, on ev'ry part beſtow;
How to build ſhips, and dreadful Ord'nance caſt.
Inſtruct the artiſts; and reward their haſte.
So, JOVE himſelf, when TYPHON heav'n does
Deſcends to viſit VULCAN's ſmeaky cave: [brave,
Teaching the brawny CYCLOPS how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
Had the old GREEKS diſcover'd your abode,
CRETE had not been the cradle of their God:
On that ſmall iſland they had look'd with ſcorn:
And in GREAT BRITAIN thought the Thund'rer born.

* K. CHARLES II.

A Preſage of the Ruin of the TURKISH Empire: preſented to his Majeſty King JAMES II. on his Birth-Day.

SINCE JAMES the Second grac'd the BRITISH throne,
Truce, well obſerv'd, has been infring'd by none:
Chriſtians to him their preſent union owe,
And late ſucceſs, againſt the common foe:
While neighb'ring princes, loth to urge their fate,
Court his aſſiſtance, and ſuſpend their hate.
So, angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.
This happy day peace to our Iſland ſent;
As now he gives it to the Continent.
A Prince more fit, for ſuch a glorious taſk,
Than ENGLAND's King, from heav'n we cannot aſk:
He, great, and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn ſwords ſhall turn againſt the TURK,
Such Kings, like ſtars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aſpect propitious to mankind;
Favor the innocent, repreſs the bold:
And, while they flouriſh, make an age of gold.
Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valor young;
At ſea ſucceſsful, vigorous, and ſtrong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Eſteem, and rev'rence, thro' the world do find.
A Prince, with ſuch advantages as theſe,
Where he perſuades not, may command a peace.
BRITAIN declaring for the juſter ſide,
The moſt ambitious will forget their pride:

They

They that complain will their endeavours ceaſe,
Adviſ'd by him, inclin'd to preſent peace;
Join to the TURK's deſtruction; and then bring
All their pretences to ſo juſt a King.
If the ſucceſsful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, ſo great applauſe do find;
Shall the vex'd world leſs honor yield to thoſe
That ſtop their progreſs, and their rage oppoſe?
Next to that pow'r which does the ocean awe,
Is, to ſet bounds, and give ambition law.
The BRITISH MONARCH ſhall the glory have,
That famous GREECE remains no longer ſlave:
That ſource of art, and cultivated thought! [brought.
Which they, to ROME; and ROMANS, hither
The baniſh'd MUSES ſhall no longer mourn;
But may with LIBERTY to GREECE return:
Tho' ſlaves, (like birds that ſing not in a cage)
They loſt their genius, and poetic rage;
HOMERS again, and PINDARS, may be found;
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.
The TURK's vaſt empire does united ſtand:
Chriſtians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be ſoon undone,
Did not this Hero make their int'reſt one:
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the Croſs, and lay the Creſcent low.
Thus may the Goſpel to the riſing ſun
Be ſpread, and flouriſh where it firſt begun:
And this great day, (ſo juſtly honor'd here!)
Known to the eaſt, and celebrated there.

Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!
"*Auſus & ipſe manu juvenum tentare laborem.*" VIRGIL.

To the DUCHESS, when he preſented this Book to her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here preſent you with the rage
And with the Beauties, of a former age:
Wiſhing you may with as great pleaſure view,
This, as we take in gazing upon you,
Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inſpire
A nobler flame, and raiſe our genius higher.
While we your wit, and early knowledge, fear,
To our productions we become ſevere:
Your matchleſs beauty gives our fancy wing;
Your judgment makes us careful how we ſing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haſte,
Poliſh'd like marble, ſhall like marble laſt:
And make you through as many ages ſhine,
As TASSO has the Heroes of your line.
Tho' other names our wary writers uſe,
You are the ſubject of the BRITISH Muſe:
Dilating miſchief to yourſelf unknown,
Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.
So, the bright ſun burns all our graſs away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

Theſe VERSES were writ in the TASSO of her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer ſex to grace;
But in no one durſt all perfection place:
In her alone that owns this book, is ſeen
CLORINDA's ſpirit, and her lofty meen;
SOPHRONIA's piety, ERMINIA's truth,
ARMIDA's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
Our Princeſs here, as in a glaſs, does dreſs
Her well-taught mind; and ev'ry grace expreſs,
More to our wonder, than RINALDO fought:
The H[illegible]rcels the Poet's thought.

OF

DIVINE LOVE.

A

POEM

IN SIX CANTOES.

Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant;
Sic *nos* SCRIPTURÆ *depaſcimur aurea dicta,*
Aurea! purpetuâ ſemper digniſſima vitâ! * *
Nam DIVINUS AMOR *cum cœpit vociferari,*
Diffugiunt animi terrores. * * LUCRETIUS, Lib. 3.

Exul eram, requieſque mihi, non fama, petita eſt,
Mens intenta ſuis ne foret uſque malis: * *
Namque *ubi mota calent* ſacrâ *mea pectora* Musâ,
Altior humano ſpiritus ille malo eſt.
OVID. de Triſt. Lib. 4. El. 1.

THE ARGUMENTS.

I. *ASSERTING the authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is reveal'd.*

II. *The preference and Love of* GOD *to man in the Creation.*

III. *The ſame Love more amply declar'd in our Redemption.*

IV. *How neceſſary this Love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itſelf.*

V. *Shewing how happy the world would be, if this Love were univerſally embrac'd.*

VI. *Of preſerving this Love in our memory; and how uſeful the contemplation thereof is.*

CANTO I.

THE GRECIAN Muſe has all their Gods ſurviv'd,
Nor JOVE at us, nor PHOEBUS is arriv'd:
Frail Deities! which firſt the Poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid,
Yet, if they ſtill divert us with their rage;
What may be hop'd for in a better age;
When, not from HELICON's imagin'd ſpring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we ſing?
This with the fabric of the world begun;
Elder than light, and ſhall out-laſt the ſun.
Before this oracle, like DAGON, all
The falſe pretenders, DELPHOS, AMMON, fall:
Long ſince deſpis'd, and ſilent, they afford
Honor, and triumph, to th' eternal Word.
As late philoſophy our globe has grac'd,
And rowling earth among the planets plac'd:
So has his book intitled us to heav'n;
And rules, to guide us to that manſion, giv'n:
Tells the conditions how our peace was made;
And is our pledge for the Great AUTHOR's aid.
His pow'r in nature's ample book we find;
But the leſs volume does expreſs his mind.
This light unknown, bold EPICURUS taught,
That his bleſt GODS vouchſafe us not a thought:
But unconcern'd, let all below them ſlide,
As Fortunes does or human wiſdom, guide.
Religion thus remov'd, the ſacred yoke,
And band of all ſociety, is broke:
What uſe of oaths, of promiſe, or of teſt,
Where men regard no God, but intereſt?

What endleſs war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witneſs what they ſwear?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet juſt,
Among themſelves to find ſo little truſt!
Were Scripture ſilent, nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falſhood, and our ſhame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the firſt ſtep tow'rds being good, or wiſe:
For, tho' with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect:
Slaves to their paſſion, reaſon men employ
Only to compaſs what they would enjoy.
His fear, to guard us from ourſelves, we need;
And Sacred Writ our reaſon does exceed.
For, tho' heav'n ſhews the glory of the LORD.
Yet ſomething ſhines more glorious in his Word:
His mercy this, (which all his work excells!)
His tender kindneſs, and compaſſion, tells:
While we, inform'd by that cœleſtial Book,
Into the bowels of our MAKER look.
Love there reveal'd, (which never ſhall have end,
Nor had beginning) ſhall our ſong commend:
Deſcribe itſelf, and warm us with that flame,
Which firſt from heav'n, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be bleſt,
Savors too much of private intereſt.
This mov'd not MOSES, nor the zealous PAUL;
Who for their friends abandon'd ſoul and all:
A greater yet from heav'n to hell deſcends,
To ſave, and make his enemies his friends,

What

What line of praiſe can fathom ſuch a love,
Which reach'd the loweſt bottom from above?
The * Royal prophet, that extended grace
From heav'n to earth, meaſur'd but half that ſpace.
The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd, when that Poet wrote:
Heav'n was ſcarce heard of, until HE came down
To make the region, where love triumphs, known.
That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did perſwade,
For, love it was that firſt created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night
From the rude Chaos: and beſtow'd new grace
On things diſpos'd of to their proper place;
Some, to reſt here; and ſome, to ſhine above:
Earth, Sea, and heav'n, were all the effects of love.
And love would be return'd. But, there was none
That to themſelves, or others, yet were known:
The world a palace was, without a gueſt,
'Till one appears, that muſt excel the reſt:
One! like the AUTHOR, whoſe capacious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the MAKER find:
Might meaſure heav'n, and give each ſtar a name;
With art, and courage, the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with ſwelling ſails might go,
And that 'tis round, by his experience know:
Make ſtrongeſt beaſts obedient to his will,
And ſerve his uſe the fertil earth to till.
When, by his WORD, GOD had accompliſh'd all,
Man to create he did a council call:
Employ'd his hand, to give the duſt he took
A graceful figure, and majeſtic look:

* DAVID.

With

With his own breath, convey'd into his breaſt
Life, and a ſoul fit to command the reſt.
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For ſuch a gift; and tell from whence it came.
Birds ſing his praiſes in a wilder note;
But not with laſting Numbers, and with thought;
Man's great prerogative! But above all
His grace abounds, in his new fav'rite's fall.
If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation ſhakes:
From his juſt wrath our guilty parents fled;
He curſt the earth, but bruis'd the ſerpent's head.
Amidſt the ſtorm, his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promiſe of the VIRGIN's ſeed:
Tho' juſtice death, as ſatisfaction, craves.
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO III.

NOT willing terror ſhould his image move;
He gives a pattern of eternal love;
His Son deſcends, to treat a peace with thoſe
Which were, and muſt have ever been, his foes.
Poor he became, and left his glorious ſeat,
To make us humble, and to make us great:
His buſ'neſs here was happineſs to give
To thoſe, whoſe malice could not let him live.
Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
(For us reſolv'd to periſh) he refus'd:
While they ſtood ready to prevent his loſs,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Croſs.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by ſuch great love conſtrain'd

To

To make return of love, upon this Pole
Our duty does, and our religion, rowl.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know:
'Tis an eſſay, a taſte of heav'n below!
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of thoſe that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But ſmoke will vaniſh, when that flame breaks out;
This is the fire that would conſume our droſs,
Refine, and make us richer by the loſs.
Could we forbear diſpute, and practiſe love,
We ſhould agree, as Angels do above;
Where love preſides: not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues ſtay behind:
Both faith, and hope, and all the mainer traîn
Of moral virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters, as a native there;
For, born in heav'n, it does but ſojourn here,
He that alone would wiſe, and mighty, be,
Commands that others love, as well as he.
Love as he lov'd!—How can we ſoar ſo high?
He can add wings, when he commands to fly.
Nor ſhould we be with this command diſmay'd;
He that examples gives, will give his aid:
For, he took fleſh, that where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love at once, and dread, inſtruct our thought;
As man he ſuffer'd, and as GOD he taught.
Will for the deed, he takes; we may with eaſe
Obedient be, for if we love, we pleaſe.
Weak tho' we are, to love, is no hard taſk;
And love *for love*, is all that heav'n does aſk.

Love's

Love! that would all men juſt, and temp'rate, make,
Kind to themſelves, and others, for his ſake.
'Tis with our minds, as with a fertile ground;
Wanting this love, they muſt with weeds abound,
(Unruly paſſions) whoſe effects are worſe
Than thorns, and thiſtles, ſpringing from the curſe.

CANTO IV.

TO glory man, or miſery, is born;
Of his proud foe the envy, or the ſcorn;
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
Baſe in himſelf, but great in heav'n's eſteem:
With love, of all created things the beſt:
Without it, more pernicious than the reſt.
For, greedy wolves unguarded ſheep devour
But while their hunger laſts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundleſs avarice his want exceeds,
And on his neighbours, round about him, feeds.
His pride, and vain ambition, are ſo vaſt.
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waſte:
Debauches, and exceſs (tho' with leſs noiſe)
As great a portion of mankind deſtroys.
The beaſts, and monſters, HERCULES oppreſt,
Might, in that age, ſome provinces infeſt:
Theſe more deſtructive monſters are the bane
Of ev'ry age, and in all nations reign:
But ſoon would vaniſh, if the world were bleſs'd
With ſacred love, by which they are repreſs'd.
Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell
Are dreadful gueſts, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd conſcience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of deſpair, does their whole life annoy:

But,

But love appearing, all thoſe terrors fly;
We live contented, and contented die.
They in whoſe breaſt this ſacred love has place,
Death, as a paſſage to their joy embrace.
Clouds, and thick vapors, which obſcure the day;
The ſun's victorious beams may chaſe away;
Thoſe which our life corrupt, and darken, love
(The nobleſt ſtar!) muſt from the ſoul remove.
Spots are obſerv'd in that which bounds the year;
This brighter ſun moves in a boundleſs ſphere:
Of heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among Angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

THIS iron age, (ſo fraudulent, and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an age of gold:
Not, as they feign'd, that oaks ſhould honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unſown crop:
Love would make all things eaſy, ſafe, and cheap;
None for himſelf would either ſow, or reap:
Our ready help, and mutual love, would yield
A nobler harveſt, than the richeſt field.
Famine, and death, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenneſs of hearts.
Some pine for want, where others ſurfeit now;
But then we ſhould the uſe of Plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich, and needy, ſtand;
And ſpread heav'ns bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers, and receivers, bleſs;
Increaſe their joy, and make their ſuff'rings leſs.
Who for himſelf no miracle would make,
Diſpens'd with ſev'ral for the people's ſake:

He

He that, long-faſting, would no wonder ſhow,
Made loaves and fiſhes, as they eat them, grow.
Of all his pow'r, which boundleſs was above,
Here he us'd none, but to expreſs his love:
And ſuch a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.
Laws would be uſeleſs, which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers, and lions, into dens we thruſt;
But milder creatures with their freedom truſt.
Devils are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouſe
No force, but love, nor bond, but bounty, knows.
Men, (whom we now ſo fierce, and dang'rous ſee)
Would guardian Angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform;
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love, what ISAIAH propheſy'd, can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low;
Humble the lofty, the dejected raiſe,
Smooth, and make ſtraight, our rough and crooked ways.
Love, ſtrong as death, and like it, levels all; [ways.
With that poſſeſt, the great in title fall:
Themſelves eſteem but equal to the leaſt,
Whom heav'n with that high character has bleſt.
This love, the center of our union, can
Alone beſtow complete repoſe on man:
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign ſtrife among the nations ceaſe.
No martial trumpet ſhould diſturb our reſt,
Nor Princes arm, tho' to ſubdue the eaſt;
Where for the Tomb, ſo many Heroes (taught
By thoſe that guided their devotion) fought.

Thrice-

Thrice-happy we, could we like ardor have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love ſo unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would ceaſe, or be dilated, when
We ſhould behold as many ſelfs, as men:
All of one family, in blood ally'd,
His pretious blood, that for our ranſom dy'd!

CANTO VI.

THO' the creation (ſo divinely taught!
Prints ſuch a lively image on our thought,
That the firſt ſpark of new-created light,
From chaos ſtrook, affects our preſent ſight:
Yet, the firſt Chriſtians did eſteem more bleſt,
The day of riſing, than the day of reſt;
That ev'ry week might new occaſion give.
To make his triumph in their mem'ry live.
Then, let our Muſe compoſe a ſacred charm,
To keep his blood, among us, ever warm:
And ſinging as the Bleſſed do above,
With our laſt breath dilate this flame of love.
But, on ſo vaſt a ſubject; who can find
Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
Our language fails: or, if it could ſupply,
What mortal thought can raiſe itſelf ſo high?
Deſpairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But, tho' we find this ſacred taſk too hard,
Yet the deſign, th' endeavour, brings reward.
The contemplation does ſuſpend our woe,
And make a truce with all the ills we know.

As SAUL's afflicted ſpirit, from the ſound
Of DAVID's harp, a preſent ſolace found:
So, on his theme while we our Muſe engage,
No wounds are felt, of fortune, or of age.
On divine love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to ceaſe.
Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundleſs Pow'r ſo infinitely kind;
The ſoul contending to that light to flie
From her dark cell, we practice how to die:
Employing thus the poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy ſo complete, ſo ſolid, and ſevere,
Would leave no place for meaner pleaſures there:
Pale the would look, as ſtars that muſt be gone,
When from the eaſt the riſing ſun comes on.

OF THE

FEAR OF GOD:

IN TWO CANTOES.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace;
And makes all ills that vex us here to ceaſe:
Tho' the word, Fear, ſome men may ill indure,
'Tis ſuch a fear, as only makes ſecure.

Aſk of no Angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy ſtate.
He that invites will not th' invited mock;
Op'ning to all, that do in earneſt knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our aſſurance rolls upon that ſphere.
This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my ſong; the morning of our day!
Where that fear is, there's nothing to be fear'd;
It brings from heav'n an Angel for a guard:
Tranquillity, and peace, this fear does give;
Hell gapes for thoſe that do without it live.
It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
Of light; by which he made, and governs, all.
'Tis GOD alone ſhould not offended be;
But we pleaſe others, as more great than he.
For a good cauſe, the ſufferings of man
May well be born: 'tis more than Angels can.
Man, ſince his fall, in no mean ſtation reſts,
Above the Angels, or below the beaſts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirſt, and hunger, to perform his will.
Others, tho' rich, ſhall in this world be vext;
And ſadly live, in terror of the next.
The * world's great conqu'ror would his point purſue;
And wept becauſe he could not find a new:
Which had he done, yet ſtill he would have cry'd;
To make him work, until a third he ſpy'd.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To heav'n itſelf, unleſs it make them grow.

* ALEXANDER.

Tho' richly fed, man's care does ſtill exceed:
Has but one mouth, yet would a thouſand feed.
In wealth, and honor, by ſuch men poſſeſt,
If it increaſe not, there is found no reſt.
All their delight is while their wiſh comes in;
Sad when it ſtops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis ſtrange, men ſhould neglect their preſent ſtore,
And take no joy, but in purſuing more;
No! tho' arriv'd at all the world can aim:
This is the mark, and glory, of our frame.
A ſoul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing, but he that made, can ſatisfy.
A thouſand worlds, if we with him compare,
Leſs than ſo many drops of water are.
Men take no pleaſure, but in new deſigns:
And what they hope for, what they have, out-ſhines.
Our ſheep, and oxen, ſeem no more to crave;
With full content feeding on what they have:
Vex not themſelves for an increaſe of ſtore;
But think to-morrow we ſhall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from heav'n,
They do from us expect it ſhould be giv'n.
We made them not, yet they on us rely;
More than vain men upon the Deity:
More beaſts than they! that will not underſtand,
That we are fed from his immediate hand.
Man, that in him has Being, moves, and lives,
What can he have, or uſe, but what he gives?
So that no bread can nouriſhment afford,
Or uſeful be, without his ſacred Word.

CANTO

CANTO II.

EARTH praiſes conquerors for ſhedding blood:
Heav'n, thoſe that love their foes, and do them good.
It is terreſtial honor, to be crown'd
For ſtrowing men, like ruſhes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to riſe above them all,
Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminiſhes mankind,
Does no addition to his ſtature find:
But, he that does a noble nature ſhow,
Obliging others, ſtill does higher grow.
For virtue practis'd ſuch an habit gives,
That among men he like an Angel lives.
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell;
Lov'd, and admir'd, by thoſe he does excell.
Fools anger ſhew, which politicians hide:
Bleſt with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong.
Nor ſees he reaſon why he ſhould engage,
Or vex his ſpirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities toſt
On raging waves, and in the tempeſt loſt.
The rolling planets and the glorious ſun,
Still keep that order which they firſt begun:
They their firſt leſſon conſtantly repeat,
Which their CREATOR, as a law, did ſet.
Above, below, exactly all obey:
But wretched men have found another way;

The ſmoke which we from burning incenſe raiſe,
When we complete the ſacrifice of praiſe.
In boundleſs verſe the fancy ſoars too high,
For any object, but the Deity.
What mortal can with heav'n pretend to ſhare
In the ſuperlatives of wiſe, and fair?
A meaner ſubject when with theſe we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
Sacred ſhould be the product of our Muſe,
Like that ſweet oil, above all private uſe;
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it ſhould be on the altar laid.
Verſe ſhews a rich ineſtimable vein,
When, drop'd from heav'n, 'tis thither ſent again.
Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praiſe,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raiſe.
For, as that Angel up to heav'n did riſe,
Born on the flame of MANOAH's ſacrifice:
So, wing'd with praiſe, we penetrate the ſky;
Teach clouds, and ſtars, to praiſe him as we fly;
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)
His praiſe to echo, and ſuſpend their moan.
For, that he reigns, all creatures ſhould rejoice;
And we with ſongs ſupply their want of voice.
The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In ſongs of praiſe their preſent union ſhow:
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in ſong.
Angels, and we, aſſiſted by this art,
May ſing together, tho' we dwell a-part.
Thus we reach heav'n, while vainer poems muſt
No higher riſe, than winds may lift the duſt.

FROM

From that they ſpring; this, from his breath that gave,
To the firſt duſt, th' immortal ſoul we have.
His praiſe well ſung, (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the duſt, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

*HE that did firſt this way of writing grace,
Convers'd with the ALMIGHTY face to face;
Wonders he did in ſacred verſe unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told:
The writer feels no dire effect of age;
Nor verſe, that flows from ſo divine a rage.
Eldeſt of Poets, he beheld the light,
When firſt it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he ſaw; and could diſtinctly tell
How that confuſion into order fell:
As if conſulted with, he has expreſt
The work of the CREATOR, and his Reſt:
How the flood drown'd the firſt offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For, new-made earth, ſo even, and ſo fair,
Leſs equal now, uncertain makes the air:
Surpriz'd with heat, and unexpected cold,
Early diſtempers make our youth look old:
Our days ſo evil, and ſo few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
Strong as the oaks that nouriſh'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting heav'n. But we, of ſhorter date!
Should be more mindful of impendent Fate.
To worms, that crawl upon this rubbiſh here,
This ſpan of life may yet too long appear.

* MOSES.

Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler ſeat.
Which well obſerving, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how faſt his life declines:
In whom he dwelt, before the world was made;
And may again retire, when that ſhall fade.
The laſting ILIADS have not liv'd ſo long,
As his, and DEBORAH's, triumphant ſong.
DELPHOS unknown, no Muſe could then inſpire,
But that which governs the cœleſtial choir.
Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal;
And from their ſtore ſucceeding Poets ſteal:
HOMER's SCAMANDER for the TROJANS fought,
And ſwell'd ſo high, by her old KISHON taught:
His river ſcarce could fierce ACHILLES ſtay;
Hers, more ſucceſsful, ſwept her foes away.
The hoſt of heaven, his PHOEBUS, and his MARS,
He arms; inſtructed by her fighting ſtars,
She led them all againſt the common foe:
But he, (miſ-led by what he ſaw below!)
The Pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into diff'rent ſides.
The nobleſt parts which in his Heroes ſhine,
May be but copies of that Heroine.
HOMER himſelf, and AGAMEMNON, ſhe
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth ſhe relates, in a ſublimer ſtrain,
Than all the tales the boldeſt GREEKS could feign:
For, what ſhe ſung, that SPIRIT did indite,
Which gave her courage, and ſucceſs, in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchleſs dame;
From heav'n her Poem, and her conqueſt came.

But, had like a virtue ſhin'd in that fair GREEK,
The amorous ſhepherd had not dar'd to ſeek,
Tho' of the JEWS ſhe merit moſt eſteem;
Yet here the chriſtian has the greater theme:
Her martial ſong deſcribes how SISERE fell;
This ſings our triumph over death, and hell.
The riſing light employ'd the ſacred breath
Of the bleſt VIRGIN, and ELIZABETH.
In ſongs of joy the Angels ſung his birth:
Here, how he treated was upon earth,
Trembling we read! th' affliction and the ſcorn,
Which, for our guilt, ſo patiently was born!
Conception, birth, and ſuff'ring all belong,
(Tho' various parts) to one cœleſtial ſong:
And ſhe, well uſing ſo divine an art,
Has, in this conſort, ſung the tragic part.
As HANNAH's ſeed was vow'd to ſacred uſe;
So, here this Lady conſecrates her Muſe,
With like reward may heav'n her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair, as by her Muſe is born!

On the Paraphraſe on the LORD's Prayer, written by Mrs. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you winds! liſten etherial lights!
While our URANIA ſings what heav'n indites:
The Numbers are the Nymph's: but from above
Deſcends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are inſtructed, to approach his throne:
And how can he to miſerable men
Deny requeſts, which his own hand did pen?
In *the Evangeliſts* we find the proſe:
Which, paraphras'd by her, a Poem grows;

A de-

A devout rapture! ſo divine a hymn,
t may become the higheſt Seraphim!
For they, like her, in that cœleſtial choir,
Sing only what the SPIRIT does inſpire.
Taught by our LORD, and theirs, with us they may
For all, but pardon for offences, pray.

Some Reflections of His upon the ſeveral Petitions in the ſame Prayer.

I. HIS ſacred name, with reverence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the ſound!
It was JEHOVAH; 'tis OUR FATHER now;
So low to us does heav'n vouchſafe to bow!*
He brought it down, that taught us how to pray:
And did ſo dearly for our ranſom pay.

II. "His kingdom come." For this we pray in vain,
Unleſs he does in our affections reign:
Abſurd it were to wiſh for ſuch a King,
And not obedience to his ſceptre bring:
Whoſe yoke is eaſy, and his burthen light;
His ſervice freedom, and his judgments right.

III. "His will be done." In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in heav'n, it muſt be made our own:
His will ſhould all our inclinations ſway,
Whom nature, and the univerſe, obey.
Happy the man! whoſe wiſhes are confin'd
To what has been eternally deſign'd:
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to ourſelves, we are.

* Pſalm xviii. 9.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup:
Like new-born babes, depending on the breaſt,
From day to day, we on his bounty feaſt.
Nor ſhould the ſoul expect above a day,
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:
The ſetting ſun ſhould ſeem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of ſpecial grace.

V. "That he ſhould all our treſpaſſes forgive,"
While we in hatred with our neighbours live;
Tho' ſo to pray may ſeem an eaſy taſk,
We curſe ourſelves when thus inclin'd we aſk.
This pray'r to uſe, we ought with equal care
Our ſouls, as the Sacrament, prepare
The nobleſt worſhip of the Pow'r above,
Is to extol, and imitate, his love:
Not to forgive our enemies alone;
But, uſe our bounty that they may be won.

VI. "Guard us from all temptations of the foe:"
And thoſe we may in ſeveral ſtations know:
The rich, and poor, in ſlipp'ry places ſtand:
Give us enough! but, with a ſparing hand!
Not ill-perſwading want; nor wanton wealth;
But, what proportion'd is to life, and health.
For, not the dead, but living, ſing thy praiſe;
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raiſe.

Favete linguis! * * * *
Virginibus puerisque canto. HORAT.

On

On the foregoing DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read, nor write,
The ſubject made us able to indite:
The ſoul, with nobler reſolutions deckt,
The body ſtooping, does herſelf erect:
No mortal parts are requiſite to raiſe
Her, that unbony'd can her MAKER praiſe.

The ſeas are quiet, when the winds give o'er.
So, calm are we, when paſſions are no more!
For, then we know how vain it was to boaſt
Of fleeting things, ſo certain to be loſt.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptineſs, which age deſcries.

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets-in new light, thro' chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakneſs, wiſer men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view.
That ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.

* * * * *Miratur limen olympi.* VIRG.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND FRAGMENTS.

Under a LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH HELEN was! and who can blame the * boy
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his TROY?

* PARIS.

Or

Or hope for pity; but with ſilent moan,
And better fate, had periſhed alone.

Of a Lady who writ in Praiſe of MIRA.

WHILE ſhe pretends to make the graces known
Of matchleſs MIRA, ſhe reveals her own:
And, ſhe would another another's praiſe indite,
Is by her glaſs inſtructed how to write.

To one married to an old Man.

SINCE thou would'ſt needs (bewich'd with ſome ill charms!)
Be buri'd in thoſe monumental arms:
All we can wiſh, is, May that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs! and ſo, good night!

An EPIGRAM on a Painted LADY with ill Teeth.

WERE men ſo dull they could not ſee
That LYCE painted; ſhould they flee,
Like ſimple birds, into a net,
So groſly woven, and ill ſet;
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that ſhe had got.
Thoſe teeth fair LYCE muſt not ſhow,
If ſhe would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they ſtop at ſeeming grapes,
Are diſ-abus'd, when firſt ſhe gapes:
The rotten bones diſcover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted ſepulchre.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM upon the GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR guard upon the royal ſide!
On the reverſe, our beauty's pride!
Here we diſcern the frown, and ſmile;
The force, and glory, of our Iſle.
In the rich Medal, both ſo like
Immortals ſtand, it ſeems antique;
Carv'd by ſome maſter, when the bold
GREEKS made their JOVE deſcend in gold;
And DANAE wond'ring at that ſhow'r,
Which, falling, ſtorm'd her brazen tow'r.
BRITANIA there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain:
Thunder itſelf had fail'd to paſs;
Virtue's a ſtronger guard than braſs.

Written on a Card that her *MAJESTY tore at OMBRE.

THE cards you tear in value riſe;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to cœleſtial things aſpire,
Are by that paſſion rais'd the higher.

To Mr. GRANVILLE, (now Lord LANSDOWN) on his Verſes to K. JAMES II.

AN early plant! which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhews a genius ſo beyond his years;
A judgment that! could make ſo fair a choice;
So high a ſubject, to employ his voice:
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs King!

* Q. CATHARINE.

Long

Long and ſhort Life.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound
In largeneſs, but th' exactly round:
So, life we praiſe, that does excell
Not in much time, but acting well.

Tranſlated out of SPANISH.

THO' we may ſeem importunate,
While your compaſſion we implore:
They, whom you make too fortunate,
May with preſumtion vex you more.

Tranſlated out of FRENCH.

FADE, flowers, fade, nature will have it ſo;
'Tis but what we muſt in our autumn do!
And, as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loſs alone by thoſe that lov'd them found:
So, in the grave, ſhall we as quiet lie;
Miſs'd by ſome few that lov'd our company.
But, ſome ſo like to thorns, and nettles, live,
That none for them can, when they periſh, grieve.

Some Verſes of an imperfect Copy, deſign'd for a Friend on his Tranſlation of OVID'S FASTI.

ROME's holy days you tell, as if a gueſt
With the old ROMANS you were wont to feaſt,
NUMA's religion, by themſelves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in ſhew receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their *Dictators* taken from the plow:

The

Such pow'r has juſtice, faith and honeſty!
The world was conquer'd by morality.
Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That's neither faithful, honeſt, juſt, nor brave:
But, where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a Hero like an Angle ſhine.---

* * * * * *

On the STATUE of King CHARLES the Firſt, at CHARING-CROSS.

In the Year 1674.

THAT the Firſt CHARLES does here in triumph ride;
See his Son reign, where he a martyr dy'd;
And people pay that reverence, as they paſs,
(Which then he wanted!) to the ſacred braſs;
Is not th'effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the ſtatue, and the ſtone.
But, heav'n this laſting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught,
Rebellion, though ſucceſsful, is but vain;
And Kings ſo kill'd riſe conquerors again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of ſurviving FAME.

PRIDE.

NOT the brave * MACEDONIAN Youth alone;
But baſe CALIGULA, when on the throne,
Boundleſs in pow'r, would make himſelf a God;
As if the world depended on his nod.

* ALEXANDER.

The

The * SYRIAN King to beaſts was headlong thrown,
E'er to himſelf he could be mortal known.
The meaneſt wretch, if heav'n ſhould give him line
Would never ſtop, 'till he were thought divine.
All might within diſcern the ſerpent's pride,
If from ourſelves nothing ourſelves did hide.
Let the proud Peacock his gay feathers ſpread,
And woo the female to his painted bed:
Let winds, and ſeas, together rage, and ſwell:
This, nature teaches; and becomes them well.
† *Pride was not made for men:* a conſcious ſenſe
Of guilt, and folly, and their conſequence,
Deſtroys the claim: and to beholders tells,
Here nothing, but the ſhape of manhood, dwells.

EPITAPH on Sir GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this ſtone lies virtue, youth,
Unblemiſh'd probity, and truth:
Juſt unto all relations known,
A worthy patriot, pious ſon:
Whom neighb'ring towns ſo often ſent,
To give their ſenſe in parliament;
With lives, and fortunes, truſting one,
Who ſo diſcreetly us'd his own.
Sober he was, wiſe, temperate;
Contented with an old eſtate,
Which no foul avarice did increaſe,
Nor wanton luxury make leſs.
While yet but young, his father dy'd,
And left him to an happy guide:

* NEBUCHADNEZZAR. † Eccleſ. i. 18.

Not LEMUEL's mother with more care
Did counſel, or inſtruct, her heir;
Or teach with more ſucceſs her ſon
The vices of the time to ſhun.
An heireſs ſhe; while yet alive,
All that was hers to him did give:
And he juſt gratitude did ſhow
To one that had oblig'd him ſo:
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was ſo bread and taught,
So (early made that path to tread,
Which did his youth to honor lead)
His ſhort life did a patern give,
How neighbours, huſbands, friends ſhauld live.
The virtues of a private life
Exceed the glorious noiſe, and ſtrife,
Of battles won: in thoſe we find
The ſolid int'reſt of mankind.
Approv'd by all, and lov'd ſo well,
Tho' round, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH on Colonel CHARLES CAVENDISH.

HERE lies CHARLES CA'NDISH: let the marble ſtone,
That hides his aſhes, make his virtue known.
Beauty, and valor, did his ſhort life grace;
The grief, and glory, of his noble race!
Early abroad he did the world ſurvey.
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay:

Saw

Saw what great ALEXANDER in the eaſt,
And mighty JULIUS conquer'd in the weſt.
Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occaſion for his fame:
Where dark confuſion did the nations hide;
And where the juſtor, was the weaker, ſide.
Two loyal brothers took their Sov'reign's part,
Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art.
The * elder did whole Regiments afford;
The younger brought his conduct, and his ſword.
Born to command, a Leader he begun,
And on the rebels laſting honor won:
The Horſe, inſtructed by their Gen'ral's worth,
Still make the King victorious in the north:
Where CA'NDISH fought, the Royaliſts prevail'd;
Neither his courage, nor his judgment, fail'd:
The current of his vict'ries found no ſtop,
Till CROMWELL came, his party's chiefeſt prop.
Equal ſucceſs had ſet theſe champions high,
And both reſolv'd to conquer, or to die:
Virtue with rage, fury with valor, ſtrove;
But, that muſt fall which is decreed above!
CROMWELL, what odds of number, and of Fate
Remov'd this bulwark of the Church, and State:
Which the ſad iſſue of the war declar'd,
And made his taſk, to ruin both, leſs hard.
So, when the bank neglected is o'erthrown,
The boundleſs torrent does the country drown.
Thus fell the young, the lovely and the brave;
Strew bays, and flowers, on his honour'd grave!

* WILLIAM Earl of Devonſhire.

EPITAPH on the Lady SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned SAVIL's heir;
So early wife, and laſting fair!
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew, or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot:
And ſhe ſo well improv'd that ſtock,
Both of his knowledge, and his flock;
That, Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
In her, upon each other ſmil'd
While ſhe, to ev'ry well-taught mind,
Way ſo propiteouſly inclin'd,
And gave much title to her ſtore,
That none but the ignorant, were poor.
The MUSES daily found ſupplies,
Both from her hands, and from her eyes.
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchleſs beauty warm, their rage.
Such was this dame in calmer days,
Her nations ornament, and praiſe!
But, when a ſtorm diſturb'd our reſt,
The port and refuge, of th' oppreſt.
This made her fortune underſtood,
And look'd on as ſome public good.
So that (her perſon, and her ſtate,
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our civil fury ſhe
Stood like a ſacred temple, free.
May here her monument ſtand ſo,
To credit this rude age! and ſhow

To

To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue ſee:
And one ſublime example had
Of good, among ſo many bad.

EPITAPH to be written under the LATIN Inſcription upon the Tomb of the only Son of the Lord ANDOVER.

'TIS fit the ENGLISH reader ſhould be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold
'Tis not a noble corps alone does lie
Under this ſtone but a whole family:
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies bury'd with this boy:
This lovely youth: for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been ſpace, and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit and breeding, to have ſhow'd,
We had not found in all the num'rous roll
Of his fam'd anceſtors, a greater ſoul:
His early virtues to that antient ſtock
Gave as much honor as from thence he took.
Like buds appearing e'er the froſts are paſt,
To become man he made ſuch fatal haſte;
And to perfection labour'd ſo to climb,
Preventing ſlow experience, and time;
That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd:
He's ſeldom old, that will not be a child.

EPITAPH, unfiniſh'd.

GREAT ſoul! for whom death will no longer ſtay,
But ſends in haſte to ſnatch our bliſs away.
O cruel death! to thoſe you take more kind,
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue ſhin'd;
Free from the clouds of pride that ſhade the mind.
Inſpired verſe may on this marbel live,
But can no honor to thy aſhes give.——

* * * * *

THE

MAID's TRAGEDY.

ALTER'D.

PROLOGUE.

SCARCE should we have the boldneſs to pretend
So long renown'd a Tragedy to mend:
Had not already ſome deſerv'd your praiſe
With like attempt. Of all our elder plays,
This, and PHILASTER, *have the loudeſt fame:*
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both, our ENGLISH *genius is expreſs'd;*
Lofty, and bold; but negligently dreſs'd.
Above our neighbours our conceptions are:
But, faultleſs writing is th' effect of care.
Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haſte,
Polish'd like marble, would like marble laſt.
But, as the preſent, ſo the laſt age writ;
In both we find like negligence, and wit.
Were we but leſs indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
Our Muſe would flourish; and a nobler rage
Would honor this, than did the GRECIAN, *Stage.*
Thus ſays our Author; not content to ſee
That others write as careleſsly as he:
Tho' he pretends not to make things complete,
Yet, to pleaſe you, he'd have the Poets ſweat.
In this old play, what's new we have expreſt
In rhiming verſe, diſtinguish'd from the reſt:
That, as the RHONE *its haſty way does make,*
(Not mingling waters) thro' GENEVA'S lake:
So, having here the diff'rent ſtyles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.

If

PROLOGUE.

If we leſs rudely ſhall the knot unty,
Soften the rigor of the Tragedy,
And yet preſerve each perſon's character;
Then, to the other, this you may prefer.
'Tis left to you: the Boxes, and the Pit,
Are ſov'reign judges of this ſort of wit.
In other things the knowing artiſts may
Judge better than the people: but, a Play,
(Made for delight, and for no other uſe)
If you approve it not, has no excuſe.

THE MAID's TRAGEDY.

ACT V.

Enter EVADNE, *with a Page of honor.*

EVADNE.

AMINTOR loſt, it were as vain a thing,
As 'tis prodigious, to betray the King.
Compell'd by threats, to take that bloody oath,
And the act ill I am abſolv'd by oath,
This iſland left, with pity I'll look down
On the King's love, and fierce MELANTIUS, frown.
Theſe will to both my reſolution bring:
Page! give MELANTIUS that; this, to the King:
[*Exit Page with the Letters.*
Under how hard a fate are women born!
Priz'd to their ruin or expos'd to ſcorn!
If we want beauty we of love deſpair:
And are beſieg'd, like frontier-towns, if fair.
The pow'r of Princes armies overthrows:
What can our ſex againſt ſuch force oppoſe?
Love, and ambition, have an equal ſhare
In their vaſt treaſures; and it coſts as dear

To

To ruin us, as nations to ſubdue:
But we are faulty, tho' all this be true.
For, towns are ſtarv'd, or batter'd e'er they yield;
But we (perſuaded, rather than compell'd)
For things ſuperfluous neglect our fame,
And weekly render up ourſelves to ſhame.
Oh! that I had my innocence again,
My untouch'd honour! but I wiſh in vain:
The fleece, that has been by the dyer ſtain'd,
Never again its native whiteneſs gain'd.
Th' unblemiſh'd may pretend to virtue's crown:
'Tis beauty now muſt perfect my renown.
With that I govern'd him that rules this iſle;
'Tis that which makes me triumph in the ſpoil;
The wealth I bear from this exhauſted Court;
Which here my bark ſtands ready to tranſport.
In narrow RHODES I'll be no longer pent;
But act my part upon the continent:
ASIATIC Kings ſhall ſee my beauty's prize,
My ſhining jewels, and my brighter eyes.
Princes that fly, (their ſcepters left behind)
Contempt, pity, where they travel, find:
The enſigns of our pow'r about we bear;
And ev'ry land pays tribute to the Fair.
So ſhines the ſun, tho' hence remov'd, as clear
When his beams warm the Antipodes, as here. (*Exit.*

Enter MELANTIUS, *with a Letter in his hand.*

She's gone!—to periſh, if the Gods be juſt:
The ſea's not vaſt enough to quence her luſt.
The ſtanding Regiments, the Fort, the town.
All, but this wicked ſiſter, is our own.

Oh!

Oh! that I could but have ſurpriz'd the wretch,
E'er ſhe that wat'ry element did reach:
Twice falſe EVADNE! ſpitefully forſworn!
That fatal breaſt, like this, I would have torn.
[Tears the paper with fury.
But this deſign admits of no delay;
And our revenge muſt find ſome ſpeedy way.
I'll ſound LUCIPPUS; he has always paid
Reſpect to my deſerts; could he be made
To join with us, we might preſerve the ſtate;
And take revenge, with our country's fate.
He loves his brother: but, a preſent crown
Cannot but tempt a Prince ſo near the throne.
He's full of honor: tho' he like it not,
If once he ſwear, he'll not reveal the plot. *Exit.*

Enter the KING *alone.*

MELANTIUS falſe! it cannot be: and yet.
When I remember how I merit it,
He is preſented to my guilty mind
Leſs to his duty, than revenge, inclin'd.
'Tis not my nature to ſuſpect my friends,
Or think they can have black malicious ends:
'Tis doing wrong creates ſuch doubts as theſe,
Renders us jealous, and deſtroys our peace.
Happy the innocent! whoſe equal thoughts
Are free from anguiſh, as they are from faults.

Enter a Page with a Letter.

PAGE. 'Tis from EVADNE, Sir. *[Exit.*

KING. Why ſhould ſhe uſe
Her pen to me? 'tis ſome important news!
[Reads the Letter.]

From

From on board my yatch,

[Strangely dated.]

WHICH is now bearing me away from the rage of my offened brothers: I wish you were as ſafe from their revenge. They aim at your life, and made me ſwear to take it. They have got the fort, and are aſſured of the inclinations both of the ſoldiers, and citizens, my firſt prayer is to the Gods, for your preſervation: my next to your Majeſty, that if they return to their duty, you would afford them your grace.

'Tis no feign'd tale CALLIANAX has told:
The MELANTIUS is as falſe as bold.
The crown we hazard, when at home we ſtay;
And teach our forces others to obey.
Conduct in armies is a Prince's art;
And when a ſubject acts that royal part,
As he in glory riſes, we grow leſs:
While our arms proſper, ruin'd by ſucceſs;
For, in a Court, what can ſo dreadful be,
As one more glorious than our ſelves to ſee;

Enter MELANTIUS and LUCIPPUS.

Such is the General!——To LUCIPPUS' ear
What 'tis he truſts, I'll ſtep aſide and hear.

LUC. How am I caught with an unwary oath,
Not to reveal the ſecret, which I loath!
To ſtain my conſcience with my brother's blood,
To be a King!—no! not to be a God.
He that with patience can ſuch treaſon hear,
Though he conſent not, as a guilty ear.
Unto thyſelf pronunce the name of KING;
That word will keep thee from ſo foul a thing.

MEL.

MEL. Sir! your fond care, and kindneſs, comes too
To ſave your brother, or prevent my hate: [late,
The people mutiny, the Fort is mine,
And all the ſoldiers to my will incline.
Of his own ſervants he has loſt the heart:
And in the Court I have the nobler part
Unto yourſelf pronounce the name of KING;
That word will tell you 'tis no trivial thing
That you are offer'd--Do not ſtorm, and frown,
At my endeavours, to preſerve the crown.
Wear it yourſelf; occaſion will not ſtay;
'Tis loſt, unleſs you take it while you may.
Tumult, and ruin, will o'erwhelm the ſtate;
And you'll be guilty of your country's fate.

LUC. [*Aſide.*] Some form'd deſign againſt the King
Let's try how far our reaſon may perſwade,
To him.] The crown you value ſo, my brother bears
Upon his head, and with it all the cares:
While I enjoy th' advantage of his ſtate:
And all the crown can give, except the weight,
Long may he reign! that is ſo far above
All vice, all paſſion, but exceſs of love.
And can th' effects of love appear ſo ſtrange,
That into beaſts our greateſt Gods could change?

MEL. The deathleſs Gods, when they commit a rape,
Diſguis'd a-while, again reſume their ſhape: [late,
But Princes once turn'd into beaſts, remain
For ever ſo:----and ſhould, like beaſts, be ſlain.

LUC. Tho' more in years, you have a miſtreſs ſtill;
And for that fault would you your ſov'reign kill?
Love is the frailty of heroic minds;
And, where great virtues are, our pardon finds:

Brutes

Brutes may be chaſter, pidgeons, ſwans, and doves,
Are more confin'd, than we are, in their loves.
Juſtice, and bounty, in a Prince are things
That ſubjects make as happy as their kings.
Will you contract the guilt of royal blood;
And rob your country of her chiefeſt good?

MEL. Of one! whoſe luſt his family had ſtain'd,
By whoſe good conduct he ſecurely reign'd.

LUC. Of one! whoſe choice firſt made your valor known;
And with whoſe armies you have got renown;
'Tis all the gratitude ſubjects can ſhew,
To bear with patience what their Princes do.

MEL. Yet BRUTUS did not let proud TARQUIN ſcape.

LUC. The Prince his ſon was guilty of a rape.
For joys extorted with a violent hand,
Revenge is juſt, and may with honor ſtand:
But, ſhould a Prince, becauſe he does comply
With one that's fair, and not unwilling, die?
Or, is it fit the people ſhould be taught
Your ſiſter's frailty, with my brothers fault?

MEL. Let her be known unchaſte; ſo it be ſaid,
That he durſt perſwade her to't is dead.

LUC. The King has wrong'd you: it is juſt that you
Miſchief to me, and the whole nation, do;

MEL. Rather than not accompliſh my revenge,
Juſt, or unjuſt, I would the world unhinge.

LUC. Yet, of all virtues, juſtice is the beſt:
Valor, without it, is a common peſt.
Pirates, and thieves, too oft with courage grac'd,
Shew us how ill that virtue may be plac'd.
'Tis our complexion makes us chaſte, or brave:
Juſtice from reaſon, and from heav'n, we have.

All

All other virtues dwell but in the blood;
That, in the ſoul; and gives the name of good.
Juſtice, the Queen of virtues, you deſpiſe;
And only rude and ſavage valor prize.
To your revenge you think the King, and all
That ſacred is, a ſacrifice ſhould fall:
The town be ruin'd, and this iſle laid waſte,
Only becauſe your ſiſter is not chaſte.
Can you expect, that ſhe ſhould be ſo ſage
To rule her blood, and you not rule your rage.
Both foul diſtempers are; but yours the worſe,
Leſs pleaſures has; and brings the greater curſe.
MEL. In idle RHODES philoſophers are bred:
And you, young Prince! are in their morals read.
Nor is it hard for one that feels no wrong.
For patient duty to employ his tongue.
Oppreſſion makes men mad, and from their breaſt
All reaſon does, and ſenſe of duty, wreſt.
The Gods are ſafe, when under wrongs we groan,
Only becauſe we cannot reach their throne.
Shall Princes then, that are but Gods of clay,
Think they may ſafely with our honor play?
Reward a ſoldier's merit with a ſtain
To his whole race, and yet ſecurely reign?—
Farewel! I know ſo brave a Prince will ſcorn
To tell the ſecret, unto which he's ſworn.
LUC. [*Aſide.*] I promis'd ſecrecy, but did not ſay
I would look tamely on.—MELANTIUS, ſlay!
You have my promiſe; and my haſty word
Reſtrains my tongue;—but, ties not up my ſword.
Of other virtues tho' you are bereft
By your wild rage, I know your valor's left.

Swear not to touch my brother, or with ſpeed
Behind the caſtle-wall let's meet. MEL. Agreed!
[*Exit* LUCIPPUS.

MEL. His well-known virtue, and his conſtant love
To his bad brother, may the people move:
I'll take th' occaſion which he gives, to bring
Him to his death, and then deſtroy the King.
[*Exit* MELANTIUS.

Enter the KING, *as diſcovering himſelf.*

KING. O! what an happineſs it is to find
A friend of our own blood; a brother kind!
A Prince ſo good, ſo juſt, ſo void of fear,
Is of more value than the crown I wear.
The kingdom, offer'd if he would engage,
He has refus'd with a becoming rage.
For ſuch a brother to th' immortal Gods
More thanks I owe, than for the crown of RHODES
Happy this iſle, with ſuch a Hero bleſt!
What virtue dwells not in his loyal breaſt?

Enter STRATO.

STRA. Sir, we are loſt! MELANTIUS has the Fort:
And the town riſes to aſſault the Court:
Where they will find the ſtrongeſt part their own:
If you'll preſerve yourſelf, you muſt be gone.
I have a garden opens to the ſea,
From whence I can your Majeſty convey
To ſome near friend.

KING. There with your ſhallop ſtay:
The game's not loſt; I have one card to play.
Suffer not DIPHILUS to leave the Court,
But bid him preſently to me reſort. [*Exit* STRATO.
Had not this challenge ſtopp'd th' impendent fate,
We muſt have periſh'd with the ruin'd ſtate.

Forth.

Forts, ſoldiers, citizens, of all bereft,
There's nothing, but our private valor, left.
If he ſurvive, I have not long to reign;
But he that's injur'd, ſhould be fairly ſlain.
The people for their darling would repine,
If he ſhould fall by any hand but mine.
Leſs wiſe than valiant, the vain man is gone
To fight a duel, when his work was done.
Should I command my guards to find him, where
He meets my brother, and deſtroy him there,
All hope of peace would be for ever loſt:
And the wild rabble would adore his ghoſt.
Dead, than alive, he would do greater harm;
And the whole iſland, to revenge him, arm.
So popular, ſo mighty, have I made
This fighting man, while I liv'd in the ſhade!
But, 'twas a double fault, to raiſe him ſo.
And then diſhonor on his houſe to throw.
Ill-govern'd paſſions in a Prince's breaſt.
Hazard his private, and the public, reſt.
Slaves to our paſſions we become, and then
It grows impoſſible to govern men.
But, errors, not to be recall'd, do find
Their beſt redreſs from preſence of the mind.
Courage our greateſt failings does ſupply,
And makes all good; or handſomely we die.
Life is a thing of common uſe, by heav'n
As well to inſects, as to Princes, giv'n:
But, for the crown! 'tis a more ſacred thing:
I'll dying loſe it, or I'll live a King.

Enter DIPHILUS.

Come DIPHILUS, we muſt together walk,
And of a matter of importance talk, [an hour

DIPH. [*Aſide.*] What fate is this! had he ſtay'd half
The riſing town had freed me from his pow'r.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes into a field: into which enter* LUCIPPUS *and* MELANTIUS, *with ſwords drawn.*

MEL. Be yet adviſ'd! th' injurious King forſake!
Death, or a ſceptre, from MELANTIUS take.

MEL. Youth, and vain confidence, thy life betray;
Thro' armies this has made MELANTIUS way;

LUC. Be thou adviſ'd! thy black deſign forſake;
Death, or this counſel, from LUCIPUS take.

LUC. Drawn for your Prince, that ſword could won-
The better cauſe make mine the ſharper now. [ders do;
Thy brutal anger does the God defy;
Kings are their care. Reſume thy loyalty;
Or, from thy guilty head I'll pluck the bays;
And all thy triumphs ſhall become my praiſe.

MEL. That ſhall be quickly try'd.

Enter the KING *with* DIPHILUS.

KING. With ſword in hand,
Like a good brother, by your brother ſtand.

DIPH. Glad that your pleaſure lies this noble way,
I never did more willingly obey.

KING. Thy life, MELANTIUS! I am come to take;
Of which foul treaſon does a forfeit make.
To do thee honor, I will ſhed that blood,
Which the juſt laws, if I were faultleſs, ſhou'd.

MEL. 'Tis bravely urg'd, Sir! but, their guard
Kings have but ſmall advantage of the law. [away.

KING.

KING. Having infring'd the law, I wave my right
As King, and thus ſubmit myſelf to fight.
Why did not you your own fierce hand employ,
As I do mine, and tell the reaſon why?
A ſubject ſhould be heard before he's ſlain;
And does leſs right belong to us that reign?

MEL. If, as unjuſt, I could have thought you brave,
This way I choſen had revenge to have:
A way ſo noble! that I muſt confeſs
Already I begin to hate you leſs.
So unexpected, and ſo brave a thing.
Makes me remember that you are my King.
And I could rather be contented, ſince
He challeng'd firſt, to combat with that Prince:
That ſo, a brother for a ſiſter chang'd,
We may be of your wanton pride reveng'd.

KING. 'Twas I that wrong'd you, you my life have
No duel ever was more juſtly fought: [ſought;
We both have reaſon for our fatal wrath;
Nor is it fit the world ſhould hold us both.

LUCIPPUS *to the* KING *a-part.*

Me for what nobler uſe can you reſerve,
Than thus the Crown from danger to preſerve?
Members expoſe themſelves, to ſave the head,
This way he ſhall be ſatisfied, or dead.

MELANTIUS *to his brother a-part.*

Tho' foul injuſtice majeſty did ſtain,
This noble carriage makes it bright again.
When Kings with courage act, ſomething divine,
That calls for rev'rence, does about them ſhine.

DIPH. Were we born Princes, we could not expect,
For an affront receiv'd, greater reſpect.

They that with ſharpeſt injuries are ſtung,
If fairly fought withal, forget the wrong.
A thouſand pities, ſuch a royal pair
Should run this hazard, for a wanton Fair!

MEL. Let us fight ſo, as to avoid th' extreme
Either of fearing, or of killing, them.

LUCIPPUS *a-part to his Brother.*

Sir! you ſhould wield a ſceptre, not a ſword;
Not with your weapon kill, but with your word:
The Gods by others execute their will.

KING. Yet heav'n does oft with its own thunder kill:
And when neceſſity, and right, command,
A ſword is thunder in a ſov'reign's hand.
Let us diſpatch, leſt any find us here,
Before we fight; or they grow leſs ſevere.

Here they all fight.

LUCIPPUS *to the King.*

Hold Sir! they only guard, and ſtill give place.
To them.] Fight us as enemies, or aſk for grace,

MEL. I never thought I could expedient ſee,
On this ſide death, to right our family.
The royal ſword, thus drawn, has cur'd a wound,
For which no other ſalve could have been found.
Your brothers now in arms ourſelves we boaſt;
A ſatisfaction for a ſiſter loſt.
The blood of Kings expos'd, waſhes a ſtain
Cleaner, than thouſands of the vulgar ſlain.
You have our pardon, Sir! and humbly now,
As ſubjects ought, we beg the ſame of you.

Here they both kneel

Pardon our guilty rage! which here takes end,
For a loſt ſiſter, and a ruin'd friend.

LUC. Let your great heart a gracious motion feel:
Is't not enough to ſee MELANTIUS kneel?
I'll be a pledge for both: they ſhall be true
As heretofore; and you ſhall truſt them too.
His loyal arm ſhall ſtill ſupport the ſtate;
And you no more provoke ſo juſt a hate.

KING. Riſe, brave MELANTIUS! I thy pardon ſign,
With as much joy, as I am proud of mine.
Riſe, valiant DIPHILUS! I hope you'll both
Forget my fault, as I ſhall your juſt wrath.

DIPH. Valor reveal'd in Princes does redeem
Their greateſt faults, and crowns them with eſteem.
Uſe us with honor, and we are your ſlaves,
To bleed for you, when leaſt occaſion craves.

KING. With honor, and with truſt this land ſhall know,
After my brother, none ſo great as you.

Enter the KING's *Guards.*

MEL. If theſe approach us, Sir! by your command,
Take back your pardon, on our guard we ſtand,

The KING *ſteps between them.*

KING. What over diligence has brought you here?

GUARD. Such as you'll pardon when the news you hear;
AMINTOR is retir'd, ASPASIA gone;
And a ſtrange humour does poſſeſs the town.
They arm a-pace, Sir! and aloud declare
Things, which we dare not whiſper in your ear.
The Council met, your Guards to find you ſent,
And know your pleaſure in this exigent,
This honor'd perſon you might juſtly fear,
Were he not loyal and amongſt us here:
They ſay his merit's ill-return'd; and cry,
With great MELANTIUS they will live, and die.

MEL. Sir! not your pow'r, but virtue, made me
For, all he tells you, I did kneeling know. [bow:
Tho' now the faithful'ſt of your ſubjects, we
Have been the cauſe of all this mutiny.
Go comfort, Sir! AMINTOR, while we run
To ſtop the rage of this revolting town:
And let them know the happineſs they have
In ſuch a royal pair, ſo juſt, ſo brave!
Lend me your Guards; that, if perſuaſion fail,
Force may againſt the mutinous prevail.

KING. [*to the Guards.*] Go, and obey, with as exact
All his commands, as if ourſelf were there. [a care,
[*Aſide.*] He that depends upon another, muſt
Oblige his honor with a boundleſs truſt.

Exeunt KING and LUCIPPUS.

MEL. How frail is man! how quickly changed are
Our wrath, and fury, to a loyal care!
This, drawn but now againſt my ſov'reigns breaſt,
Before, 'tis ſheath'd, ſhall give him peace, and reſt,

Exeunt Brothers and Guards.

The SCENE *changes into a Foreſt.*

Enter ASPASIA.

ASP. They ſay wild beaſts inhabit here;
But grief, and wrong, ſecures my fear.
Compar'd to him that does refuſe,
A tiger's kind, for he purſues.
To be forſaken's worſe than torn;
And death a leſſer ill than ſcorn.
No foreſt, cave, or ſavage den,
Holds more pernicious beaſts than men.
Vows, oaths, and contracts they deviſe;
And tell us they are ſacred ties;

And

And ſo they are in our eſteem;
But, empty names, deſpis'd by them!
Women with ſtudy'd arts they vex:
Ye Gods! deſtroy that impious ſex:
And if there muſt be ſome t' invoke
Your Pow'rs, and make your altars ſmoke;
Come down yourſelves, and in their place
Get a more juſt, and nobler race!
Such as the old world did adorn,
When Heroes, like yourſelves, were born.
But this I wiſh not for ASPASIA's ſake;
For, ſhe no God would for AMINTOR take.
The heart, which is our paſſions' ſeat,
Whether we will or no, does beat:
And yet we may ſuppreſs our breath:
This lets us ſee that life, and death,
Are in our pow'r: but love, and hate,
Depend not on our will, but Fate.
My love was lawful, when 'twas born;
Their marriage makes it merit ſcorn.
EVADNE's huſband 'tis a fault
To love; a blemiſh to my thought:
Yet twiſted with my life: and I,
That cannot faultleſs live, will die!
Oh! that ſome hungry beaſt would come,
And make himſelf ASPASIA's tomb.
If none accept me for a prey,
Death muſt be found ſome other way.
In colder regions men compoſe
Poiſon with art; but here it grows.
Not long ſince walking in the field,
My nurſe and I, we there beheld

A goodly

A goodly fruit; which tempting me,
I would have pluck'd: but, trembling, ſhe,
Whoever eat thoſe berries, cry'd,
In leſs than half an hour dy'd.
Some God direct me to that bough,
On which thoſe uſeful berries grow! *Exit.*

Enter AMINTOR *alone.*

AMIN. Repentance, which became EVADNE ſo,
Would no leſs handſome in AMINTOR ſhow.
She aſk'd me pardon; but ASPASIA I,
(Injur'd alike!) ſuffer'd to pine, and die.
'Tis ſaid, that ſhe this dang'rous foreſt haunts,
And in ſad accents utters her complaints.
If overtaken, e'er ſhe periſh, I
Will gain her pardon, or before her die.
Not ev'ry Lady does from virtue fall;
Th' injurious King does not poſſeſs them all,
Well I deſerv'd EVADNE's ſcorn to prove,
That to ambition ſacrific'd my love.
Fools, that conſult their avarice, or pride!
To chuſe a wife, love is our nobleſt guide. [*Exit.*

Enter ASPASIA *alone with a bough full of fair berries.*

ASP. This happy bough ſhall give relief,
Not to my hunger, but my grief.
The birds know how to chuſe their fate;
To peck this fruit they all forbear.
Thoſe chearful ſingers know not why
They ſhould make any haſte to die:
And yet they couple.——Can they know
What 'tis to love, and not know ſorrow too?
'Tis man alone that willing dies;
Beaſts are leſs wretched, or leſs wiſe.

How

How lovely theſe ill berries ſhew!
And ſo did falſe AMINTOR too.
Heav'n wou'd enſnare us! who can 'ſcape
When fatal things have ſuch a ſhape?
Nothing in vain the Gods create;
This bough was made to haſten Fate.
'Twas in compaſſion of our woe,
That nature firſt made poiſons grow:
For hopeleſs wretches, (ſuch as I!)
Kindly providing means to die.
As mothers do their children keep;
So nature feeds, and makes us ſleep.
The indiſpos'd ſhe does invite
To go to bed, before 'tis night.
Death always is to come, or paſt;
If it be ill, it cannot laſt.
Sure 'tis a thing was never known:
For when that's preſent, we are gone.
'Tis an imaginary line,
Which does our Being here confine.
Dead, we ſhall be, as when unborn;
And then I knew not love, nor ſcorn.
But ſay we are to live elſewhere——
What has the innocent to fear?
Can I be treated worſe than here?
Juſtice from hence long ſince is gone;
And reigns where I ſhall be a-non.

Enter AMITOR.

AM. 'Tis ſhe! thoſe fatal berries ſhew
The miſchief ſhe's about to do.
Women are govern'd by a ſtubborn fate:
Their love's inſuperable, as their hate.

No merit their averſion can remove;
Nor ill requital can efface their love.

ASP. Like ſlaves redeem'd, death ſets us free
From paſſion, and from injury.
The living chain'd to Fortune's wheel,
In triumph led, her changes feel:
And conquerors keep poiſons by,
Prepar'd for her inconſtancy.
Bays againſt thunder might defend their brow:
But, againſt love, and Fortune, here's the bough!

Here ſhe puts ſome of the berries to her mouth.

AMITOR *ſtrikes the berries out of her hand, and ſnatches the bough.*

AM. Raſh maid, forbear! and lay thoſe berries by;
Or give them him that has deſerv'd to die.

ASP. What double cruelty is this? would you,
That made me wretched, keep me always ſo?
EVADNE has you:——let ASPASIA have
The common refuge of a quiet grave.
If you have kindneſs left, there ſee me laid:
To bury decently the injur'd maid,
Is all the favor that you can beſtow;
Or I receive——pray render me my bough.

AM. No leſs than you, was your AMINTOR wrong'd;
The falſe EVADNE to the King belong'd.
You had my promiſe, and my bed is free;
I may be yours, if you can pardon me.

ASP. Your vows to her were in the Temple made;
The ſacred Altar witneſs'd what you ſaid.

AM. The pow'rs above are to no place confin'd,
But, ev'ry-where hear promiſes that bind.

The

The heav'n, the air, earth, and the boundleſs ſ
Make but one Temple for the Deity,
That was a witneſs to my former vow:
None can AMINTOR juſtly claim, but you.
Who gives himſelf away the ſecond time,
Creates no title, but commits a crime.

ASP. I could have dy'd but once; but, this belie
I may, alas! be more than once deceiv'd.
Death was the port, which I almoſt did gain,
Shall I once more be toſt into the Main?
By what new Gods, AMINTOR, will you ſwear?

AM. By the ſame Gods, that have been ſo ſevere
By the ſame Gods, the juſtice of whoſe wrath
Puniſh'd th' infraction of my former faith.
May ev'ry lady an EVADNE prove,
That ſhall divert me from ASPASIA's love!

ASP. If ever you ſhould prove unconſtant now,
I ſhall remember where thoſe berries grow.

AM. My love was always conſtant; but the KING,
MELANTIUS' friendſhip, and, (that fatal thing!)
Ambition, me on proud EVADNE threw;
And made me cruel to myſelf and you.
But if you ſtill diſtruſt my faith, I vow
Here in your preſence I'll devour the bough.

ASP. Raſh man, forbear! [*Snatching the bough from him.*
but for ſome unbelief,
My joy had been as fatal as my grief:
The ſudden news of unexpected bliſs,
Would yet have made a tragedy of this.
cure of my AMINTOR, ſtill I fear
ADNE's mighty friend, the King.

AM. He's here,

Ent

Enter the KING, *and his Brother, to them.*

KING. How ſhall I look upon that * noble youth,
[*Turning to his Brother.*
So full of patience, loyalty, and truth?
The fair ASPASIA I have injured too:
The guilty author of their double woe!
My paſſion's gone; and, reaſon in her throne,
Amaz'd I ſee the miſchiefs I have done.
After a tempeſt, when the winds are laid,
The calm ſea wonders at the wrecks it made.

AM. Men wrong'd by Kings impute it to their fate,
And royal kindneſs never comes too late:
So, when heav'n frowns, we think our anger vain;
Joyful, and thankful, when it ſmiles again.

Taking ASPASIA *by the hand.*

This knot, you broke, be pleas'd again to bind,
And we ſhall both forget you were unkind.

KING. May you be happy! and, your ſorrows paſt
Set-off thoſe joys, I wiſh may ever laſt!

Giving the letter to AMINTOR.

Read this.

AM. EVADNE fled!----ASPASIA, now
You'll have no more occaſion for your bough.

Enter a Meſſenger.

MESS. MELANTIUS, Sir! has let the people know
How juſt you are, and how he's grac'd by you:
The town's appeas'd, and all the air does ring
With repetitions of *Long live the* KING!

LUC. Sir! let us to the ſacred Temple go,
That you are ſafe our joys, and thanks, to ſhow.

KING. Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,
The ſweeteſt incenſe is fraternal love.

* AMINTOR.

Like

Like the rich clouds that riſe from melted gums,
It ſpreads itſelf, and the whole iſle perfumes.
This ſacred union has preſerv'd the ſtate;
And from all tempeſts ſhall ſecure our fate:
Like a well-twiſted cable, holding faſt
The anchor'd veſſel in the loudeſt blaſt.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the KING.

THE fierce MELANTIUS *was content, you ſee,*
The KING *ſhould live; be not more fierce than he:*
Too long indulgent to ſo rude a time,
When love was held ſo capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compaſſion find;
But dy'd,—becauſe the killer had been kind!
Nor is't leſs ſtrange, ſuch mighty wits as thoſe
Should uſe a ſtile in Tragedy, like proſe.
Well-ſounding verſe, where Princes tread the ſtage,
Should ſpeak their virtue, or deſcribe their rage.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſuades.
And verſes are the potent charms we uſe,
Heroick thoughts, and virtue, to infuſe.
When next we act this Tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the change, we ſhall be ſlain:

The innocent ASPASIA's *life, or death,*
AMINTOR's *too, depends upon your breath.*
Exceſs of love was heretofore the cauſe;
Now if we die, 'twas want of your applauſe.

EPILOGUE.

Deſign'd upon the firſt Alteration of the Play, when the king only was left alive.

ASPASIA *bleeding on the Stage does lye,*
To ſhew you, ſtill 'tis the MAID's TRAGEDY.
The fierce MELANTIUS *was content you ſee,*
The KING *ſhould live: be not more fierce than he:*
Too long indulgent to ſo rude a time,
When love was held ſo capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compaſſion find,
But dy'd——becauſe the killer had been kind!
This better-natur'd Poet had repriev'd
Gentle AMINTOR *too, had he believ'd*
The fairer ſex his pardon could approve,
Who to ambition ſacrific'd his love.
ASPASIA *he has ſpar'd: but, for her wound*
(Neglected love!) there could no ſalve be found.
When next we act this tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the change, I muſt be ſlain.
Exceſs of love was heretofore the cauſe:
Now if I die, 'tis want of your applauſe.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. WALLER, *in his firſt thoughts of altering this Play, pitched upon a deſign of making* EVADNE *go among the Veſtals. But, conſidering that the perſons in this Play are ſuppos'd to be heathens, who never admitted any but pure virgins among their Veſtals, he chang'd his deſign. Nevertheleſs, before he did ſo, he had writ the following verſes:*

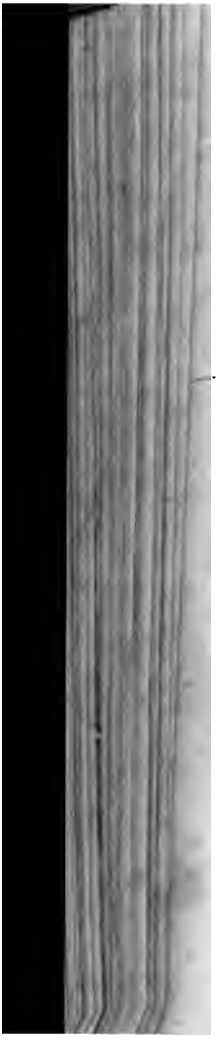
EVADNE. A Veſtal vow'd, with pity I look down
On the KING's love, and fierce MELANTIUS' frown.
But here's the ſacred place, where we may have,
Before we die, an honorable grave.
The dead, and that they live retired here,
Obtain like pardon from the moſt ſevere.
[*Knocks at a door.*

Enter Governeſs.

GOV. The great EVADNE viſiting our cell!

EV. 'Tis not to viſit you: but here to dwell.
Can you find room for one ſo bad as I,
That humbly begs ſhe may among you die?

GOV. You, that ſo early can correct your thoughts,
May hope for pardon for your greateſt faults.
Happy is ſhe that from the world retires,
And carries with her what the world admires!
Thrice-happy ſhe! whoſe young thoughts fix'd above,
While ſhe is lovely, does to heav'n make love.
I need not urge your promiſe, e'er you find
An entrance here, to leave the world behind.



Ev. My guilty love devotion sh
Love such as mine was, tho' a dam
Shews the rich soil, (on which it gr
May yield as fair a crop of piety.
But, of all passions, I ambition fin
Hardest to banish from a glorious r
Yet, heav'n our object made, amb
(As well as love) be turn'd a noble
Still I ascend: it is a step above
A Prince's favor, to belong to Jo
They go i
Enter MELANTIUS *with a l*
Among the Vestals' she'll corrupt
And teach them from their sacred

THE

Firſt ACT of the TRAGEDY

OF

POMPEY,

Tranſlated from the FRENCH of

MONSIEUR CORNEILLE.

CÆSAR's abſolv'd, and POMPEY guilty cry'd!
This pity'd Leader of the juſter ſide,
By weary Fortune of ſucceſs bereft,
Is made a great example, and has left
The world a pattern of her rowling wheel;
Whoſe diſmal turn whole nations with him feel.
He! whoſe proſperity was want to vye
With his own wiſh, from THESSALY does fly:
The vanquiſh'd POMPEY to our ports, our walls,
Our Court, approaching, for a refuge calls
From his own Father-in-law: his proud defate
Seeks where againſt the TITANS a retreat
The Gods once found: where, in deſpight of all
They that ſav'd heav'n (he thinks) may ſtop his fall;
And ſharing the deſpair on which he's hurl'd,
May give a prop unto the tott'ring world.
For, the world's fate on POMPEY's fate depends:
And to our EGYPT in diſtreſs he ſends,
For aid, or ruin; a recruit, or grave;
We muſt ſink with him, or his fortunes ſave.
This tempeſt, friends! your grave advice muſt calm:
He brings dread thunder, or the welcome palm:
He crown'd * the father, threatens now the ſon;
MEMPHIS he gave, and hazards what h' has done,
His ruin I muſt ſhare, or elſe comply
With CÆSAR's wiſh, and make my ſuppliant die:
The firſt, unſafe; the other baſe, and low;
I fear injuſtice, or an overthrow.
Do what I can, to whatſoe'er I fly,
'Tis full of danger, or of infamy.
The choice is mine, and you are to conſult
What to incline me, to by your reſult:

POMPEY's the theme; and we muſt have the praiſe
To trouble CÆSAR, or compleat his bays.
You ſit on both their fortunes; upon more
Than any council ever ſat before!

PHOTIN. SIR! when the ſword grear cauſes doe,
Juſtice, and right, good ſtateſmen lay aſide: [decide,
And who will wiſely act in ſuch a ſeaſon,
Muſt balance ſtrength, and not examine reaſon.
Weigh your own forces then, and POMPEY's might;
His hopes are daſh'd, his fruitleſs valor light:
'Tis not from CÆSAR only that he flies,
But from the dread reproach, and wrathful eyes,
Of ROME's great Senate; whoſe beſt half invites
To a rich banquet the PHARSALIAN kites.
He flies the city, and the ſons, of ROME;
Which his defate to ſlavery does doom:
He flies the rage of nations, and of crowns,
That would revenge on him their ranſack'd towns;
Their weaken'd States, of men, and money, drain'd;
Their reputation by his loſſes ſtain'd;
The cauſe of all their woes: hated by all
He flies; the whole world ſhatter'd with his fall!
Will you againſt ſuch oppoſition ſtand,
And bear his cauſe up, with a ſingle hand?
The hope he had was in himſelf alone;
What might be done, he did; he over-thrown,
You muſt give way: will ſuſtain a weight
Which ROME bends under, ſhrinking from her height?
Maintain a quarrel that has thunder-ſtrook
The reeling world, and the great POMPEY broke?
They that the Faults of Fortune would amend,
And be too juſt, againſt themſelves offend;

Whilſt, indiſcreetly kind with vain effort,
They periſh with thoſe friends they would ſupport
Their faith has a brave luſture——but they fall;
And honour leſtens not the bruiſe at all.
Side with the Gods; declare yourſelf for Fate;
Draw not on us their thunder, and their hate.
Aſk not, how juſtly, wherefore, they chaſtiſe;
But worſhip him whom they would have to riſe:
Approve of their decrees, applaud their will;
And, whom they frown on, in obedience kill.
By divine vengeance on all ſides purſu'd,
POMPEY involves your EGYPT in the fewd:
His head (that he has ſhifted ſo, to ſave!)
Falling, your royal company would have:
His preſent coming I unfriendly deem;
Th' effect of hatred, rather than eſteem:
Tis to deſtroy you, hither now to fly;
And can you doubt if he deſerve to die?
He ſhould have come with bays upon his brows:
And with ſucceſs have ſeconded our vows:
With feaſts, and triumphs, then we had receiv'd him;
Tis his own Fate, not we that have deceiv'd him.
Not him, but his ill fortune we neglect;
For, to his perſon we would pay reſpect:
CÆSAR ſubdu'd, by the ſame ſword had dy'd,
With which, leſs willingly! we pierce his ſide.
Under his ruin you muſt ſhelter take;
And, in this ſtorm, his death your harbour make:
Which, tho' the world ſhould reckon as a crime,
Is but a juſt compliance with the time.
The ſtrict regard of juſtice does annoy
The pow'r of crowns, and policy deſtroy:

'Tis

'Tis the prerogative of Kings to ſpare
Nothing, when they their own deſtruction fear:
He wants no danger, whom the care of Right
Keeps from injuſtice when 'tis requiſite.
Who to his royal pow'r no bound would have,
To his own conſcience muſt not be a ſlave.——
And thus you have my counſel, mighty Sir!
Who kills the conquer'd, gains the conqueror.

ACHIL. PHOTINUS. Sir! ſpeaks well: but tho' the day.
POMPEY has loſt, his perſon yet I weigh:
I reverence that blood the Gods did ſpare
When his whole army ſuch a fate did ſhare!
Nor ſee I reaſon why it ſhould be ſpilt;
Unleſs it prove a neceſſary guilt,
What needs ſuch rigor? Your eſtate is ſure;
Who takes no part, can make no forfeiture:
You may ſtand neuter, as you did before;
Though CÆSAR's riſing fortune you adore,
And treat him like a God, by my advice,
You ſhall not make him ſuch a ſacrifice:
For MARS it were too pretious! and will give
Your name a blot you never ſhall out-live:
It is enough, that POMPEY hither came,
And found no ſuccour, to keep you from blame.
The Senate, by his inclination led,
EGYPT's crown upon your fathers head:
And yet, I ſay not Kings ſhould grateful be,
Beyond the bounds, and rule, of policy:
They of their people ought more care to ſhow,
Than gratitude for all that they can owe.
A crown beſtow'd can lay no obligation
On him, that takes it to deſtroy his nation.

Beſides,

Beſides, if every circumſtance be weigh'd,
What ventur'd POMPEY in your father's aid?
He ſought thereby to make his credit known;
And glory got by rend'ring him his own:
He to the Senate an oration made;
But CÆSAR's thouſand talents did perſuade:
Had not that treaſure made your father's way.
In vain had been what-ever he could ſay.
He, for you then; for him, to CÆSAR you
May plead:——'tis all with ſafety you can do:
And all you owe him: to receive him here,
Were to admit a gueſt that you muſt fear,
A conquer'd Conſul is ſo great a thing,
That he will bear himſelf above a King.
Forbid him landing then, and ſpare his head:
But,——if your Majeſty will have him dead,
Command this ſword to execute your will;
Great POMPEY's blood I'll be the firſt ſhall ſpill.

SEPTIM. Dread Sir! I am a ROMAN; and do know
Both theſe Commanders, and their intereſt too.
To ſuccour POMPEY were a dang'rous part;
To chaſe him hence, would gain but half the heart
Of mighty CÆSAR: and make him your foe,
Who, yet, perhaps, may to ſuch greatneſs grow,
(Raiſing new forces both at land and ſea)
That at length with CÆSAR may agree:
And both revenge themſelves on ſuch a friend,
Whoſe cold neutrality did both offend.
In rend'ring him I no leſs danger find;
CÆSAR to pardon him muſt ſeem inclin'd;
And, with falſe glory, make glad ROME believe
'Tis for her ſake he lets his rival live:

Whilſt,

Whilſt, in the ſecret of his thoughts, he knows
That his forc'd clemency to you he owes.
Free CÆSAR then from danger, and from guilt,
And let his fortune on your ſhame be built;
POMPEY deſtroy'd, of CÆSAR we are ſure,
And from the vengeance of the dead ſecure.
This my advice is; what ACHILLAS ſaid,
Would give you cauſe to live of Both afraid.
PTOL. Then, to neceſſity let juſtice vail
And the plurality of votes prevail!
My inclinations too favours that doom,
Which may abate the arrogance of ROME;
Let her, that does the proſtrate world beſtride,
Loſe at one ſtroke, both liberty and pride:
Let POMPEY die, in whom her hopes do live;
To the world's tyrants let's a tyrant give:
Let us contribute to the Fates' decree,
To make them ſubjects, and us Monarchs free.
At leaſt, our Maſters by this brave reſolve
In the ſame ſervitude we ſhall involve.
Go then, ACHILLAS, with SEPTIMIUS go,
And make us famous by this noble blow:
Had heav'n to POMPEY been propitious,
It had not ſent him to endanger us.
ACHIL. Sir! what a King commands is always juſt.
PTOL. Haſte then, begone, and anſwer [illegible]
truſt!
Which well perform'd, our throne ſecure you make;
Remember! ROME, and EGYPT, are at ſtake.

Exeunt.

SCEN

SCENE II.

PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS.

PTOLEMY.

PHOTINUS! this our * ſiſter will deceive,
That hopes a crown from POMPEY to receive;
She knows he has our father's Will in guard,
And ſees her way to royalty prepar'd
By his arrival; ſhe already plays
The Queen, and her ambitious hopes betrays;
Thinking by POMPEY's friendſhip, and his might,
To ratify that Will, and ſhare my right:
She looks as if ſhe were already grown
My miſtreſs, or my partner in the throne.

PHOTIN. Sir! 'tis a motive which I did not urge,
That POMPEY's death will her ill humours purge.
Your cauſe decided by that ancient hoſt
Of our late King, would half the kingdom coſt.
His Will performed will divide your ſtate;
Yet wiſh I not you ſhould your ſiſter hate;
By nature's law ſhe ought to have her part.
Not in the royal throne, but in your heart.
To reign in conſort little honor brings;
And you would ſeem commiſſioners, not Kings.
This way how oft have ſtates diſtracted been?
But ſee! your ſiſter--the pretended Queen.----

* CLEOPATRA.

SCENE

SCENE III.

PTOLEMY, CLEOPATRA, PHOTINUS.

CLEOPATRA.

POMPEY's arriv'd, Sir! ſhall he come alone?

PTOL. ACHILLAS, and SEPTIMIUS, both are gone
To wait upon him hither.

CLEOP. Are they two
Enough for him?

PTOL. Why, ſiſter! you may go.

CLEOP. Were it too much, had you in perſon gone?

PTOL. Yes!--I muſt keep the honor of the throne.

CLEOP. Remember, Sir! who plac'd you there; and bow
To that Great Man, to whom you ſo much owe.

PTOL. Yes!-your Great Man's deſerted, and o'er-thrown.

CLEOP. Still he is POMPEY, and gave you the crown.

PTOL. 'Tis POMPEY's ghoſt which has oblig'd the ghoſt
Of our dead father: let him go, and boaſt
Thoſe merits paſt upon his monument.----
Thither perhaps e'er-long he may be ſent.

CLEOP. POMPEY a ghoſt! and ſent unto the grave!
Is this the welcome he deſerves to have?

PTOL. 'Tis what the Gods inſpired us to do;
And what the kingdom's good compell'd us to.

CLEOP. PHOTIN, and ſuch mean counſellors, I fear
Have with baſe counſel poiſoned your ear.

PHOTIN. The counſel, Madam! we muſt all avow--

CLEOP. Peace! 'till I ſtoop to mingle words with you.

PTOL. She is my ſiſter! let her humor ſway:
For your known innocence there needs no plea.

CLEOP.

CLEOP. Sir! let that horrid ſentence be recall'd,
If not too late; nor longer be enthrall'd
To theſe low ſlaves: but ſuch advice embrace
As heav'n ſuggeſts to thoſe of our high race. [you
PTO. Swell'd with the hopes of POMPEY's friendſhip,
Speak like a Queen, and think to make us bow:
With a falſe ſhew of virtue you can hide
Your int'reſt too, and your ambitious pride.
With POMPEY's death you could be well content,
Did he not keep our father's teſtament.
CLEOP. No Sir! 'tis honor, and not intereſt,
Which for great POMPEY makes me thus conteſt:
Take here a ſecret, which will let you know
My hopes are built upon his mortal foe.
When the rude people of this * barbarous town
Made the late King deſert his royal throne;
His native ſoil he felt, in hope to find
ROME's Senate to their old confed'rate kind.
To move their pity we both went along;
You, but a tender child; myſelf, though young,
Yet of an age to make that beauty known
Which heav'n had lent me, and ſome hearts my own.
Above the reſt CÆSAR his paſſion ſhews,
Declares his love; but yet, with caution woos:
Fearing the Senate, he puts POMPEY on:
Our buſ'neſs was by their new friendſhip done.
POMPEY's authority for his ſake we had;
But you this way with royal robes are clad.
But CÆSAR, thus to gain us mighty ROME,
Thought not enough; his love purſues us home:
His purſe, as well as heart, he open'd wide;
And with his treaſure our low ſtate ſupply'd:

* Alexandria.

His

His thouſand talents (which are yet unpaid,)
Over the rebels us victorious made,
This knew our dying father; and beſtow'd
Half that on Me, to whom the whole he ow'd;
He knew the kingdom was my beauty's prize,
And that he ow'd his ſceptre to theſe eyes,
Betwixt us two, by his laſt Will, the land
Reſtor'd by CÆSAR does divided ſtand,
And thus, you ſee, it is no partial end,
But ſenſe of honor, makes me POMPEY's friend.

PTOL. This ſtory is contrived with addreſs.

CLEOP. Of CÆSAR's coming here is an Expreſs;
The cauſe I have bear me like a Queen,
Shall by yourſelf (this day perhaps) be ſeen.
For ſome years paſt, here treated like a ſlave,
My right with-held, which our father juſt gave,
To flatter ſlaves I have employ'd my breath,
Leſt your bad Miniſters ſhould plot my death:
From PHOTIN and ACHILLAS' tyranny,
POMPEY, or CÆSAR, now will ſet me free:
One of thoſe two our diff'rence ſhall decide;
And then you'll know the reaſon of my pride.

[Exit Cleopatra.

SCENE IV.

PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS.

PTOLEMY.

WHAT think you, PHOTIN? of this haughty dame? [came;

PHOTIN. This ſecret never to my knowledge

Confuſ

Confus'd uncertain in my thoughts, I find
No mean, whereby this ſtorm may be declin'd.
PTOL. Shall POMPEY live then?
PHOTIN. No! the rather die:
This way you muſt with your fair ſiſter vye
For CÆSAR's grace: whoſe gratitude may prove,
For ſuch a ſervice, equal to his love. [prevail.
PTOL. What if her charms with CÆSAR ſhould
PHOTIN. She muſt be flatter'd:—if you think I fail,
With wiſe SEPTIMIUS, and ACHILLAS, you
May take advice what you are next to do.
PTOL. From the high tow'r we'll look on POMPEY's fate;
And this affair at their return debate. [*Exeunt.*

SPEECHES AND LETTERS

By EDMUND WALLER, Eſq;

Nec facundia deſerit Hunc. * * *

HORAT.

A SPEECH to the Houſe of Commons, April 22, 1640.

Mr. SPEAKER,

I Will uſe no preface, as they do who prepare men for ſomething in which they have a particular intereſt: I will only propoſe what I conceive fit for the Houſe to conſider; and ſhall be no more concerned in the event, than they that ſhall hear me.

Two things I obſerve in his Majeſty's demands.

Firſt, The Supply.

Secondly, Our ſpeedy diſpatch thereof.

Touching the firſt: His Majeſty's occaſions for money are but too evident. For to ſay nothing how we are neglected abroad, and diſtracted at home; the calling of this parliament, and our ſitting here (an effect which no light cauſe could in theſe times have produced) is enough to make any reaſonable man believe, that that Exchequer abounds not ſo much in

money, as the State does in occaſions to uſe it. And I hope we ſhall all appear willing to diſprove thoſe who have thought to diſſuade his Majeſty from this way of Parliaments, as uncertain; and to let him ſee, it is as ready, and more ſafe for the advancement of His affairs, than any new, or pretended old, way whatſoever.

For the ſpeedy diſpatch required, (which was the ſecond thing) not only His Majeſty, but, "res ipſa loquitur;" the occaſion ſeems to importune no leſs. Neceſſity is come upon us like an armed man!

Yet, the uſe of Parliaments heretofore (as appears by the Writs that call us hither) was to adviſe with His Majeſty of things concerning the Church and Common-wealth. And it hath ever been the cuſtom of Parliaments, by good and wholeſome laws to refreſh the Common-wealth in general; yea, and to deſcend into the remedies of particular grievances; before any mention made of a Supply. Look back upon the beſt Parliaments, and ſtill you ſhall find, that the laſt *Acts are* for the free gifts of Subſidies on the People's part, and *general* Pardons on the King's part. Even the wiſeſt Kings have firſt acquainted their Parliaments with their deſigns, and the reaſons thereof; and then demanded the aſſiſtance, both of their counſel and purſes. But Phyſicians, though they be called of the lateſt, muſt not ſtomach it, or talk what might have been, but apply themſelves roundly to the cure. Let us not ſtand too nicely upon circumſtances, nor too rigidly poſtpone the matter of Supply to the healing of our lighter wounds. Let us do what poſſibly may be done with reaſon and honeſty on our parts, to comply with His Majeſty's deſires, and to prevent the imminent ills which threaten us.

But conſider, Mr. Speaker, that they who think themſelves already undone, can never apprehend themſelves in danger: and they that have nothing left, can never give freely. Nor ſhall we ever diſcharge the truſt of thoſe that ſent us hither, or make them believe that they contribute to their own defence, and ſafety; unleſs His Majeſty be pleaſed, firſt, to reſtore them to the propriety of their goods, and lawful liberties; whereof they eſteem themſelves now out of poſſeſſion. One need not tell you that the propriety of goods is the mother of courage, and the nurſe of induſtry; makes us valiant in war, and good huſbands in peace. The experience I have of former Parliaments, and my preſent obſervation of the care

the

the country has had to chooſe perſons of worth and courage, makes me think this Houſe like the Spartans, whoſe forward valor required ſome ſofter muſic to allay and quiet their ſpirits, too much moved with the ſound of martial inſtruments. 'Tis not the fear of impriſonment, or, if need be, of death itſelf, that can keep a true-hearted Engliſh-man from the care to leave this part of his inheritance as entire to poſterity, as he received it from his anceſtors.

This therefore let us firſt do; and the more ſpeedily, that we may come to the matter of Supply. Let us give new force to the many laws which have been heretofore made for the maintaining of our rights, and privileges; and endeavour to reſtore this nation to the fundamental, and vital liberties, the propriety of our goods, and the freedom of our perſons: no way doubting but we ſhall find His Majeſty as gracious, and ready, as any of his royal progenitors have been, to grant our juſt deſires therein. For, not only the people do think, but the wiſeſt do know, that what we have ſuffered in this long vacancy of Parliaments, we have ſuffered from his Miniſters. That the perſon of no King was ever better beloved of his people; and that no people were ever more unſatisfied with the ways of levying monies; are two truths which may ſerve one to demonſtrate the other. For, ſuch is their averſion to the preſent courſes, that neither the admiration they have of His Majeſty's native inclinations to juſtice, and clemency; nor the pretended conſent of the judges; could make them willingly ſubmit themſelves to this late tax of Ship-Money. And ſuch is their natural love, and juſt eſteem, of his Majeſty's goodneſs, that no late preſſure could provoke them, nor any example invite them, to diſloyalty, or diſobedience.

But, what is it then that hath bred this miſunderſtanding betwixt the King and his people? How is it, that having ſo good a King, we have ſo much to complain of? Why, we are told of the ſon of * Solomon, that he was a Prince of a tender heart; and yet we ſee, by the advice of violent Counſellors, how rough an anſwer he gave to his people. † "That his "finger ſhould be thicker than his father's loins," was not his own, but the voice of ſome perſons about him, that wanted the gravity and moderation requiſite for the Counſellors of a young king. I love not to preſs allegories too far; but, the

* REHOBOAM. † 2 Chron. x. 10.

reſemblance of Job's ſtory with ours holds ſo well, that I can not but obſerve it to you. It pleaſed GOD to give his enem leave to afflict him more than once or twice, and to take all h had from him; and yet he was not provoked to rebel, i much as with his tongue; tho' he had no very good exampl of one that lay very near him, and felt not half that whic he ſuffered. I hope His Majeſty will imitate GOD in the be nigner part too. and as he was ſevere to Job only while H diſcourſed with another concerning him; but when He vouch ſafed to ſpeak Himſelf to him, began to rebuke thoſe who ha miſtaken and miſ-judged his caſe, and to reſtore the patien man to his former proſperity: ſo now that His Majeſty hat admitted us to his preſence, and ſpoke face to face with us, doubt not but ſhe ſhall ſee fairer, days, and be as rich in th poſſeſſion of our own as ever we were.

I wonder at thoſe that ſeem to doubt the ſucceſs of thi parliament, or that the miſunderſtanding between the King and His people ſhould laſt any longer, now they are ſo happily met. His Majeſty's wants are not ſo great, but that we may find means to ſupply Him: nor our deſires ſo unreaſonable, or ſo incompatible with government, but that His Majeſty may well ſatisfy them. For, our late experience, I hope, wil teach us what rocks to ſhun, and how neceſſary the uſe o moderation is. And for His Majeſty, he has had experienc enough, how that proſpers which is gotton without the con current good will of his people. Never more money take from the ſubject; never more want in the Exchequer! If w look upon what has been paid; it is more than ever the peo ple of England were wont to pay in ſuch a time. If we look upon what has been effected therewith: it ſhews as if ne ver King has been worſe ſupply'd: ſo that we ſeem to hav endeavoured the filling of a ſieve with water. Whoſoever gav advice for theſe courſes, has made good the ſaying of th wiſe man, * "Qui counterbat domum ſuam poſſidebit ven "tum." By new ways they think to accompliſh wonders but, in truth, they graſp the wind: and are at the ſam time cruel to us, and to the King too. For, if the Common wealth flouriſh, then he that hath the Sovereignty can neve want, nor do amiſs; ſo as he govern not according to th intereſt of others; but go the ſhorteſt, and the ſafeſt, ways, t his own, and the common good.

* Prov. xi. 29.

Th

The Kings of this nation have always governed by Parliament: and if we look upon the ſucceſs of things ſince Parliaments were laid by, it reſembles that of the Græcians.

* Ex illo fluere ac retro ſublapſa referri
Res Danaum * * *

eſpecially on the ſubjects' part. For, though the King hath gotten little; they have loſt all.

But, His Majeſty ſhall hear the truth from us; and we ſhall make appear the errors of thoſe Divines who would perſuade us, that a monarch muſt be abſolute, and that he may do all things "ad libitum:" receding not only from their text, (tho' that be a wand'ring too) but from the way their own profeſſion might teach them, † "Sta e ſuper vias anti-"quas," and, ‖ "remove not the ancient bounds, and land-"marks, which our fathers have ſet." If to be abſolute were to be reſtrained by no laws, then can no King in Chriſtendom be ſo; for, they all ſtand obliged to the laws Chriſtian: and we aſk no more; for, to this pillar are our privileges fixed; our Kings at their coronation taking a ſacred oath not to infringe them.

I am ſorry theſe men take no more care to gain our belief of thoſe things which they tell us for our ſouls' health; while we know them ſo manifeſtly in the wrong, in that which concerns the liberties and privileges of the ſubjects of England! But, they gain preferment; and then it is no matter, tho' they neither believe themſelves, nor are believed by others. But ſince they are ſo ready to let looſe the conſciences of their Kings, we are the more carefully to provide for our protection againſt this pulpit-law, by declaring and reinforcing the municipal laws of this kingdom.

It is worth obſerving, how new this opinion is, or rather this way of Riſing, even among themſelves. For ‡ Mr. Hooker (who ſure was no refractory man, as they term it) thinks, that the firſt government was arbitrary, till it was found, that "to live by one man's will, became the cauſe of "all men's miſery:" (theſe are his words) concluding, §

* VIRG. Æn 2. ver. 169. † Jerem. vi. 16. ‖ Prov. xxii. 28. ‡ Eccleſiaſtical Polity, Book I. Sect. 10.

§ "This conſtrained them to come unto laws, wherein all "men might ſee their duties beforehand, and know the penal-"ties of tranſgreſſing them." Ibid.

that this was the original of inventing laws. And, if we look further back, our hiſtories will tell us, that the Prelates of this kingdom have often been the mediators between the King and his ſubjects, to preſent and pray redreſs of their grievances; and had reciprocally then as much love, and reverence, from the people.

But, theſe preachers, (more active than their predeceſſors, and wiſer than the laws) have found out a better form of government! The King muſt be a more abſolute Monarch than any of His predeceſſors; and to them he muſt owe it: tho' in the mean time, they hazard the hearts of his people; and involve him in a thouſand difficulties. For ſuppoſe this form of government were inconvenient; (and yet this is but a ſuppoſition; for, theſe five hundred years it hath not only maintained us in ſafety, but made us victorious over other nations) but, I ſay, ſuppoſe they have another idea of one more convenient, we all know how dangerous innovations are, *though* to the better; and what hazard theſe Princes muſt run, *that* enterpriſe the change of a long-eſtabliſh'd government. Now of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to ſuccede in this happy race; why ſhould ſo pious, and ſo good a King be expoſed to this trouble, and hazard? Beſides that, Kings ſo diverted can never do any great matter abroad.

But, while theſe men have thus ſpent their wits againſt the laws of their country; whether they have neglected their own province, and what tares are grown up in the field which they ſhould have tilled, I leave it to a ſecond conſideration. Not but that religion ought to be the firſt thing in our purpoſes, and deſires: but, that which is firſt in dignity, is not always to precede in order of time. For, well-being ſuppoſes a being; and the firſt impediment which men naturally endeavour to remove, is the want of thoſe things without which they cannot ſubſiſt. God firſt aſſigned unto Adam maintenance of life, and gave him a title to the reſt of the creatures, before He appointed a law to obſerve. And let me tell you, if our adverſaries have any ſuch deſign, as there is nothing more eaſy than to impoſe religion on a people deprived of their liberties; ſo, there is nothing more hard than to do the ſame upon free men.

And

And therefore, Mr. Speaker, I conclude with this motion, that there may be an order preſently made, that the firſt thing this Houſe will conſider of, ſhall be the reſtoring this nation in general to the fundamental, and vital liberties, the propriety of our goods, and freedom of our perſons: and that then we will forthwith conſider of the Supply deſired. And thus we ſhall diſcharge the truſt repoſed in us, by thoſe that ſent us hither: His Majeſty will ſee, that we make more than ordinary haſte to ſatisfy his demands; and we ſhall let all thoſe know that ſeek to haſten the matter of Supply, that they will ſo far delay it, as they give interruption to the former.

A Speech in Parliament, at a Conference of both Houſes in the Painted Chamber, July 6, 1641, upon delivering the Impeachment againſt Mr. Juſtice CRAWLEY.

MY LORDS,

I AM commanded, by the Houſe of Commons, to preſent you with theſe Articles againſt Mr. Juſtice CRAWLEY: which, when your Lordſhips ſhall have been pleaſed to hear read, I ſhall take leave (according to cuſtom) to ſay ſomething of what I have collected from the ſenſe of that Houſe, concerning the crimes therein contained.

Articles of the Houſe of Commons in the name of themſelves, and of all the Commons of England, againſt Sir Francis Crawley, Knight, one of the Juſtices of His Majeſty's Court of Common-Pleas, impeaching him as followeth.

I. That he, about the month of November, Anno Domini 1635, then being one of the Juſtices of the Common-Pleas, and having taken an oath for the due adminiſtration of juſtice to His Majeſty's liege people, according to the Laws and Statutes of this realm, ſubſcribed an opinion "in hæc "verba:" [I am of opinion, that as where the benefit doth more particularly redound to the good of the ports, or maritime parts, (as in caſe of piracy or depredations, upon the ſeas) there the charge hath been, and may be lawfully im-

pos'd upon them, according to the Precedents of
ſo, where the ſa fety and good of the kingdom in
cerned, and the whole kingdom in danger, (of
jeſty is the only judge) there the charge of the
to be born by all the realm in general. Thi
able both to law and reaſon.]

II. That he, in or about the month of Fe
Domini 1636, then being one of the Juſtices of
of Common-Pleas, ſubſcribed an extrajudicial
ſwer to Queſtions in a letter from His Maje
"verba:"

CHARLES REX.

When the good and ſafety of this kingdom
concerned, and the whole kingdom in danger,
not the Kings, by Writs under the great ſea
command all the ſubjects of this Kingdom, at t
provide and furniſh ſuch number of ſhips, with
and munition, and for ſuch time as he ſhall thi
defence and ſafeguard of the kingdom from ſuch
ger; and by law compel the doing thereof in ca
refractorineſs? and whether in ſuch caſe is not
ſole judge, both of the danger, and when, and
is to be prevented and avoided?

May it pleaſe your moſt excellent Majeſty

We have according to Your Majeſty's comm
every man by himſelf, and all of us together,
rious conſideration the caſe and queſtion ſig
Majeſty, and incloſed in Your royal Letter. A
opinion, that when the good and ſafety of the
general is concerned, and the whole kingdo
Your Majeſty may by Writ, under the great ſea
command all the ſubjects of this Your king
charge, to provide and furniſh ſuch numb
with men, victuals, and munition; and for
Your Majeſty ſhall think fit, for the defence
of the kingdom from ſuch danger and peril:
law Your Majeſty may compel the doing there
refuſal, or refractorineſs. And we alſo are

That in ſuch caſe Your Majeſty is the ſole judge both of the danger, and when, and how, the ſame is to be prevented and avoided.

John Bramſton.	George Crook.
John Finch.	Thomas Trevor.
Humphrey Davenport.	George Vernon.
John Denham.	Robert Berkley.
Richard Hutton.	Francis Crawley.
William Jones.	Richard Weſton.

III. That he being then one of the Juſtices of the ſaid Court of Common-Pleas, delivered an opinion in the Exchequer-Chamber againſt John Hamden, Eſquire, in the caſe of Ship-money, That he the ſaid John Hamden, upon the matter and ſubſtance of the caſe, was chargeable with the money then in queſtion: a copy of which proceedings and judgment the Commons of this preſent Parliament have already delivered to your Lordſhips.

IV. That he, being then one of the Juſtices of the ſaid Court of Common-Pleas, declared and publiſhed in the Exchequer-Chamber and the Weſtern-Circuit where he went Judge, That the King's right to Ship-money was ſo inherent a Right in the Crown, as an Act of Parliament could not take it away: and with divers malicious ſpeeches inveighed againſt, threatened, and diſcountenanced ſuch as refuſed to pay Ship-money. All which opinions and judgments, contained in the firſt, ſecond, and third Articles, are deſtructive to the fundamental laws of this realm, the ſubject's Right of property, and contrary to former Reſolutions in Parliament, and to the Petition of Right: which ſaid Reſolutions and Petition of Right were well known to him.

And the ſaid Commons, by proteſtation, ſaving to themſelves only the liberties of exhibiting at any time hereafter, any other accuſation or impeachment againſt the ſaid Sir Francis Crawley, and alſo of replying to the anſwer that he the ſaid Sir Francis Crawley ſhall make unto the ſaid Articles, or any of them, or of offering proof of the premiſes, or of any other of them impeachments or accuſations that ſhall be exhibited by them, as the caſe ſhall (according to the courſe of Parliaments) require, do pray, That the ſaid Sir Francis Crawley, one of the juſtices of the ſaid Court of Common-Pleas, may be put to anſwer to all and every the premiſes: and that ſuch proceedings, examinations, trials, and judg-

ments,

ments, may be upon every one of them had and uſed, as is agreeable to law and juſtice.

Then Mr. WALLER proceeded thus:

MY LORDS!

NOT only my wants, but my affections, render me leſs fit for this employment; for tho' it has not been my happineſs to have the Law a part of my breeding, there is no man honors that profeſſion more, or has a greater reverence towards the grave judges, the oracles thereof. Out of Parliament, all our Courts of Juſtice are governed, or directed, by them; and when a Parliament is called, if your Lordſhips were not aſſiſted by them, and the Houſe of Commons by other Gentlemen of that robe, experience tells us, it might run a hazard of being ſtyled "Parliamentum indoctorum." But, as all profeſſions are obnoxious to the malice of the profeſſors, and by them moſt eaſily betrayed; ſo, my Lords, theſe Articles have told you, how theſe brothers of the coif are become "fratres in malo;" how theſe ſons of the Law have torn out the bowels of their mother. But this Judge, whoſe charge you laſt heard, in one expreſſion of his excels no leſs his fellows than they have done the worſt of their predeceſſors in this conſpiracy againſt the Common-wealth. Of the judgment for Ship-money, and thoſe extra-judicial opinions preceeding the ſame (wherein they are jointly concerned) you have already heard; how unjuſt and pernicious a proceeding that was in ſo public a cauſe, has been ſufficiently expreſſed to your Lordſhips. But this man, adding deſpair to our miſery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-Money was a Right ſo inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein, my Lords, he did not only give as deep a wound to the Common-wealth as any of the reſt, but dipped his dart in ſuch a poiſon, that, ſo far as in him lay, it might never receive a cure. As by thoſe abortive opinions, ſubſcribing to the ſubverſion of our propriety before he heard what could be ſaid for it, he prevented his own; ſo, by this declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the judgment of your Lordſhips too, and to confine the power of a Parliament, the only place where this miſchief might be redreſſed. Sure he is more wiſe, and learned, than to believe himſelf in this opi-

nion;

nion; or, not to know how ridiculous it would appear to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himſelf, and therefore, no doubt, but, by ſaying no Parliament could aboliſh this judgment, his meaning was, that this judgment had aboliſhed Parliaments.

This Impoſition of Ship-Money ſpringing from a pretended neceſſity, was it not enough that it was now grown annual, but he muſt entail it upon the ſtate for ever; at once making neceſſity inherent to the crown, and ſlavery to the ſubject? neceſſity! which diſſolving all Law, is ſo much more prejudicial to his Majeſty, than to any of us, by how much the Law has inveſted his royal State with a greater power, and ampler fortune. For, ſo undoubted a truth it has ever been, that Kings, as well as ſubjects, are involved in the confuſion which neceſſity produces, that the heathen thought their Gods alſo obliged by the ſame, * "Pareatur neceſſitati "quam ne dii quidem ſuperant." This Judge then having, in his Charge at the Aſſize, declared the diſſolution of the Law by this ſuppoſed neceſſity; with what conſcience could he at the ſame Aſſize proceed to condemn and puniſh men? unleſs, perhaps, he meant the Law was ſtill in force for our deſtruction, and not for our preſervation; that it ſhould have power to kill, but none to protect us! a thing no leſs horrid than if the ſun ſhould burn without lighting us; or the earth ſerve only to bury, and not to feed and nouriſh us. But, my Lords, to demonſtrate that this was a ſuppoſititious impoſed neceſſity, and ſuch as they could remove when they pleaſed; at the laſt convention in Parliament a price was ſet upon it, "for twelve Subſidies you ſhall reverſe this ſentence." It may be ſaid that ſo much money would have removed the preſent neceſſity; but, here was a rate ſet upon future neceſſity; "for twelve Subſidies you ſhall never ſuffer neceſſity "again, you ſhall for ever aboliſh that judgment." Here this myſtery is revealed, this vizard of neceſſity is pulled off! And now it appears, that this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully preſented his Majeſty with twelve Subſidies, to be levied on your Lordſhips and the Commons. Certainly, there is no privilege which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the purſe of the ſubject: and yet theſe Judges, who are neither capable of ſitting among us in the Houſe of Commons, nor with your Lordſhips,

* Livy, lib. 9. c. 4.

otherways

otherways than as your aſſiſtants, have not only aſſumed to themſelves this privilege of parliament, but preſumed at once to make a preſent to the Crown, of all that either your Lordſhips, or the Commons of England, do, or ſhall hereafter paſſe.

And becauſe this man has had the boldneſs to put the power of Parliament in balance with the opinion of the Judges, I ſhall entreat your Lordſhips to obſerve, by way of compariſon, the ſolemn and ſafe proceeding of the one, with the precipitate diſpatch of the other. In parliament, as your Lordſhips know well, no new law can paſs, or old be abrogated, till it has been thrice read with your Lordſhips, thrice in the Commons' Houſe, and then it receives the Royal Aſſent; ſo that 'tis like gold, ſeven times purified. Whereas theſe Judges, by this one reſolution of theirs, would perſuade his Majeſty, that by naming NECESSITY he might at once diſſolve (at leaſt ſuſpend) the Great Charter, thirty-two *times* confirmed by his Royal progenitors, the Petition of *Right*, and all other laws provided for the maintenance of the Right and propriety of the ſubject. A ſtrange force, my Lords, in the ſound of this word NECESSITY! that, like a charm it ſhould ſilence the laws, while we are deſpoiled of all we have; for, that but a part of our goods was taken, is owing to the grace and goodneſs of the king: for, ſo much as concerns theſe judges, we have no more left than they perhaps may deſerve to have, when your Lordſhips ſhall have paſſed judgment upon them.

This, for the neglect of their oaths, and betraying that public truſt, which for the conſervation of our laws was repoſed in them: now, for the cruelty and unmercifulneſs of this judgment. You may pleaſe to remember that in the Old Law they were forbid * "to ſeeth a kid in his mother's milk;" of which the received interpretation is, that we ſhould not uſe that to the deſtruction of any creature, which was intended for its preſervation. Now, my Lords, GOD and Nature, has given us the ſea as our beſt guard againſt our enemies; and our ſhips, as our greateſt glory above other nations: and how barbarouſly would theſe men have let-in the ſea upon us, at once to waſh away our liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our land, all the propriety we have therein! making the ſupply of our navy a pretenſe for the ruin of our nation! For,

* Exod. xxiii. 19.

obſerve,

obſerve, I beſeech you, the fruit and conſequence of this judgment; how this money has proſpered, how contrary an effect it has had to the end, for which they pretended to take it. On every County a ſhip is annually impos'd: and, who would not expect but our ſeas by this time, ſhould be covered with the number of our ſhips? alas, my lords, the daily complaints of the decay of our navy tell us how ill Ship-money has maintained the ſovereignty of the ſea: and, by the many petitions which we receive from the wives of thoſe miſerable captives at Algiers, (being between four or five thouſand of our countrymen,) it does too evidently appear that, to make us ſlaves at home, is not the way to keep us from being made ſlaves abroad: ſo far has this judgment been from relieving the preſent, or preventing the future neceſſity, that as it changed our real propriety into the ſhadow of a propriety; ſo, of a feign'd, it has made a real, neceſſity!

A little before the approach of the Gauls to Rome, while the Romans had yet no apprehenſions of that danger, there was heard a voice in the air, louder than ordinary, "The "Gauls are come;" which voice, after they had ſacked the city, and beſieged the capital, was held ſo ominous, that * Livy relates it as a prodigy. This anticipation of neceſſity ſeems to have been no leſs ominous to us; theſe Judges, like ill-boding birds, have called neceſſity upon the State, in a time when I dare ſay, they thought it themſelves in greateſt ſecurity. But if it ſeem ſuperſtitious to take this as an omen, ſure I am we may look on it as a cauſe of the unfeigned neceſſity we now ſuffer; for, what regret, and diſcontent, has this judgment bred among us; and as when the noiſe, and tumult, in a private houſe, grows ſo loud as to be heard into the ſtreets, it calls in the next dwellers, either kindly to appeaſe, or to make their own uſe of domeſtic ſtrife: ſo, in all likelihood, our known diſcontents at home have been a concurrent cauſe to invite our neighbours to viſit us; for much to the expence and trouble of both theſe kingdoms.

And here, my lords, I cannot but take notice of the moſt ſad effect of this oppreſſion, the ill influence it has had upon the antient reputation, and valor, of the Engliſh nation. And no wonder! for, if it be true, that † "Oppreſſion mak-"eth a wiſe man mad;" it may well ſuſpend the courage of the valiant. The ſame happened to the Romans, when, for

* Lib. 5. c. 32. † Eccleſ. vii. 7.

removed

already upon record; the delinquent and the witneſs is th ſame: having from ſeveral ſeats of judicature proclaimed him ſel an enemy to our laws and nation, "Ex ore ſuo judica "bitur." To which purpoſe I am commanded by the Knight Citizens, and Burgeſſes of the Houſe of Commons, to deſi your Lordſhips, that as ſpeedy a proceeding may be ha againſt Mr. Juſtice CRAWLEY as the courſe of Parliamen will permit.

A SPEECH in the Houſe of Commons, o Tueſday, July 4, 1643, when Mr. WALLE was brought to the Bar, and had leave give him by the Speaker to ſay what he could fo himſelf, before they proceeded to expel hin the Houſe.

Mr. SPEAKER,

I Acknowledge it a great mercy of GOD, and a great favor from You, that I am once more ſuffered to behold this Honourable Aſſembly. I mean not to make uſe of it to ſay any thing in my own defence, by juſtification, or denial, o what I have done: I have already confeſſed enough to make me appear worthy, not only to be put out of this Houſe, bu out of the world too. All my humble requeſt to you is, tha if I ſeem to you as unworthy to live, as I do to myſelf, I ma have the honor to receive my death from your own hands and not be expoſed to a Trial by the Council of war; what ever you ſhall think me worthy to ſuffer in a Parliamentar way, is not like to find ſtop any where elſe.

This, Sir, I hope you will be pleaſed for your own ſakes t grant me, who am already ſo miſerable, that nothing can b added to my calamity but to be made the occaſion of creating a precedent to your own diſadvantage. Beſides the Right I may have to this, conſider, I beſeech you, that the eyes of the world are upon you; you govern in chief; and, if you ſhoul expoſe your own members to the puniſhment of others, it will be thought that you either want power, or leiſure, to chaſtiſe them yourſelves. Nor let any man deſpiſe the ill conſequence of ſuch a precedent as this would be, becauſe he ſeeth not preſently the inconveniencies which may enſue. You have many armies on foot; and it is uncertain how long

you

you may have occaſion to uſe them. Soldiers and Commanders, (tho' I know well they of the Parliament's army excel no leſs in modeſty, than they do in courage) are generally of a nature ready to pretend to the utmoſt power of this kind, which they conceive to be due to them; and may be too apt, upon any occaſion of diſcontent, to make uſe of ſuch a precedent as this. In this very Parliament, you have not been without ſome taſte of the experience hereof; it is now ſomewhat more than two years ſince you had an army in the North, paid, and directed, by yourſelves; and yet, you may be pleaſed to remember, there was a conſiderable number of officers in that army, which joined in a Petition, or Remonſtrance, to this Houſe; taking notice of what ſome of the Members had ſaid here, as they ſuppoſed to their diſadvantage; and did little leſs than require them of you. 'Tis true, there had been ſome tampering with them; but what has happened at one time, may wiſely be thought poſſible to fall out again at another.

Sir, I preſume but to point you out the danger: if it be not juſt, I know you will not do me the wrong to expoſe me, to this Trial: if it be juſt, your army may, another time, require the ſame juſtice of you, in their own behalf, againſt ſome other member, whom, perhaps, you would be leſs willing to part with. Neceſſity has of late forced you into untrodden paths: and in ſuch a caſe as this, where you have no precedent of your own, you may not do amiſs to look abroad upon other States, and Senates, which exerciſed the ſupreme power, as you now do here.

I dare confidently ſay you ſhall find none, either antient or modern, which ever expoſed any of their own order to be try'd for their life by the officers of their armies abroad, for what he did, while he reſided among them in the Senate.

Among the Romans the practice was ſo contrary, that ſome inferior officers in the army, far from the city, having been ſentenced by their General, or Commander in chief, as deſerving death, by their diſcipline of war, have nevertheleſs (becauſe they were Senators) appealed thither: and the cauſe has received a new hearing in the Senate. Not to uſe more words, to perſwade you to take heed that you wound not your ſelves through my ſides, in violating the privilege belonging to your own perſons: I ſhall humbly deſire you to conſider likewiſe the nature of my offence; not but that I ſhould be much aſhamed to ſay any thing in diminution thereof:

God knows it is horrid enough, for the evil it might have occaſioned! But, if you look near it, it may perhaps appear to be rather a civil, than a martial, crime; and ſo to have title to a Trial at the common law of the land: there may juſtly be ſome difference put between me, and others, in this buſineſs.

I have had nothing to do with the other army; or any intention to begin the offer of violence to any body. It was only a civil pretence to that which I then fooliſhly conceived to be the Right of the ſubject. I humbly refer it to your conſiderations, and to your conſciences. I know you will take care not to ſhed the blood of war in peace; that blood, by the law of war, which hath a right to be tried by the law of peace.

For ſo much as concerns myſelf, and my part in this buſineſs, (if I were worthy to have any thing ſpoken, or patiently heard in my behalf) this might truly be ſaid, that I made not this buſineſs, but found it: it was in other men's hands long before it was brought to me: and when it came, I extended it not, but reſtrained it. For the propoſitions of letting-in part of the King's army, or offering violence to the members of this Houſe, I ever diſallowed, and utterly rejected them.

What it was that moved me to entertain diſcourſe of this buſineſs ſo far as I did, I will tell you ingenuouſly: and that, rather as a warning for others, than that it makes any thing for my ſelf. It was only an impatience of the inconveniences of the preſent war; looking on things with a carnal eye: and not minding that which chiefly (if not only) ought to have been conſidered, the ineſtimable value of the cauſe you have in hand, the cauſe of God, and of religion: and the neceſſities you are forced upon for the maintenance of the ſame. As a juſt puniſhment for this neglect, it pleaſed God to deſert and ſuffer me, (with a fatal blindneſs!) to be led on, and engaged in ſuch counſels as were wholly diſproportioned to the reſt of my life! This, Sir, my own conſcience tells me was the cauſe of my failing; and not malice, or any ill habit of mind, or diſpoſition, toward the commonwealth, or to the Parliament. For, from whence ſhould I have it? if you look on my birth, you will not find it in my blood: I am of a ſtock which hath born you better fruit: if you look on my education, it had been almoſt from my childhood in this Houſe, and among the beſt ſort of men: and for the whole practice of my life, 'till this time!——if another were to ſpeak for me, he might reaſonably ſay that neither my actions out of

Parliament,

Parliament, nor my expreſſions in it, have ſavoured of diſaffection, or malice, to the liberties of the people, or privileges of Parliament.

Thus, Sir, I have ſet before your eyes, both my perſon, and my caſe: wherein I ſhall make no ſuch defence by denying, or extenuating, any thing I have done, as ordinary delinquents do. My addreſs to you, and all my plea, ſhall only be ſuch as children uſe to their parents; I have offended; I confeſs it; I never did any thing like it before; it is a paſſage unſuitable to the whole courſe of my life beſide: and for the time to come, as GOD (that can bring light out of darkneſs) hath made this buſineſs in the event uſeful to you, ſo alſo hath he to me: you have by it made an happy diſcovery of your enemies; and I of my ſelf, and the evil principles I walked by; ſo that if you look either on what I have been heretofore, or what I now am, and (by GOD's grace aſſiſting me!) ſhall always continue to be, you may perhaps think me fit to be an example of your compaſſion and clemency.

Sir, I ſhall no ſooner leave you, but my life will depend on your breath; and not that alone, but the ſubſiſtence of ſome that are more innocent. I might therefore ſhew you my children, whom the rigour of your juſtice would make complete orphans, being already motherleſs: I might ſhew you a family, wherein there are ſome unworthy to have their ſhare in that mark of infamy which now threatens us: but, ſomething there is, which if I could ſhew you, would move you more than all this: ——it is my heart; which abhors what I have done, and is more ſevere to it ſelf, than the ſevereſt judge can be. A heart! Mr. Speaker, ſo awakened by this affliction, and ſo entirely devoted to the cauſe you maintain, that I earneſtly deſire of GOD to incline you ſo to diſpoſe of me, (whether for life, or for death!) as may moſt conduce to the advancement thereof.

Sir, not to trouble you any longer, if I die, I ſhall die praying for you; if I live, I ſhall live ſerving you, and render you back the uſe and employment of all thoſe days you ſhall add to my life.

" After this, having withdrawn himſelf, he was called in a-
" gain, (and being by the Speaker required thereto) gave
" them an exact account how he came firſt to the knowledge
" of this buſineſs, as alſo what Lords were acquainted there-
" with, or had engaged themſelves therein."

To the Right Honourable
THE EARL OF PORTLAND.

My Lord,

HAVING obtained leave to write to your lordſhip, and having but a very little time to perform it in, I ſhall not make any apology to ſatisfy You (as I might do) of the way I proceed in; which if it were to be tried by the rules of Neceſſity and Honor (even in the common acceptation thereof) if you knew all circumſtances, I doubt not but I ſhould be juſtified therein. My Lord, I beſeech You know that this buſineſs was never meant for Your knowledge, either by the Lord Conway, or Sir Hugh Poliard. The only reaſon I imparted it to Your Lordſhip was, that by You (in whom I had ſo great confidence both for Your judgment, and friendſhip towards me) I might be inſtructed how far that Lord Conway might be truſted, with whom Sir Hugh ſo often urged me to ſpeak. This You might perceive by ſome ſtrangeneſs towards You when we firſt met at Pollard's chamber, and often after, when that Lord whiſpered to me a-part, which for the moſt part he did when he mentioned the Earl of Northumberland: ſo that, but for me, I think (nay, I am confident) you had never known any thing of this buſineſs, which was by Them prepared for another. And therefore I cannot imagine why you ſhould wed it ſo far as to contract your own ruin by concealing it, and perſiſting unreaſonably to hide that truth, which without You already is, and will every day be made more manifeſt. Can You imagine Your ſelf obliged in honor to keep that ſecret which is already revealed by another; or poſſible, it ſhould ſtill be a ſecret, which is known to one of the other Sex? (though for a time deny'd.) No, my Lord! Be moſt aſſured that if You ſtill perſiſt to be cruel to Your ſelf for others ſakes that deſerve it not, it will nevertheleſs be made appear e'er-long, I fear, to Your ruin. Sure if I had the happineſs to wait on You I could move You to compaſſionate both Your ſelf and me, who (as deſperate as my caſe is!) am deſirous to die with the honor of being known to have declared the truth; which God knows I have in every circumſtance to the uttermoſt of my remembrance. And once more I beſeech You for God's ſake (the fountain of truth) to do the like. Much more I have to ſay (if I might

be permitted to confer with Your Lordſhip about it) whereby I can demonſtrate, that You have no reaſon in the conſideration of honor, profit or friendſhip, vainly to contend to hide what is already revealed, and ſhall at laſt be made moſt manifeſt, inconſiderately to throw Your ſelf away for the intereſt of others, and ſuch to whom You are leſs obliged than You are aware of; and to them to make a ſacrifice of Your noble family (and as much as in you lies) of the life and fortune of him that has ever been moſt unfeignedly, and never more ſhewed it than in the humble and hearty advice he now gives You,

Your LORDSHIP's

moſt humble, and moſt faithful

Servant, and Kinſman,

EDM. WALLER.

May God in time direct your heart to that which is moſt pleaſing to him, and the only way to preſerve Your ſelf before it be too late!

To my Lady LUCY SIDNEY, * upon the Marriage of my Lady DOROTHY, her Siſter, to my Lord SPENCER.

MADAM,

IN this common joy at Penſhurſt I know none to whom complaints may come leſs unſeaſonable than to your Ladyſhip; the Loſs of a bed-fellow being almoſt equal to that of a miſtreſs: and therefore you ought, at leaſt, to pardon, if you conſent not to, the imprecations of the deſerted: which juſt heaven no doubt will hear!

May my Lady Dorothy, (if we may yet call her ſo) ſuffer as much, and have the like paſſion for this young Lord, whom ſhe has preferred to the reſt of mankind, as others have had for her! And may this love, before the year go about, make her taſte of the firſt curſe impos'd on woman-

* They were married at Penſhurſt, July 11, 1639.

kind.

kind, the pains of becoming a mother! May her firſt-born be none of her own ſex! nor ſo like her, but that he may reſemble her Lord as much as herſelf!

May ſhe that always affected ſilence, and retiredneſs, have the houſe filled with the noiſe, and number, of her children; and hereafter of her grand-children! and then, may ſhe arrive at that great curſe ſo much declined by fair Ladies, old age! May ſhe live to be very old, and yet ſeem young; be told ſo by her glaſs, and have no aches to inform her of the truth! And when ſhe ſhall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place, where we are told there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage; that being there divorced, we may all have an equal intereſt in her again! My revenge being immortal, I wiſh all this may alſo befal their poſterity to the world's end, and afterwards!

To you, Madam, I wiſh all good things; and that this loſs may in good time be happily ſupplied with a more conſtant bed-fellow of the other ſex.

Madam, I humbly kiſs your hands, and beg pardon for this trouble, from

Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER.

To my Lady * * *

MADAM,

YOUR commands for the gathering theſe ſticks into a faggot had ſooner been obey'd, but intending to preſent you with my whole vintage, I ſtayed till the lateſt grapes were ripe; for, here your Ladyſhip has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry. By the examples (not to trouble you with hiſtory) of many wiſe and worthy perſons of our own times; as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Perron (the ableſt of his countrymen) and the former Pope; who they ſay, inſtead of the triple crown, wore ſometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of leſſer weight and trouble. But, Madam, theſe Nightingales ſung only in the ſpring;

it was the diverſion of their youth; as Ladies learn to ſing, and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The reſemblance holds further; for, as you quit the lute the ſooner, becauſe the poſture is ſuſpected to draw the body awry: ſo this is not always practiſed without ſome * villainy to the mind; wreſting it from preſent occaſions; and accuſtoming us to a ſtyle ſomewhat removed from common uſe. But that you may not think his caſe deplorable who had made verſes; we are told, that Tully (the greateſt Wit among the Romans) was once ſick of this diſeaſe; and yet recovered ſo well, that of almoſt as bad a Poet as your ſervant, he became the moſt perfect Orator in the world. So that, not ſo much to have made verſes, as not to give-over in time, leaves a man without excuſe: the former preſenting us with an opportunity at leaſt of doing wiſely, that is, to conceal thoſe we have made; which I ſhall yet do, if my humble requeſt may be of as much force with your Ladyſhip, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whiſper theſe in your ear; if you publiſh them, they are your own: and therefore, as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit, and a Poet, caſt them into the fire: or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends, (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a taſk for your hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honour me with the fate of Orpheus; for ſo his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his limbs, as the ſtory will have it) I ſuppoſe were ſcattered by the Thracian dames. Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to inſtruct you how happy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the moſt excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the leaſt inclined to wonder of our, ſex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladyſhip's for a Roman name, ſo would they believe that I endeavour'd the character of a perfect Nymph, worſhipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

Your LADYSHIP's

moſt humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER.

* Qu. violence.

Preface to the firſt Edition of M Poems, after the Reſtoration ; Year 1664.

WHEN the Author of theſe verſes pleaſe himſelf, and ſuch particular they were directed) returned from abroad he was troubled to find his name in Print ſatisfied, to ſee his Lines ſo ill rendered th diſown them; and ſay to a miſtaking Prin to an ill Reciter.

* * * Male dum recitas, incipit eſſe

Having been ever ſince preſſed to correct th faults (ſuch as uſe to be in impreſſions who the Author.) his anſwer was, that he mad Verſes had more favour, and eſcaped bette do in th s age: the ſeverity whereof he tho pily diverted by thoſe faults in the Impr therto have hung upon his Book, as the rags, or ſuch like ugly things, upon their f other goodly creatures, to ſecure them ag And, for thoſe of a more confined underſt tend not to cenſure; as they admire moſt comprehend, ſo, his verſes (maimed to that ſelf ſcarce knew what to make of ſeveral of t way at leaſt, have a title to ſome adminiſtrat ſmall matter, if what an old author obſerv the aim of Orators, is victory; of Hiſto of Poets, admiration. He had reaſon ther thoſe faults in his Book, whereby it might ſome, and commended to others.

The Printer alſo he thought would fare th faults were amended: for we ſee maimed than whole ones; and clipped, and waſhed n when the entire and weighty, lies hoarded up

Theſe are the reaſons which for above t he has oppoſed to our requeſt; to which it as it would be too late to recall that which made publick; ſo, might it find excuſe fro

* MARTIAL, L. 1. Ep. 39.

ſeaſon it was produced in. And, for what had been done ſince, and now added, if it commend not his Poetry, it might his Philoſophy, which teaches him ſo chearfully to bear ſo great a calamity, as the loſs of the beſt part of his fortune, torn from him in priſon, (in which, and in baniſhment, the beſt portion of his life hath alſo been ſpent) that he can ſtill ſing under the burthen, not unlike * that Roman,

* * * Quem dimiſere Philippi
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et Laris, & fundi. * * *

Whoſe ſpreading wings the civil war had clip'd,
And him of his old patrimony ſtrip'd.

Who yet not long after could ſay,

Musis amicus, triſtitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis * * * Ode 26. Lib. 1.

They that acquainted with the Muses be,
Send care, and ſorrow, by the winds to ſea.

Not ſo much moved with theſe reaſons of ours, (or pleas'd with our rhimes) as wearied with our importunity, he has at laſt given us leave to aſſure the Reader, that the Poems which have been ſo long, and ſo ill ſet forth under his name, are here to be found as he firſt writ them: as alſo, to add ſome others which have ſince been compoſed by him. And though his advice to the contrary might have diſcouraged us; yet, obſerving how often they have been reprinted, what price they have born, and how earneſtly they have been always inquired after, but eſpecially of late;) making good that of Horace,

Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit:
Epiſt. 1. Lib. 2.

"Some verſes being, like ſome wines, recommended to our "taſte by time and age") we have adventured upon this new, and well corrected, Edition; which, for our own ſakes as well as thine, we hope will ſucceed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

ALBINOVANUS.

* HORACE Epiſt. 2. Lib. 2.

Preface

Preface to the ſecond Part of Mr. WALLER's Poems; printed in the year 1690.

THE Reader needs be told no more in commendation of theſe Poems, than that they are Mr. WALLER's: a name that carries every thing in it that is either great, or graceful, in poetry! He was indeed the Parent of Engliſh Verſe, and the firſt that ſhewed us our Tongue had beauty, and Numbers, in it. Our language owes more to Him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu, and the whole Academy. A Poet cannot think of Him, without being in the ſame rapture Lucretius is in, when Epicurus comes in his way.

TU pater, & rerum inventor; TU patria nobis
Suppeditas praecepta: tuiſque ex, Inclute! chartis,
Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depaſcimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetuâ ſemper digniſſima vitâ!

Lib. 3. ver. 9.

The tongue came into His hands, like a rough diamond: He poliſhed it firſt; and to that degree, that all artiſts ſince Him have admired the workmanſhip, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I muſt confeſs, wrote ſome few things ſmoothly enough: but, as all they did in this kind was not very conſiderable; ſo, it was a little later than the earlieſt pieces of Mr. WALLER. He undoubtedly ſtands firſt in the liſt of refiners; and, for ought I know, laſt too: for I queſtion, whether in Charles the ſecond's reign, Engliſh did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its Auguſtan Age, as well as the Latin. It ſeems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and as Chymiſts ſay of their Menſtruums, to be quite fated with the Infuſion. But poſterity will beſt judge of this. In the mean time, it is a ſurpriſing reflection, that between what Spencer wrote laſt, and WALLER firſt, there ſhould not be much above twenty years diſtance: and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilſt the other's words are like old coins, one muſt go to an antiquary to underſtand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great Genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earneſt!

Some

Some Painters will hit the chief lines and Maſter-Strokes of a face ſo truly, that thro' all the differences of age, the Pictures ſhall ſtill bear a reſemblance. This art was Mr. WALLER's: He ſought out, in this flowing tongue of ours, what parts would laſt, and be of ſtanding uſe, and ornament: and this he did ſo ſucceſsfully, that his language is now as freſh as it was at firſt ſetting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourſcore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that come in upon the Engliſh Poet, and overflows whatever he builds: but, this was leſs His caſe than any man's, that ever wrote; and the miſchief of it is, this very complaint will laſt long enough to confute itſelf: for, though Engliſh be mouldering ſtone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the beſt out of a bad quarry.

We are no leſs beholden to Him for the new turn of Verſe, which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our Numbers. Before His time, men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of meaſure, and that dance of words, which good ears are ſo much pleaſed with, they knew nothing of it. Their Poetry then was made up almoſt entirely of Monoſyllables; which when they come together in any cluſter, are certainly the moſt harſh untuneable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Beſides their verſes ran all into one another; and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked Atoms that compoſe a Body in Des Cartes. There was no diſtinction of parts, no regular ſtops, nothing for the ear to reſt upon: but as ſoon as the copy began, down it went, like a larum, inceſſantly; and the reader was ſure to be out of breath, before he got to the end of it. So that really Verſe in thoſe days was but down-right proſe, tagged with rhimes. Mr. WALLER removed all theſe faults; brought in more polyſyllables, and ſmoother meaſures; bound up his thoughts better; and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the Verſe He wrote in: ſo that where-ever the natural ſtops of that were, He contrived the little breakings of His ſenſe ſo as to fall-in with them. And for that reaſon, ſince the ſtreſs of our Verſe lies commonly upon the laſt ſyllable, you will hardly ever find Him uſing a word of no force there. I would ſay, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that He com-

monly cloſes with Verbs; in which we know the life
language conſiſts.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of I
rhymes: which are always good, and very often the bet
for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quick
that ſenſe was cloyed by the ſame round of chiming wo
ſtill returning upon it. It is a decided caſe by the Gr
Maſter of writing, * " Quæ ſunt ampla, & pulchra,
" placere poſſunt; quæ lepida & concinna," (amongſt wh
Rhyme muſt, whether it will or no, take its place) " c
" ſatietate afficiunt aurium ſenſum faſtidioſiſſimum." T
he underſtood very well: and therefore to take off the d
ger of a ſurfeit that way, ſtrove to pleaſe by variety,
new ſounds. Had He carried this obſervation, am
others, as far as it would go, it muſt, methinks, h
ſhown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of P
try; and have led his later judgment to Blank Verſe. E
He continued an obſtinate lover of Rhyme to the v
laſt: it was a miſtreſs that never appeared unhandſom
His eyes; and was courted by Him long after SACHARI
was forſaken. He had raiſed it, and brought it to t
perfection we now enjoy it in: and the Poet's tem
(which has always a little vanity in it) would not ſuf
Him ever to ſlight a thing He had taken ſo much pains
adorn. My Lord Roſcommon was more impartial:
man ever rhymed truer and evener than he: yet, he is
juſt as to confeſs, that it is but a trifle; and to wiſh the tyr
dethroned, and Blank Verſe ſet up in its room. There † i
third perſon, the living glory of our Engliſh Poetry, who h
diſclaimed the uſe of it upon the Stage: tho' no man e
employed it there ſo happily as he. It was the ſtrength
his Genius, that firſt brought it into credit in Plays; and it
the force of his example that has thrown it out again.
other kinds of writing, it continues ſtill, and will do ſo, un
ſome excellent ſpirit ariſes, that has leiſure enough, and reſ
lution to break the Charm, and free us from the troubleſon
bondage of rhyming, as Mr Milton very well calls it; a
has proved it as well, by what he has wrote in another wa
But, this is a thought for times at ſome diſtance; the preſe
age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furniſh out matt
for a good Poem in the next, but it will hardly encoura

* CICERO ad HERENNIUM, L. 4. † Mr. DRYDEN

one now: without prophesying, a man may easily know what sort of laurels are like to be in request.

Whilst I am talking of Verse, I find my self, I do not know how, betrayed into a great deal of prose. I intended no more than to put the Reader in mind what respect was due to any thing that fell from the pen of Mr. WALLER. I have heard his last printed copies, which are added in the several editions of his poems, very slightly spoken of; but certainly they do not deserve it. They do indeed discover themselves to be his last, and that is the worst we can say of them. He is there.

* Jam senior; sed cruda Deo viridisque senectus.

The same censure perhaps will be passed on the pieces of this Second Part. I shall not so far engage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigor of his youth: yet, they are so much of a piece with the rest, that any man will at first sight know them to be Mr. WALLER's. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reasons obvious enough, but which are now ceased. The play was altered to please the Court: it is not to be doubted who sat for the Two Brother's characters. It was agreeable to the sweetness of Mr. WALLER's temper, to soften the rigor of the Tragedy, as he expresses it: but, whether it be so agreeable to the nature of Tragedy it self, to make every thing come-off easily, I leave to the Critics. In the Prologue, and Epilogue, there are a few verses that he has made use of upon another occasion: but, the Reader will be pleased to allow that in Him, that has been allowed so long in Homer, and Lucretius. Exact writers dress up their thoughts so very well always, that, when they have need of the same sense, they cannot put it into other words, but it must be to its prejudice. Care has been taken in this Book to get together every thing of Mr. WALLER's that is not put into the former collection: so that between both, the Reader may have the Set complete.

It will perhaps be contended after all, that some of these ought not to have been published: and Mr. † Cowley's decision will be urged, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbish. It might be answered

* VIRG. Æn. 6. v. 304. † In the Preface to his Works.

to this, that the Pictures, and Poems, of great Maſters have been always valued, tho' the laſt hand were not put to them. And I believe none of thoſe Gentlemen that will make the objection, would refuſe a ſketch of Raphael's, or one of Titian's draughts of the firſt ſitting. I might tell them too, what care has been taken by the learned, to preſerve the fragments of the antient Greek and Latin Poets: there has been thought to be a Divinity in what they ſaid; and therefore the leaſt pieces of it have been kept up, and reverenced like religious reliques. And, I am ſure, take away the "* " mille anni," and impartial reaſoning will tell us there is as much due to the memory of Mr. WALLER, as to the moſt celebrated names of antiquity.

But, to wave the diſpute now of what *ought* to have been done; I can aſſure the Reader, what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands; it were in vain to expect, that among ſo many admirers of Mr. WALLER, they ſhould not meet with one fond enough to publiſh them. They might have ſtaid, indeed, 'till by frequent tranſcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind: but, then they would have found their way into the world. So it was thought a greater piece of kindneſs to the Author, to put them out whilſt they continue genuine, and unmixed; and ſuch as He Himſelf, were He alive, might own.

* Alluding to that Verſe in JUVENAL,

* * * Et uni cedit Homero
Propter mille annos * * * Sat. 7.

And yields to Homer on no other ſcore,
Than that he liv'd a thouſand years before.
Mr. C. DRYDEN.

The

The Epitaph on Mr. WALLER's Monument in Beconsfield Church-yard in Buckingham-ſhire: written by Mr. Rymer, late Hiſtorio-grapher-royal.

On the WEST-END.

EDMUNDI WALLER HIC JACET ID QUANTUM MORTI CESSIT; QUI INTER POETAS SUI TEMPORIS FACILE PRINCEPS, LAUREAM, QUAM MERUIT ADOLESCENS, OCTOGENARIUS HAUD ABDICAVIT. HUIC DEBET PATRIA LINGUA QUOD CREDAS, SI GRÆCE LATINEQUE INTERMITTERENT, MUSAE LOQUI AMARENT ANGLICE.

On the SOUTH-SIDE.

HEUS, VIATOR! TUMULATUM VIDES EDMUMDUM WALLER, QUI TANTI NOMINIS POETA, ET IDEM AVITIS OPIBUS, INTER PRIMOS SPECTABILIS, MUSIS SE DEDIT, ET PATRIAE. NONDUM OCTODECENNALIS, INTER ARDUA REGNI TRACTANTES SEDEM HABUIT, A BURGO DE AGMONDESHAM MISSUS. HIC VITÆ CURSUS; NEC ONERI DEFUIT SENEX; VIXITQUE SEMPER POPULO CHARUS, PRINCIPIBUS IN DELICIIS, ADMIRATIONI OMNIBUS.

HIC

HIC CONDITUR TUMULO SUB EODEM
RARA VIRTUTE ET MULTA PROLE
NOBILIS UXOR, MARIA EX BRESSYORUM
FAMILIA, CUM EDMUNDO WALLER,
CONJUGE CHARISSIMO : QUEM TER ET
DECIES LAETUM FECIT PATREM, V FI-
LIIS, FILIABUS VIII ; QUOS MUNDO
DEDIT, ET IN COELUM REDIIT.

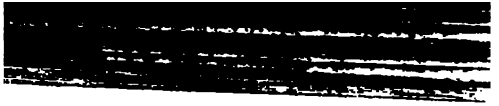
On the EAST-END.

EDMUNDUS WALLER CUI HOC MARMOR
SACRUM EST, COLESHILL NASCENDI
LOCUM HABUIT ; CANTABRIGIAM
STUDENDI ; PATREM ROBERTUM ET
EX HAMPDENA STIRPE MATREM :
COEPIT VIVERE III° MARTII, A. D. MDCV.
PRIMA UXOR ANNA EDWARDI BANKS
FILIA UNICA HAERES. EX PRIMA BIS
PATER FACTUS ; EX SECUNDA
TREDECIES ; CUI ET DUO LUSTRA
SUPERSTES, OBIIT XXI OCTOB.
A. D. MDCLXXXVII.

On the NORTH-SIDE.

HOC MARMORE EDMUNDO WALLER
MARIAEQUE EX SECUNDIS NUPTIIS
CONJUGI, PIENTISSIMIS PARENTIBUS
PIISSIME PARENTAVIT EDMUNDUS
FILIUS HONORES BENE-MERENTIBUS
EXTREMOS DEDIT QUOS IPSE FUGIT.
EL. W. I. F. H. G. EX TESTAMENTO
H. M. P. IN JUL. MDCC.

FINIS.



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